The Weary Kings

By Richard Voss

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XXI.

Hidden as our white villa may be under palms, the world still knows of us. We can take no walk, no drive, without being stared at. We are actually surrounded, watched, pursued. They try to express sympathy, admiration, respect, and they ruin our paradise. Sympathy for what? Because I would become a "citizen prince?" And their "admiration!"

They appear to find Judica charming. She will never become a grande dame, for she is something more; she has a sublime womanhood that makes her a sovereign. When they salute her, which happens everywhere, she barely nods in her deadly embarrassment. If a queen did it, it would be taken as a sign of haughtiness; with Judica it has an effect as if she smiled at all, and the whole world is delighted with her.

And delighted with my child, delighted more and more is the count. I observe it with secret amazement. He has no suspicion that I look into his soul and read in it as in an open book.

The count adores my little countess. If Judica were not a Countess of Sarns she could soon be a countess of ——, yes and be a happy woman.

This sounds almost as if my child were unhappy now. God forbid it! She picks flowers and smiles at me, shedding glory from her own soul over my dark one, making me happy, and being happy herself.

She is happy still.

Will it last long? Can it last long? Must night come again.

She does not think now of what they told her about me. She sees me at her side with a face like that of other men.

I am healthy. I bloom with youth. So she thinks—as I begin to think myself—that they wove a gloomy veil of lies about me to hide me from the eyes of the nation.

Will she be able to retain that belief as I do, if I ever let her look into the depths of my soul and see its darknesses? She will not always remain my child; some day she will be my wife, soul of my soul. Will doubt and fear not seize her then?

I must hide my dark soul as long as possible from her bright one.

And another, a gloomy, tremendous shadow looms up, at present only in my mind, that they say is diseased. Should she ever learn what I have given for her, my rights to a royal throne; should she ever realize the vastness of my sacrifice—would not despair crush her? And what then?

So I must veil myself. I must guard even my dreams. I must dissemble and lie.

There is one who knows all; one who watches me and spies on me as I do on him.

This one is my good friend Gebhardt!

And there is one who would perpetrate a crime if it were needed to save Judica from misfortune.

And this one is my good friend Gebhardt! For my good friend Gebhardt loves my wife!

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Things are not so simple and easy as a young and romantic soul pictures them. To escape all the consequences of my marriage to Judica I would have to flee with her into deserts.

In Mentone, in Nizza and in Cannes there are whole crowds of kings and princes. Of course they all know about me and my beautiful unequal wife.

I care for no one, and am, therefore, impolite to all to the bounds of rudeness. Yet the count is in constant receipt of inquiries as to whether or not "his royal highness" will receive visitors. "His royal highness regrets" is the answer to all. The count excuses me with sublime courtly skill everywhere; but everywhere I injure and offend.

And yesterday!

I strolled slowly along one of our garden paths when suddenly a man approached me. I recognized him at once. It was Prince Adalbert, who, should my brother die without heirs, was designated in the secret document signed by me as the man who is to be king.

At his appearance I had a feeling—God does not love those in whose souls he permits such feelings.

His royal highness hurried to me and said most cordially and cheerfully:

"Forgive the invasion. I wished to see you, but, since you are said to be unapproachable, I chose this way to reach you, you invisible one, you. You are badly guarded, however. There is no one here to prevent me from entering. So I entered, and here I am."

My reply was:

"Had you had the politeness to cause yourself to be announced your very flattering desire would not have been fulfilled."

"So I thought, and therefore I came without being announced. Your reception is not particularly encouraging, but you must excuse me if I tell you that I am glad for all that to see you."

Nothing remained for me but to bear his presence. We strolled on, I dumbly, he gossiping without pause. And what gossip flowed from the fellow! With no word did he mention the fact that I am not living alone here. He spoke of the most famous race horses that ran in Nizza, of the most famous shots who murdered pigeons in Monte Carlo, of the most "famous" women, and of his own fame as owner of race horses, as grand pigeon shot and as skilled gambler.

And this wretched creature is to take the inheritance of my fathers! Is this degenerate better than I? Could he rule the land, my land, better? Could he make the nation, my nation, more great and happy than I could? I wanted to hurl myself on him, to strangle him. That is what I thought while we walked together through all the bloom and glory.

And then Judica came walking toward us. She walked through a lane of salvias. They stood on both sides of her like wonderful flames. Through the flower-fire she came, like a vision. Never had I seen my child so beautiful.

Now I got my revenge. I stood still, thus forcing him to do the same. As Judica approached I said, as coldly and indifferently as possible, with a negligent motion of my hand in his direction:

"Prince Adalbert called to pay his respects to you. Unhappily, my dear cousin will not have time to take breakfast with us."

His royal highness, already startled by Judica's appearance, now was completely confused. His royal highness bowed with confusion, murmured something. Judica greeted him with her faint, charming nod, and in her embarrassment went by the future heir to the throne.

Now I was so polite as to accompany my suddenly silent visitor to the gates. I am safe against a second invasion from his royal highness.

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I have made a visit to one of my own kind after all. But this one is a woman, and in other ways an exception. Therefore I went to her without my adjutant, as a simple human being.

Her majesty resides in Mentone, in a villa next to the one in which the empress, heavily punished, dwells. One tragic woman thus lives in sisterly companionship with another. Her majesty received me in a garden-room which opens toward the ocean like a temple. White marble columns, wreathed with flowers, formed the foreground to the wonderful picture of sky and sea. Under one of the flowery arches stood the queen in a black, trailing dress, like the gloomy genius of sorrow in the midst of a hymn of beauty.

"You have come alone?"

"Was that not correct?"

"Since there are two of you, no."

And she gave me her hand with a smile that acted like good enchantment.

We went up and down in the great hall. I had to tell her of Judica, ever and again of Judica! She has a way of listening that unlocks the heart, so that I had to suppress myself in order not to betray anything of that other being within me whom only I may know. Then she spoke of my marriage, my happiness, my refuge in beauty and love as only a woman can speak who has felt life's own misery and has conquered it through herself.

I remained until evening and had to promise to return with Judica. The queen gave me a rosebud to take to her.

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Today I attained the certainty that my child is passionately beloved. As a matter of fact I did not need the certainty. But now that I have it it still impresses me.

We—Judica, the count and I—made a little tour to St. Hospice—a desolate, lonely, gray, little church, with a desolate, lonely, gray little monastery; a desolate, lonely, gray, little graveyard hanging to the bare brown cliffs, the purple ocean in the background, under a flaming evening sky. In the graveyard a single, wind-swept cypress; the sunken graves overgrown with weeds; here and there a crumbling wooden cross, and close to the ruined wall a lonely grave covered with narcissus.

We stood, gazed and said no word. Then I heard smothered sobs alongside of me. And I looked at my child and tears flowed down her cheeks. Frightened, I cried: "But, Judica!"

She begged with quivering lips: "Dearest, do not be angry with me."

"Why do you cry?"

"I had to think—"

Since she hesitated I pressed her: "What did you think to make you weep so bitterly?"

"The thought came into my mind—"

"What? What?"

"If I should die I should wish to be buried here. Then you must come to me and throw narcissus over my grave."

"If you should die!"

And I saw the count's face. It was white, distorted with terror. He looked at me. Silently we stood and looked into each other's eyes. Then I obtained the certainty. And he, too, perceived that I knew his secret.

Many things will become more difficult now.

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I took my wife to the queen. Her majesty embraced and kissed Judica, would not permit her to leave her side during the visit. When she said farewell she said to me:

"Hold your happiness fast. She is a talisman."

The queen uttered what I had known since the first day of my marriage: I have the talisman, possess the happiness of life, fully. And yet, and yet—

Often I ask myself if Judica is happy, so completely happy that she can see no end? Does it ever come to her in waking hours of night that her husband is his father's true son, the last, the very last of a dying race of kings?

In that hour in the graveyard my child wished herself dead and hidden in the earth, not for her own sake, but for mine. Just as if she presaged that I—even now—so soon—I cannot write this.

"WHAT DID YOU THINK TO MAKE YOU WEEP SO BITTERLY?"

XXII.

In the Palace Solitude. Spring.

We came unwillingly, but we came.

I had intended to send Judica to the Alpine farm for a short time, thinking it would satisfy her secret homesickness. But my child wished to remain with me. She implored me so fervently not to send her away that it startled me. Why does Judica not wish to see Miss Fritz again? Does she fear the wise, clear eyes? Why do I not wish to accompany her there? Do I fear those eyes?

My brother appears to be more lonely, more unhappy and more weary than ever, my sister-in-law more sorrowful, my mother more unapproachable, the spiritus familiaris more spectral and more necessary than ever.

The majesties are extremely friendly to me. The queen would like to know Judica, but may not on account of "possible consequences." The king spoke again of visiting us, but has not come. It is almost as if he felt shy. Certainly he wishes me well with all his heart and envies me with his whole soul as before. For the queen mother there is no such person as a Countess of Sarns. With the gift of the little golden cross that personage was abolished finally for my mother. And that is well.

Then there is another person at court. She does not interest me, but she exists and I cannot ignore her. Gebhardt's sister!

To show her that I do not fear her strength I said to her today:

"Madame once did the favor to Solitude to wander there at times."

"Once, your royal highness."

She put a slight inflection on the first word. With all my politeness I continued:

"The king had the graciousness to close the palace park to the public from thoughtfulness for us. As you may know, I am married. It goes without saying that the park is at your service at all times. It is so large that you will hardly be in danger of meeting my wife."

"Your royal highness is extraordinarily kind."

"I trust that you will take advantage of it."

"I shall permit myself to use the privilege occasionally."

"That will please me."

The most polite of obeisances on my part, the most correct of bows on hers, and we parted in the most polite and correct manner. Yet I am dissatisfied with myself once more.

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The fickle mob!

The young king's popularity has paled as quickly as it grew. My brother is beginning to become as unpopular as king as he was as crown prince. And since the sweet mob misses no opportunity to let the king feel its exalted dissatisfaction, he knows it well. The king knows and the king suffers. He suffers unceasingly, heavily.

And this rabble begins once more to flirt and coquet with me! I observe it, do not notice it, despise it. For since I know what kind of thing this "people" is I am nauseated by it. I think that a monarch could die from this nausea of the "people" as a consumptive dies from his sick lungs. God preserve a ruler from this worst of all rulers' maladies.

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I am hurrying the building on the Sea-Alp with all my might. I first doubled and then trebled the number of workmen, offer rewards for quick work, suffer from the delays and am in perfect fever of restlessness and impatience. In my new house I desire all possible splendor and pomp, flaming colors, gold and radiance. It must be like a fairy palace. In the midst of rocks and wilderness I wish to live in a fairy palace.

My dream of a Grail Burg could be fulfilled only if I were king. But even without it I propose to transform my life more and more into a fairy tale.

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Sometimes I seem to notice that my talisman is losing its strength, that the presence of my child is not so powerful as it was against demons, that I begin to lose my delight even in Judica's smile.

Can that be possible?

I will not believe it, fight against believing it. I spy on myself to discover whether or not the suspicion rests on truth or self-deception. I fear and suffer day and night. For I have evil, evil nights again. When the torture becomes too great I flee into the depths of the park. There must be things within me, after all—I imagine that I can see our spirits familiaris chuckle and rub his hands.

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This night I dreamed of the countess. I said to her in my dream:

"You and I, we belong together. You, too, are a royal being."

And she replied:

"We shall be chained together yet." I asked: "How?"

"Through guilt! Or are you too cowardly?"

"No! No!"

I screamed it and awoke.

Judica slept through it. If she should wake and listen to my dreams—I must guard myself better, even in my dreams.

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Within me there is something that I cannot name, and it threatens to break out of my soul like a wild beast from its cage. I wrestle with that thing in my soul. Words cannot express how I wrestle and suffer.

I must hide this book carefully. For should I ever leave it where Judica could find it—I will put it under my casket, that has a cunning lock, and I will carry the key constantly on a chain. I will take good care and watch well.

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How could it happen? Weary, useless question! It had to be. Only it happened too late.

What did I say to the beautiful woman? Words, words, words! But that she listened to my mad words! She did not turn away, did not forbid my senseless speech, listen to me—with her triumphant mien!

As she stood there in the black shadow of the trees with her white face, listening motionless, to my wild words, she was as beautiful as a devil.

If I remember rightly I said the same words that I had spoken to her in my dream:

"You and I, we two belong together!"

But she did not answer as she did in my dream: "We shall be chained together yet."

I am chained to her already. Chained am I through guilt that cannot be undone.

She listened to me, motionless, silent. But her eyes flamed in the white face. What did my mother once say to me of her?

"The young lady is beautiful, knows that beauty is power and desires to wield it."

On me she desired to wield it and she did. She conquered me.

Before she turned away and passed she said something. They were two words: "Too late."

Then—if it were not too late—she would love me again? This word between her and me shall not be!

It must not be too late!

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Day after day I seek that dark place in the park; day after day I wait and hope; day after day she lets me wait and hope in vain.

I have written to her and there is no answer.

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No answer!

I have not been near my mother in weeks. Today I shall drive to the capital—with a face that was unrecognizable to me myself when I looked into the mirror.

With what a tone she said: "Too late!"

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She has asked for a furlough and has gone away to the old relatives who brought her up and with whom she felt so unhappy that she exchanged their lonely castle for the most unblessed spot on earth.

And why has she gone? To increase my madness by her proud flight. And why does she wish to increase it, since it is too late?

We shall see.

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When they told me at dinner that the countess had gone away I had to battle with myself to say with the utmost indifference: "Really?" and then to ask with still more indifference: "And when will she return?"

They told me in fourteen days, and at once I felt as if released from a curse, for I had been prepared to hear:

"Never. She demanded her immediate release."

And then I would have had to ask: "Why?"

And they would have given me to understand discreetly:

"Because a noble gentleman was seized with a mad passion for the lady, and such scandals are not permitted at this court."

And then I would have had to laugh in their faces.

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She has gone and I cannot follow. I must wait.

Wait for what?

That she shall stand again, motionless and wordless, with her white face in the mystic forest gloom; that, wordless and motionless, she shall let me kiss her?

It is not, it must not be too late.

Hereafter I shall laugh with scorn when I hear them prate of love. Love is a toy for children. Give man passion and you give him the flame of life. What matters that it is an unholy blaze that devours him!

XXIII.

On the Sea-Alp. Autumn.

We are living in the Cavaliers' House. More than a hundred workmen are toiling at the new house. A part of it must be finished before the first snow. Next week Italian decorators will arrive; the whole army of artisans is coming. I am making the men work at night by torchlight.

We will winter on the Sea-Alp.

I would like to drive the men with whips. But the great time of the Imperators, when armies of slaves built a golden house for Nero, has gone by. It was worth while to be a Caesar and the master of the world then.

All around the house I am going to have conservatories with groves of oranges, with orchids, violets and lilies. When the lake is frozen stiff, the Alps are iced up and the whole world sinks into snow, spring shall breathe on us here. In the spring the conservatories will be razed and great fields of flowers shall take their place. I would like to change the very glaciers to flower meads and redden the peak of the White Emperor with roses.

Kitchen and other rooms and buildings may not be visible. At the first frost giant firs must be transported here and planted to form a vast green wall to hide all these ordinary things from me—an evergreen wall between me and the commonplace, everyday world.

I would like to erect a memorial for my father here. I wish that I could have the wild walls of the White Emperor ground smooth, and on that gigantic tablet I should like to engrave the flaming letters:

"To the memory of a true king."

For if I am my father's true son, then he must have been a true king, such as I would be now if my mother had not gone to my brother in his cell. For that pilgrimage I shall never forgive her.

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Tony and Stigel are both gone. I had to send them away. Everything has changed so much. I hardly know how it was once. And that is good.

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Today I had a scene with the count. He forgot himself. He warned me, made representations to me. Warned me of what? Of myself! Made representations about what? About my behavior toward my wife.

She is on the Alpine farm, where I sent her some time ago, and I have not been there to see her.

But to make representations to me! This fellow to me! I would have given him his dismissal at once but he has something in his eyes that reminds me of his sister. I conquered myself, held myself together, did not even say to his face: "You love my wife, love her as madly as I love your sister, you fool!"

I achieved it to remain perfectly calm, even friendly. Oh, I can dissemble well. My father could do it, too, that true king.

He dared, too, to reproach me with my senseless splendor. He did actually dare to use the word "senseless." And he said that he would have to remonstrate to the king, because my allowances, splendid as they were, would not begin to suffice, and I was hurling myself irretrievably into debt. But I contained myself—because of his eyes.

Tomorrow I will go up to the Alpine farm, however.

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"Once upon a time."

The webs of spiders flit through the air in silvery threads and long chains of wild fowl sail high overhead toward the south, toward the sun. It is autumn, it will be winter and the spring was "once upon a time."

All around on the Alpine farm was the glory of autumn. But I thought not of it; only of the fact that I must dissemble and that it was not so difficult after all. Even the wise, clear eyes of the mistress of the farm must be deceived by me, and I was almost glad to think of it.

I sent my adjutant into the house to seek the mistress. Where to find Judica I knew. I went through the garden, gay with asters and dahlias, and reached the hawthorn hedge. There I saw her sit on the little green bench under the wild apple tree; she who had been my good genius—through one single rapturous spring night, as it seemed to me now.

But she did not sit motionless, bowed with sorrow as I had feared. She was merry, as I had never seen her, and had a child on her lap, a tiny thing with a tangle of golden curls. She held it high in the air, and child and Judica both laughed merrily.

Then I stepped forth. With the child in her arms Judica ran toward me.

I saw it, saw that it was charming and poetic, but could not feel it. And I was not even sorry.

She did not complain because I had not written, because I had not come before; nor did she weep with joy because I had come at last. She was all joy over the strange child. Ever and again she held it toward me as if it were a wonder, an incredible wonder.

"Yes, and think! I find that the child looks like you!"

"Like me! This strange boy?"

"I know it is foolish. But look at him!"

"Whose child is it?"

"Loisl's."

I had to leap up and turn away. My face must have been frightfully distorted. And I felt a fierce desire to tear the boy out of her arms and—

What is this that happens to me now and then?

A red mist spreads before my eyes like smoking blood.

(To be continued.)

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

Generally Acknowledged That the Present Generation is Overfed.

From the New York Herald.

The question whether or not we eat too much is just now agitating the scientific world, and some direct and practical efforts are being made to answer the query. Prof. Crittenden of Yale has taken the matter in hand, and, with the sanction and aid of the War Department, is about to institute some food experiments on a select group of sturdy soldiers. They are to be fed scientifically, and due note is to be taken of the chemical constituents of various viands and their respective nutritive quality.

It is quite likely that the minimum estimate of quantity and quality of nutrient material required will be surprising to most people.

This assumption is predicated on the generally acknowledged fact that the present generation is very much overfed. We may go even further by saying that the Americans as a class are notable examples of this overindulgence. Dyspepsia is a veritable American disease, due as much to the overloading of the stomach with rich food as to the hasty manner in which the act is accomplished.

As regards the actual nutrition to be obtained, it is he old story of the choked grate and the deficient draught. The appetite is driven with a loose rein and is spurred by the multiplied trickeries of fancy dishes. In the good old times, when food was plain and physical labor was the rule, healthy hunger took care of itself. It was not a question of pampered persuasion for this or that dish, not so much what the boy had to eat, but how much of good bread and butter he was allowed to eat. He never had occasion to think of his stomach, save to fill it at the righ time.

The good doctor who advised the rich dyspeptic to take only one meal a day and first earn it was perhaps an extremist, but for his particular patient he evidently had the right view.

Another medical man has written a book to prove how many cases of chronic invalidism he cured by insisting that but one meal of meat should be taken daily. It is astonishing to read how these sickly ones took a fresh spurt on such a diet. We must admit that he was somewhat of an enthusiast, as, with unconscious humor, in attempting to prove that too much animal diet begets a desire for strong drink he cites the example of Noah, who when permission was given him to eat flesh proceeded to get drunk! But it is the radical fellows after all who stir up argument and make us think on new lines.

The men also who advocate the no breakfast theory are evidently cutting off the wrong end of our supplies, as most people cannot make a good start with a faint stomach. Much better might it be to skip the heavy lunch, with a reasonable and more natural appetite for the evening meal, and dodge altogether the bird and "cold bottle" at midnight. In the meanwhile we may consistently await the scientific report of the experimenter.

Passing of the Cavalry.

From the Portland Oregonian.

The statistics of the medical and surgical history of the civil war show a very small percentage of saber wounds or of bayonet wounds, which show that the infantry seldom came into contact close enough to permit the use of the bayonet, and that when the cavalry did come into close contact the revolver rather than the saber was the weapon on both sides. Europe, that refused to be taught by the lesson of our civil war that cavalry was obsolete; Europe, that persisted in charging as Murat charged, infantry with cavalry, has at last been converted by the Boer war to a clear understanding, not only that cavalry must be replaced by mounted riflemen, but that mounted riflemen must compose the larger part of an army operating in the open field.

As for the use of automobiles, bicycles and motorcycles in war to replace the use of the horse, it may be practicable in a very old country like Europe, but in a new country like the United States there is a vast deal of territory where neither the bicycle nor the automobile could take the place of the mounted man. There is some territory which a mounted man could not traverse as swiftly and safely as a man on foot, but over this territory a bicycle could not go, and there are a good many bridle paths over which a bicycle or an automobile could not pass.

His Own Idea.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Your typewriter girl is always closely veiled when she passes through the hallways."

"Yes. Don't tell anybody, but I persuaded her to it. It gives a sort of air of mystery to my office, and can't hurt the girl, because she's homelier than a mud fence."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the Washington (D. C.) Post-office Saturday, October 17, 1903.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant should call for "Advertised Letters."

If not called for within two (2) weeks they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Louisa Miss
Adams, Mary Mrs
Aikins, Susan Mrs
Alesworth, R A Mrs
Alexander, Jessie Miss
Allen, Ellie May Miss
Allen, John R Mrs
Allen, Sarah Miss
Anderson, Ellen Miss
Anderson, Gracie Miss
Anderson, Gracie G Miss
Anderson, Lillie Miss
Armstrong, Effie Miss
Armstrong, F Mrs
Armstrong, Maria Mrs
Arnold, Agnes Miss
Ashman, C T Mrs
Ashmead, Margie Mrs
Ashmead, Margrette Mrs
Avery, Ella
Baar, C O Mrs
Bagbrey, Lessie Mrs
Baldwin, H A Mrs
Ballard, Fannie Miss
Banks, Susie Miss
Barber, N L Mrs
Barker, Annie
Barksdale, Lottie Miss
Barnes, Mary Miss
Barrett, Jessie W Miss
Bayns, Annie Miss
Beams, Lula Miss
Bell, Joseph Mrs
Bell, Sophie Mrs
Benton, James A Mrs
Berg, Hilda Miss
Bernard, Lizzie C Miss
Berry, Nathalie Miss
Betross, Lizzie Miss
Blas, Clara Miss
Bilean, Carrie Mrs
Bishop, Maud Miss
Blain, Emma Mrs
Bobowan, G A Mrs
Boone, Lula Miss
Boulding, Hattie Mrs
Bowen, M A Mrs
Bowers, Mae Miss
Boweling, Adeline Mrs
Boyd, A Mrs
Boyer, May Miss
Bradbury, Hy R Mrs
Bradford, N G Jr Mrs
Branch, Elnora Mrs
Branan, Mary E Mrs
Branch, Mary Mrs
Brewster, Wm Cullen Mrs
Brindlinger, Jacob F Mrs
Briscoe, Mary Miss
Bristow, Bell Mrs
Brooks, Martha Mrs
Brooss, E Miss
Brough, S E Miss
Brown, Alice Miss
Brown, Alice Mrs
Brown, Caline
Brown, Della Salena Miss
Brown, Frances Miss
Brown, Lettie Mrs
Brown, P Folster Mrs
Brown, Sarah C Mrs
Bryen, Lydia Miss
Buckley, Mary Mrs
Burch, E A Mrs
Burell, Ella
Burgess, Helen Mrs
Burks, Mary J Miss
Burns, Carrie Miss
Burns, Katie Miss
Burton, C H Mrs
Bush, Addie M Mrs
Busworth, Pearl Miss
Butler, Hanna Mrs
Butler, Marie Miss
Butts, Lutal Miss
Caden, Florence Miss
Canfield, M E Miss
Carr, Norah Mrs
Carter, Atwill Miss
Carter, Annie Miss
Carter, H Miss
Carter, Laura Mrs
Carter, Lucy Miss
Carter, Mary Miss
Carter, Rachel Miss
Charler, W Mrs
Charke, Wm Mrs
Cheetham, Clara Miss
Chiles, Lucy M Miss
Chineworth, Luvese Mrs 2
Chisnson, Mary Miss
Christian, Ella Miss
Cigrette, Hattie Miss
Clark, Celia Mrs
Clark, C B Miss
Clark, Ella Mrs
Clark, Flora Miss
Clark, L C Mrs
Clark, Mange Miss
Clark, Sarah F Mrs
Clarke, J S Miss
Cobb, H Jr Mrs
Coburn, Lula Mrs
Cockrell, Julia W Miss
Cohen, Jennie Miss
Cole, Ollie Miss
Coleman, Beulah Miss
Collans, Agnes Miss
Colyer, Martha Miss
Comer, L V Mrs
Comtes, C Mrs
Cook, M Miss
Cooper, Dora Mrs
Copeland, Nora Miss
Corder, Iva Miss
Coules, Anna Mrs
Cowman, Abbie L Mrs
Crutchley, M Ron Mrs
Curthey, Anne Miss
Curtis, Lucy Mrs
Dabney, Kate Miss
Dahlren, Paul Mrs
Daily, M Miss
Daniel, Maila Mrs
Daniels, Mary Mrs
Davis, G Miss
Davis, G A Mrs
Davis, Louisa L Mrs
Davis, Ollie Miss
Day, Hattie Miss
Deavers, Helen L Mrs
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Dorsey, William Mrs
Douglass, Mandy
Douglass, Maria Mrs
Drought, Eleanor M Mrs
Duff, M P Mrs
Duffy, Fannie Mrs
Dulin, C F Mrs
Duncan, Eliza M Miss
Dumville, Ben Mrs
Dunville, F Mrs
Dupont, Mart Miss
Dyer, Adele Miss
Edmonds, Jennie B Mrs
Edmunds, Bessie Miss
Edward, Edith Miss
Edwards, Clara Miss
Elliott, Dolly Miss
Emmon, Julius Mrs
Eppersen, Elizabeth Miss (4)
Fassell, H K Mrs
Fasy, E Mrs
Faulkner, Catherine Miss
Feord, Aletta Mrs
Flids, Mallie Mrs
Fletcher, Hattie Miss
Flourney, H Mrs
Flowers, Mary Mrs
Foultz, Mary Miss
Fowler, Maude Miss
Fox, Mary Miss
Frahley, May Miss
Frank, A D Mrs
Frederick, Catie Miss
Frederick, May Miss
Frost, E W Mrs
Fulton, Silvia Miss
Gant, Mary Mrs
Gardner, Beryl Miss
Gawey, Lou Miss
Garner, Fannie Miss
Garnett, Annie Mrs
Gaskins, India Miss
Gatto, Saboni Miss
Gibson, Essie Miss
Gibson, Wm Hamilton Mrs
Gladfelty, L L Miss
Glover, Maggie Miss
Gordon, Annie Miss
Gordon, Annie L Miss
Gordon, Clarice
Gordon, Cornelia Miss
Grain, N G Miss
Green, C H Mrs
Green, Ella O Miss
Green, Henry Mrs
Greiner, Fannelle Miss
Griffin, Elinor Mrs
Griggs, Fabiola Miss
Grimor, Fred Sumner Mrs
Groomes, Ellsworth Mrs
Gulick, E W Mrs
Guthrie, M H Miss
Halslip, May B Mrs
Hale, Arthur Mrs
Hall, Bessie Miss
Hall, Ellen Miss
Hall, Emma Miss
Hallan, W F Mrs
Haller, S Cora Mrs
Hallock, Mira B Miss
Hamilton, C Mrs
Happer, India Miss
Hardy, Emma Mrs
Harning, Della Miss
Harman, E Miss
Harman, Judson Mrs
Harmer, A Mrs
Harris, Annie Mrs
Harris, Beulah Miss
Harris, Florence R Mrs
Harris, Rebecca Miss
Harris, Rose Miss
Harrison, J Mrs
Harrod, Lottie Miss
Hartman, W Mrs
Hau, O D Mrs
Havener, M Miss
Hawkins, Sarah J Mrs
Hayden, D Mrs
Hayden, Wm Mrs
Hayes, Sarah Mrs
Hazard, M L Mrs
Hayewell, E W Mrs
Hoey, J A Mrs
Hearns, Virginia Miss
Hellery, Annie Miss
Henderson, Ema Mrs
Henderson, Genlia Miss
Henderson, M Mrs
Hendricks, M Alice Mrs
Henley, Grace B Mrs
Henley, Nellie Miss
Hentzelman, C S Mrs
Herbert, Louise Miss
Hewitt, L M Miss
Hill, Ida Mrs
Hill, Maud R Miss
Hillery, Mamie Miss
Hollingsworth, Sheldon, Mrs
Holway, Jessie M Mrs (4)
Hopkins, Lillian Miss
Hopkins, Debby Miss
Hopkins, Lilly M Miss
Horted, Elice Miss
Hosmer, Amanda S
Howard, A A Mrs
Howard, Carrie M Mrs
Howard, Dorathe Mrs
Howard, Grace Miss
Howel, Mazie Miss
Howell, Jessie Miss
Howell, Mamie Mrs
Hunt, Florence Miss
Hunt, Flossie Miss
Hutchinson, Louise Miss
Ichlean, S Mrs
Jackins, Mary Mrs
Jackson, Ealer Mrs
Jackson, Listy Miss
Jackson, Mary Mrs
Jackson, Mollie Miss
James, Harriet Miss
James, Phillip Miss
Jamison, Edna Miss
Janssen, Minnie Miss
Jinkins, Mollie Miss
Johnson, Bertha Mrs
Johnson, Emma Miss (2)
Johnson, H Mrs
Johnson, Laura Mrs
Johnson, Lottie Mrs
Johnson, Mamie Mrs
Johnson, Mary
Johnson, Ollie Miss
Johnson, Rosa Miss
Jones, Annie Mrs
Jones, Clara Mrs
Jones, Elizabeth Miss
Jones, Gertrade Mrs
Jones, Leonora A Mrs
Jones, Mandy Mrs
Jones, Rosa Mrs
Jordan, S S Mrs
Kauffman, Jessie Mrs
Kay, James H Mrs
Kelley, Pauline Miss
Kellogg, Lottie Mrs
Kelsey, Wm Mrs
Kemp, Alice Miss
Kenneday, M Mrs
Kenney, Cornelia Miss
Kerr, Florence J Mrs
Kidwell, Josephine Miss
Kimball, B Estelle Miss
Kines, Alice Miss
King, Lerrester Mrs
King, Maria Miss
King, R C Miss
Kingsley, L C Mrs
Kinsell, Jessie Miss
Kramer, Adell Miss
Krouse, Lizzie Miss
Kressting, Nellie Miss
Lacey, Cora L Mrs
Lampton, E W Mrs
Laneson, Carrie Miss
Lane, Lizzie Miss
Langley, Ettis Mrs
Lawing, Emma Miss
Lawlor, Frances Miss
Lawrence, M K Mrs
Lee, Bessie Miss
Leftwich, Cressie Miss
Leftwich, Lucrassy Mrs
Levey, Mamie Miss
Lewis, Amanda Mrs
Lewis, Anna Miss
Lewis, E W Mrs
Lewis, Gurtie Miss
Lewis, Kate Mrs
Littlebridge, Geo Mrs
Logan, Cora Mrs
Lott, Bell Miss
Losay, E T Mrs
Luckado, Nannie Mrs
Ludley, Lizzie Miss
Lynch, Clara Mrs
McBride, Emily R Miss
McCallen, Florence Miss
McClaim, Walter Mrs
McCristal, May Mrs
McCully, Elizabeth Miss
McDorough, James S Mrs
McFadden, Dolly Mrs (2)
McIntire, Minnie Miss
McKibben, John Mrs
McKinzie, Minnie Mrs
McLannon, Aide Miss
McClom, Ella Miss
McMahon, Alice Miss
Mackell, Rachel Miss
Mackel, Minnie Miss
Madson, Miller Ann Mrs
Makinney, Cessey Miss
Mandly, Kattie Miss
Mansfield, Charles S Mrs
Many, I S Mrs
March, P C Mrs Col
Mark, Bertha Mrs
Marks, Anna Miss
Martin, Adelaide Mrs
Mason, Carrie Mrs
Mason, E Browning Miss
Matthews, Daisy High
Saint F Miss
Matheson, J M Mrs
Mattie, L A Mrs
May, F R Mrs
Mayo, E W Mrs
Meclonis, Salen Miss
Miller, Alice Miss
Miller, C L Mrs
Miller, Gladys Miss
Miller, K L Mrs
Miller, Maggie Miss
Miller, Mary
Mills, J Mrs
Minor, Matilda Mrs
Minster, Posie Miss
Minnot, Daisy Miss
Minot, G R Mrs
Mitchell, Rena Miss
Mitchell, See Dolly Miss
Monroon, M A S Mrs
Monday, Cellen Mrs
Monstarrie, Emma Dr
Moore, C Mrs
Moore, E D Mrs
Moore, Mary D Miss
Moran, Daisy Miss (2)
Moran, Rosie Miss
Mordon, Emmer Miss
More, M Mrs
Morgan, Edith W Mrs
Moriarty, K Miss
Morres, Ada Miss
Morrison, Nellie Miss
Moseley, E Mrs
Moss, Alice Miss
Mott, Albert Mrs
Moy, Mary Miss
Murray, Helen Miss
Murray, S E Mrs
Narman, Sarah Mrs
Nash, Irene Mrs
Nelson, Kate Miss
Neser, Elizabeth Miss
Newton, John Mrs
Newton, Hettie Miss
Nichols, Mary Miss
Norton, N Miss
Offutt, Millie Mrs
Owen, Leon Miss
Palmer, Dora Mrs
Pane, Mary Mrs
Parker, Angiliner Mrs
Parker, Bertha Miss
Parker, E B Miss
Parker, Nannie Miss (2)
Payne, Molly Miss
Pearce, Emma B Mrs
Pearce, J S Mrs
Pearson, E M Mrs
Peed, Minnie B Miss
Peirce, Elizabeth Miss
Pennington, Cynthia C Miss
Pepper, Charles Mrs
Perkinson, Virginia Miss
Pennell, Effie Mrs
Perry, Wilhelmina Mrs
Peverill, Annie Miss
Phillips, A Miss
Pinckney, M Miss
Pinkston, Georgette Miss
Plenswilt, Mary A Mrs
Powell, J E Mrs
Plodek, George Miss
Prescott, P W Mrs
Pulliam, Elizabeth Mrs
Quander, Josephine Miss
Queen, Rosie Miss
Rabbitt, Gertrude Miss
Randalls, Bessie Mrs
Randull, Emily Mrs
Rea, A M Miss
Rea, Eliza Mrs
Rector, John K Mrs
Reed, Lillie Miss
Reeder, Cora Miss
Reese, L A Miss
Remhold, Lina Mrs
Reynolds, Virginia C Mrs
Rhodes, E F Mrs
Richardson, E F Mrs
Ricketts, P C Mrs
Rickhard, Mary Mrs
Riddlebe, C V Miss
Rily, Rachel Miss
Roberson, Alberta Miss
Robinson, Addison Mrs
Robinson, Bessie
Rolls, Maggie Mrs
Root, Anna M Miss
Rose, George Mrs
Ross, C E Mrs
Ross, Louise Miss
Rupert, Irene Miss
Rust, E Mrs
Russell, Bessie Miss
Russell, Laura S
Ruth, Emma Mrs
Sandras, Ella Miss
Sannelle, Bessie Miss
Sargent, S P Mrs
Saurdes, Elner Miss
Say, Victoria Miss
Schneider, Chas Mrs
Scott, Florence Mrs
Scott, Louise Mrs
Scott, Walter Mrs
Scranage, Mary B Miss
Shaeffer, C I Mrs
Shaler, Chas Mrs
Shane, Rosa R Mrs
Shaw, Bertha Mrs
Shelton, M B Mrs
Shelton, Virginia Mrs
Shepard, C I Mrs
Shine, Maggie Miss
Short, Lewirinde Miss
Shotwell, Anna Mrs
Shrive, Bessie Mrs
Shurtes, Fanney Mrs
Simmour, Mary Miss
Simpson, C Miss
Sims, Betsy Miss
Sims, Maria Mrs
Sims, T W Mrs
Sinclair, D W Mrs
Singetary, E Mrs
Sloane, Mary A Mrs
Smith, Aline E Miss
Smith, Carrie Miss
Smith, Cora Miss
Smith, Emma Miss
Smith, Hettie Miss
Smith, Howard Mrs
Smith, Katie D
Smith, L B Miss
Smith, Mamie Miss
Smith, Sallie Mrs
Smith, Susan Mrs
Souder, Stephen T Mrs
Spitter, J S Mrs
Splenpa, Anna
Sprigman, J H Mrs
Stanard, Fannie Mrs
Steavens, Birdie Miss
Steele, Frances Miss (2)
Steele, Martin L I Mrs
Stembel, McB Mrs
Stewart, Lillie Mrs
Stewart, M Mrs
Stoop, Margaret Mrs
Stuart, Annie Mrs
Stuart, Martha