HE AND SHE.

He sits by the window, under the shade
Of the rose with honeysuckle entwined,
When the falling shapes on the esplanade
With a delicate tracing of gold are lined.

The sun sinks down in the gilded west,
Lighting his face with its parting beams,
While a calm, sweet measure of perfect rest
Illumes the joy of his passing dreams.

He sits and dreams—why should he not?
For the last dread care of the day hath fled—
And out in the grime of the old back lot
His wife is weeding the onion bed.

Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

SALLY'S DEBUT.

They were having their coffee, after a rather elaborate dinner—Quavers and Oliver.

Quavers, the composer, was the fashion. His host, St. John Oliver, known to his friends as "Coaly," only three and twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal-mine proprietor, Matthew Oliver.

"Well, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it. Come to the point at once. Your dinner was a good dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know—"

"Don't beat about the bush, my boy, diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it."

"O, it is not so bad as that," replied the young fellow, with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in. I want to speak to you about Lalage Broughton."

"O, little Lally Broughton; what has she been doing? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters back, eh?"

"It isn't exactly that," replied young Oliver.

"Quavers!" cried the young man excitedly. "I want you to introduce me to her. I—I—hang it, man! I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent bouquets and floral banjos, and I've sat in the same seat all through the long run of that new comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort or other at her feet; and every night, Quavers, she has bowed and smiled at me—until last week, and then I was ass enough to put a ring and a note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my flowers aside with her foot."

"You dear boy; you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you, though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody, but because you're not a bad sort of chap and you mean honestly. You do mean honestly, eh?"

The young fellow took Mr. Quaver's outstretched hand.

"I'm sorry for you," said the composer kindly. "You'll have to wait a fortnight, and the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lally Broughton in the morning. Is that good enough?"

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the young man excitedly; "if—"

"Oh, I know—; 'if the devotion of a lifetime,' etc. I'll take a whisky and soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

* * * * * * *

It is just three years ago (began the composer) that I made little Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera had been accepted, the final rehearsal was on.

We began at 9:30 A. M., and we were not done—not really done—till 10 that night, and we went right through everything, and a precious anxious time it was, I can tell you.

And every one was down upon me, and the stage manager was down upon everybody, and the ballet-master had lost his head, and the chorus-master was like a raving lunatic.

And the prima donna's understudy had just sent in a medical certificate—not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet-anchor, was in splendid voice.

Just then a very curious accident happened. A little, pale, blue-eyed chorus girl suddenly fell down all in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair; the girl had fainted.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said Wackles kindly enough, when she came to herself.

"O, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl—for she is but a girl—"I didn't mean to, I really didn't; please don't say anything about it."

"It ain't a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in his best low-comedy manner; "look at me—I don't faint. When a professional lady wants to faint she should faint out of business hours."

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little sob. "And, Oh, Mr. Wackles," she added—and there was an awful look about her eyes—"is that a real loaf, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at one of those long French loaves of bread which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder as though it had been a battle-ax.

"Of course, it's real," cried Wackles.

"Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir? I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since 8 this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsals, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor."

At that moment I was sent for into the manager's room. Sparklebury was there, so was Mr. Mephibosheth, who represented the syndicate that was running our piece.

"We are just bust," said Sparklebury.

I rushed out. I ran across the stage.

"Wackles," I said, hurriedly, to the low comedian, "we are done! Dulcet has chucked us, and there is no understudy."

"Please, sir," cried little Lady Broughton, clutching my arm, "Oh, please, Mr. Quavers, do give me a chance, sir. I'm letter perfect in the music and words, and I know all the business, and I feel—I know I can pull you through."

Lally Broughton did the trick, sir. We rehearsed the last act, she went through the other three with the principals the next morning, and in the evening we sprang our new prima donna upon the world of fashion.

That girl has made my fortune, Oliver; I'm to be married to her this day fortnight (added Mr. Quavers with a smile). I think I should like you to be my best man, because, you see, we are both in love with her.

"Quavers," replied Oliver, after a pause, "I—I shall be delighted. You're a lucky fellow."—C. J. Wills in St. James' Gazette.

CANDLE-NUT TREE.

One of the Curiosities of the Hawaiian Islands.

In all the valleys of the Hawaiian Isles the tourist notices a tree with a quivering leaf which is light green on the under side and dark on the top, which he is told is the kukui or candle nut. It is so named from the fact that in ancient times the kernel of the nuts were strung on the midrib of the cocoa leaf and used as torches; as the undermost kernel burned off the next ignited, and so it burned until the last was consumed.

The tree was a very useful one to the Hawaiian, not only in furnishing light at night, but for many other reasons. The nuts are incased in a husk like our walnuts, but it frequently occurs that two are formed in the same husk. The kernel is exceedingly rich in oil, which has been expressed and used for house-painting, although it is but a poor substitute for linseed in that it is difficult to get dry and it always has a peculiar odor. The natives use the oil as an external remedy for some diseases. Should you collect some of the nuts you will find them good eating, but I should advise that you stop at one or two or you will find that you have an emetic and a cathartic which will certainly report muy pronto, as the Mexicans say.

The natives roast the nuts in the ashes, and, having removed the shell, crush the kernels to a paste, mixing them with salt and pepper. This is one of the most delicious and appetizing zests imaginable, and is an essential element to a good feed of raw fish and poi. It may be that some of our enterprising capitalists would go into the manufacture of inimona, as the natives call this paste, he might find an ever-increasing market for it. It certainly is preferable to the suspicious Russian caviare. The burnt shell of the kukui was used for making an indelible ink with which tattooing was done. The green husk contains an acrid juice which has a reputation as a remedy in diseases of the throat.

From the bark of the tree there exudes a gum called pilale, which is as useful as gum arabic or gum tragacanth for many purposes. It was also used as medicine by the Hawaiians in cases of dysentery. Being harmless, it would be useful in confectionery in making gum drops and jujubes.

The wood of the tree is somewhat like our basswood and is of little value in building or fencing, as it rots very speedily. Sometimes the natives made canoes of it, but never considered them of any value. As the trees die off in the forest their trunks and limbs are found to be covered with an edible fungus, called pepelao, which was formerly exported in great quantity to the Chinese markets.

To-day the kukui nut is largely used in the manufacture of jewelry, which is much prized by tourists as mementos of a visit to the paradise of the Pacific. The shell is quite hard and takes a brilliant polish and can be had in black and brown.—Hawaiian Gazette.

BURIED ALIVE.

The Awful Penalty Visited on a Robber of the Dead.

There was published a few days ago a story of a young woman who was buried alive during a trance produced by the administration of gas for the purpose of having her teeth pulled. Luckily these occurrences are very rare and do not always have so terrible a termination.

A recent French paper contains a story of such an occurrence as told by the late Guy de Maupassant, which has been condensed and translated for the News.

Juliette, the daughter of a prosperous French gentleman, was afflicted with a disorder of the heart. She one day fell dead, as was supposed, and after a suitable time was laid away in the family vault. Her body was arrayed in her first ball dress, with her rings, bracelets, necklaces and other jewelry. Her father, prostrated with grief, returned to the house and sought his chamber. His valet, who had assisted in the burial, waited upon him, attended to his few wants and retired. The gentleman passed a sad and terrible night. It was cold; the wind howled outside, the snow flew and he could think only of his beloved daughter in the tomb.

Suddenly, at 3 o'clock in the morning, he was startled by the ringing of the front door bell. He jumped to his feet, wondering who could arrive at such an hour.

Again the bell rang. The servants either did not hear it or feared to go to the door. He took a candle and descended the stairs, but before opening the door demanded, "Who is there?"

There was no answer, and in his weakness and grief, feeble with fright, he slowly opened the door. In the shadow he saw a ghostlike figure, dressed all in white. He fell back, stammering, "Who are you?"

"It is I, papa!"

It was his daughter. He thought he was going crazy. He recoiled from her and motioned her back with his hand.

"Do not fear, papa. I was not dead. Some one robbed me of one of my rings and cut off my finger. The blood began to run and that revived me."

He saw then that she was covered with blood. Then, recovering himself, he appreciated the good fortune that had come to him. He took her up to his chamber and rang for his valet to rekindle the fire, procure some nourishment and go for the doctor. But when the man entered he uttered a piercing cry and expired. It was he who had broken into the tomb, knowing that the corpse had been attired with the valuable jewels, mutilated her hand and left her, as he supposed, dead. When he saw her standing in the room he thought it was her ghost come back to denounce him, and he was frightened to death.—Detroit News.

HOW TO CUT ICE.

The Work Is Done in the Most Accurate Manner.

The first process in the cutting is the measuring out of a large square very accurately, the lines being deeply incised with an ice plow. Next the original square is "marked" in smaller squares, or, rather, oblongs, of a known size, generally twenty-four by thirty inches.

"It won't do to work by rule o' thumb," says the foreman. "The cakes have to be packed exactly, with no waste room. Besides, we can tell to a pound what each cake weighs when we take it out."

The marker is a sort of harrow drawn by a horse and provided at the back with an upright, which serves both as a guide and as a handle upon which a man walking behind bears his weight so as to cause the teeth with which the left side of the marker is set to bite into the ice as it runs. The right side is a thin runner of steel. This runner is set into one of the plowed lines of the square, the horse is started and the machine travels across the field, the teeth cutting a deep furrow parallel with the side of the square. Another marker, with its runner set in the groove cut by the teeth of the first, follows, making a second groove. When the square has been marked off thus in one direction the toothed blades are adjusted to a narrower gauge and a series of grooves are cut at right angles to the first set. Some markers are provided with several sets of saw teeth, so that two or more grooves are cut at one time.

Now come the plows. They look like a sort of compound agricultural plow. Into a long, heavy beam are set eight separate blades, or shares, each notched at the bottom. Every plow is drawn by a single horse and guided by ordinary plowhandles. The blades are set in the grooves made by the markers and the plowing begins. Is it not a curious sight? See how the particles of ice spout up before the rending blades like fountains of many hued jewels blown gracefully before the wind. The surface upon which we stand trembles beneath our feet with a dull, continuous jarring sound.

The whole square has now been plowed into checkers, each space representing a cake. The next stage is "breaking out." This is done with saws, ice-forks—heavy, long-tined tridents—ice-hooks and ice-spades. When a single cake has been broken out, the saw-men begin along the plowed lines, the curious, double-handed sawblades sliding through the solid substance with marvelous rapidity. When the strips are very thick the whole cake need not be sawed out; the forks and spades applied to the plowed grooves will cleave it away with perfect accuracy.

The ice is cut away in such a fashion that a long, narrow canal of open water is made, connecting with a waterway always kept free to the shore. As fast as the cakes are severed, men with long-handled hooks seize them and float them down the canal.—From "A Day on an Ice Field" in Demorest's Magazine.

WOKE HIM UP.

The Way a Telegraph Operator was Aroused to Duty.

There is a good story about a telegraph operator who once worked the land wires in the Duxbury cable office, going to sleep one night and a message having to be sent 6000 or 7000 miles to wake him up. The operator is now a practicing physician in Cambridge, Mass., but before annexing M. D. to his name was one of the gilt-edge telegraphers of the country.

One night while on duty in the Duxbury office he fell asleep at his key. The sleep was a sound one. The New York operator called till out of patience, when he sent a message to Boston requesting the chief operator in charge to tell Duxbury to answer New York. The sleeper, however, was as deaf to Boston's "Di," "Di" as to the impatient characters flashed on from New York.

In the cable-room next the sleeping operator was the cable artist. The room was dark and he was watching the mirror for the tiny sparks that in those days went to make up a message. To him the Morse alphabet was all Greek, so the sleeper slept on.

Seeing no other way out of the muddle and thinking the operator asleep, New York called Canso in Nova Scotia and addressed a message to the cable operator at Duxbury. The message read:

"Go into the other room and wake up that operator."

Canso sent it to Hearts Content in Newfoundland; Hearts Content rushed it across the deep to Valentia. From there it went to London, thence to Dover, and across the channel to Calais and to Brest. Brest kept it moving on to Miquelon and Miquelon gave the cable operator at Duxbury a unique surprise. The sleeper was then aroused, about eleven minutes having been taken by the grand round of the cablegram. He tried to explain matters by telling New York that he was out of adjustment. The story didn't impress the officials as being truthful, and in a day or two there was a vacancy in Duxbury.—Donahoe's Magazine.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

NEW WESTERN HOTEL.

W Helems, Merced	S W Dickson, Merced
P Orman, Merced	J Rice, Stockton
H McCracken, Crockett	J Duran, Tiburon
W Warren, Tiburon	B L Fisher, Alameda
C Lathrop, Portland	R Diamond, Philadelphia
Mrs C M Linet, N Y	P O'Brien, Boston
C Henry & w, Fresno	G Herrick, N Y
H Hall, Ariz	J de Witt & w, Boston

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

W B Chambers, Fresno	P A Leary, Mass
E Cashman, Australia	G Leary, Redwood City
Mrs Foy & c, Madeira	F H Plaistridge, Stockton
M C Parrish, Dunsmuir	E O Born, Alameda
H Wacken, Ukiah	N M Clarendon, Oakland
H D Bacon, Woodland	E D Sylvester, Woodland
G H Barbour, Chicago	Mrs Dillon, San Jose
J Byrne, San Jose	W McQuat, San Jose
W O'Neill, Cleveland	N Schafer, Sacramento
E White, U S N	P Cassidy, U S N
J Watson, Santa Rosa	E E McGray, Golden Isld
D Peoples, Los Angeles	

Wanted a Companion.

The teacher had notified Hiram Plunkett he would be expected to remain after school was dismissed as a punishment for misconduct. Hiram was one of the big boys, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he came awkwardly up to her desk and said in a low tone:

"Miss Jones, I wish you'd keep Mamie McGinnis in, too. She done just as much whisperin' as I did. I saw her do it."

"Why do you wish to have Mamie McGinnis kept in?" asked the teacher.

"I don't want her to git jealous again," said Hiram, scratching the floor with the toe of his shoe. "Th' other time you kept me after school she wouldn't speak to me for a week."—Chicago Tribune.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in the Postoffice at San Francisco on MONDAY, July 30, 1894.

☞ To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "Advertised Letters" and give the date of the list. If not called for within two weeks they will be sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

Achs Mrs Leon	Anthony Miss Edna
Ackerly Mrs Grace	Argesheimer Mrs Emma
Alber Mrs Laura	Arlett Miss E
Adams Mrs E C	Arlington Florence
Adams John Q	Armstrong Mrs Chas
Adams Mrs Mary	Armstrong Chas
Agnew Mrs Julia	Armstrong Miss Lizzie
Albaton Miss Jennie	Armstrong W B
Allen Dr Ehan	Arnold F
Allen Thos S	Arme E D
Allis Bros & Co	Aronson Mrs
Allmen Miles	Arthur Thos C
Allspaugh Mrs Mary	Asher Mrs May
Anderson F M	Ashim Mrs Geo
Anderson H T	Ashton & Stone
Andersson Johan Arner	Atwater Dr E P
Anderson Mrs Sophia	Austin Mrs Annie T
Anderson Walter	Austin F A
Andrews Mrs A D 2	Austin Saml G
Andrews Mrs W J	Auld J
Andrews Miss Helen W 2	Avery Miss Dell
Andrew F T	
Bachelder T F	Bond E B
Bailey & Co	Boswell Mrs Buel E
Baker Alf	Bono Mrs V
Baird Geo	Booth Dr Anna
Baker Mr	Boothe O C
Baldwin Miss Myrtle J	Borden Mrs A F
Ball Geo E	Born Wm
Balmforth Mrs Ralph	Bovene Mary
Barber Harry & Co	Borman Miss Rosie
Barber F J	Botchider G
Barber Geo S	Bourgeous L J B
Barlow H C	Bourland Guy
Barnum Geo Alex	Bousall Chas P
Barrows Mrs Jennie	Bowen Geo
Barrows Robt	Bowen Miss Geraldine
Barton & Flum Misses	Bowden J H
Bates Mrs Elia	Bourke F P
Bashford Chas	Boynton Miss Genevieve
Batsch C	Boza Mr
Batcheider Mrs F C	Bradbury Mrs Frank R
Batz Miss M	Brekle Mrs Mary
Bazersdorfer M	Brigin C A
Beacon Jas	Brewer Miss Mamie
Beal Mrs Rosa E	Briggs Mrs Scott
Beamon Miss Cleo	Brigman Mrs Annie M
Beck Miss Dores	Brisine Geo W 2
Beben C	Brochner E K
Becht J	Brodt Miss Mamie
Beckwith H B	Brooks Mrs Marie
Bediy J M	Browder Consul I A
Behrenhoff Mrs A	Browning Miss Minnie
Bugle Mrs Sarah	Brown Mrs C M Tilden
Beller Aug Jr	Brown Mrs Geo
Bell Alphus	Brown Gorden M
Bell Rev Frank	Brown Gratz K
Bell Jno	Brown Rev Henry
Bennett A B	Brown Hariet W
Bennett A J	Brown J A
Bennett J J	Brown Mrs May
Benzick Chas A	Brown Mrs M A
Berghman F W	Brown K L
Berghtnat O	Brown W H
Berkheimer Wm	Brown Mrs W C
Bernat Max	Bryant Miss Mattie
Berry Mrs A M	Bryder F A
Berry Jr J L	Buckley Jno
Biderbose Edward	Buhr B F
Bidwell Jno	Bullard Mrs Pauline C
Billen Mrs	Bunning J H
Bills B L	Bunting Mrs Wm
Binning J G	Burke Miss Katie
Binning Johnnie 2	Burns Chas Y
Birch Miss Ada	Burns Mrs H
Black Miss Hattie E	Burns Harry J
Blad Waldemar	Burns Miss Maggie
Blaire M ss Carrie	Burr Oak Tobacco Co
Blakemore H D	Busck Miss Eva
Bliss W L	Busch Henry
Blok M	Bushnell Charley
Blumner Frank Drug Co	Butler J J
Bode Max W	Butler Mrs T J
Boland Mrs Mollie	Butler F W & Co
Bole Mrs Wm	Byrne Mrs Dorothy C
Boll Miss Rosalie	
Cadwallader Mrs E B	Cline Jas
Caldwell Harry	Cloke Jno
Cameron Chas S	Close Kitttle
Cameron Estrologer	Clyde Jno
Campin Mr	Coakley Mrs A R
Cantrell Miss Ida	Cochrane Robt H
Carey Mrs Catherine	Cogill Mrs Elizabeth
Carlsm Mr	Cohn A H
Carlsm Mrs (Minna st, near Fifth	Cohn Miss B 2
	Cohen Miss B
Casen Mrs Anne	Cohan Mrs Margaret
Carnes Wm A	Cole E H
Carr Michael	Coleman Joe
Carson Mrs Emma C 2	Colman Mary
Carson W A	Coleslock W W
Carter Mrs L A	Colton Miss Jessie
Carter Mrs W	Coldwater Dr E
Cassir Jos A	Collier Mrs H L
Canzza Mrs J B	Collins Mrs Allie
Cavanaugh Miss May	Collins Mrs H
Cavanaugh Miss Mary	Conlin Miss A F
Cefons Jas	Conklin Mrs W H
Channell F L	Conway Miss F
Calif Chapter	Cook Miss E A
Chester Martin	Cooper Chas E
Chichester J H	Cooper Jas
Chick G H 2	Cordes N P
Cheltury A	Comey Ollie D
Chisholm Mrs	Cornelons Ed
Christensen Alfred	Cowles Mrs Irene
Church Ben	Coyle Harry F
Clanay Jno	Craig Mrs C G
Clark C B	Craig Chas O
Clark Miss F T	Craige Col
Clark Mrs Geo C	Cramer Wm M
Clarke Jno E	Crawl Mrs
Clark Kate	Crittenden Mrs Dora K 2
Clark Mrs M Siegfred	Crocker H
Clark Miss Olive	Crimiger Dan L
Clase Chas	Crovell Miss F E
Clayton Mrs Henry	Creem R G
Cleale Mrs Minnie	Curtis Mrs C W
Clifford Mrs Myra	Curtis Frank E
Cliff Capt J B	Cutick Gas
Cline C W	Cuiter Lealia M
Cline Mrs F A	
Dacey Joe	Dinsmore & Co
Dakne Mrs Meta	Dinthruner My
Dakheim E P	Dodge Mrs
Dania S L	Dodge Mrs Henry L
Daniels Wheeler C	Dollner Geo
Dauth Mrs Louisa	Doherty Miss Katie
Davidson Ralph	Doherty Mrs M O
Davis A	Doherty Thos
Daus Miss Agnes H	Dolliver & Bro
Davis E D	Dorhman Fitz
Davies Jno	Douglas Miss Effie
Davis Saml D	Doud J O
Davis S P	Dowell Mrs Viola
Day Harvey E	Dowell Miss L
Dean Mrs C C	Dowey & Hombs Rev
De Corsey Jno	Doyle Mrs Andrew
Denny Mr	Doyle Burton T
Derby P B	Draper Mrs M E
Deizans Peter	Drews Chas
Desmarais Henry	Droze Jno C
Del White Mrs	Dudley A A & Co
Dexter Mr Stanley	Dunn J
Dexter Mrs Ida	Dunbar A R & Co
Dieterich Miss Clara	Dunham Lewis
Deitrich & McVey	Dunlap S J
Delworth R J	Dutz Josepn
Dimond Hugh	Duville Dr
Dinwiddie, Branard & Co	Dybion Florence
Earley Jno B	Ellis Geo E 2
Easley Mrs Robt	Ellis Linnie T
Easterbrook P J	Ellis Master Richard
Earl Mrs T M	Elder Miss Edith
Eaton Mrs Mary E	Eldredge Stanley
Ebringer Herr W	Elerath Master Arthur
Eowards L W	Emerie Monty
Edgar Miss Anna	Enders Geo
Edmondson Mrs Louise	Engelhardt Mrs Auguste
Edmondson Dr W J	Englander Mrs Natalie
Egan Wm	Engelbraktsson Carl
Eggers Thos	Enright Dennis
Ehlers Miss Amelia	Erwig Henry
Eisner Mark	Dvans Dudley
Elliott Mrs J A	Evans Miss Elona
Elliot Robt D	Evans Jno Franklin
Fabian Mrs M C	Flinn T J
Fairbanks Mrs C C	Flint Robert
Falk Henry	Flynn Mrs (1321½ Kearny)
Farrell Mrs J	Flynn Miss Maggie
Farrance Wm	Flonn L B
Faugh Miss Emma	Flood James
Feeley Miss Alice	Foley Mike
Feighery Mrs J	Ford Miss Maggie
Fellows May	Forest Mrs Jessie
Felt Mrs Clara	Forester A K
Fenn L F	Forsalth E W
Fershman Mrs H J	Forsher Dr F H
Fitzgerald F	Fountain Pen Co
Fluhpps Conrad	Fox Mr (City Stables)
Fliger E B	Fox Mrs Mary E
Fielding & Co	Franklin M C
Fina Miss Maria	Frary Miss Virginia
Finch J E	Fraser Miss Laura
Fisher Mrs (814 Haight)	Frederick Miss Ethel
Fisher Miss Emily	Free Fred
Flaherty Mrs Bridgie	Freeduchsen Melo P
Fleming Mrs Mary E	Friendlich Miss Anna
Fletcher F	Friese R G
Fletcher Capt L D	Fuller Mrs Ph
Fleckner Henry	
Gaines Miss Ellen C	Goodwin Mrs Jeannie
Gamble H	Gordon Mrs F
Garfinkle Louis	Gorman Mrs J G
Garrity Mrs Alice	Gongue James
Garstang Mr	Graham W C
Gahly Bessie	Graham Mrs F E
Geiges F S H	Graham Lyle
George Mrs Harvey	Granville Thomas
Gerberding Mrs C O	Graves A A
Getchell Fredk	Graves Miss D
Gibbons Mrs Wm H	Gray Mrs Marion F
Gickland James	Gray Walter S
Gibb D A	Greely Mrs Regina
Gillespie Miss Gussie	Green Chas
Gilman N R	Green Geo E
Gilliam James	Greville H
Glass Hamilton	Grimm Chas
Glanville C F	Grouin Mrs (512 Sixth)
Gleason Miss Helen R	Gronow Mrs D
Glover G E	Grunnel Mrs Rose
Golding Miss Flossie	Grundy Edwin
Grear P H	Guiral August
Goodrich Geo W	
Half C T	Heron May
Hadley Fred H	Herman Mrs Anna
Hagan Miss A Louise	Herena Mrs E L
Hamilton Mrs A	Higgins Mrs Sarah C
Hamlin Clarence	Hird Mrs Emma C
Hansen Mr (Clay near Montgomery)	Hilginbug Maria E
	Hill U
Hansen Alfred S	Hill Mrs Mary
Hansen Capt H J	Hill Miss Pauline
Hansman Denis	Hinkel Albert
Happ Marcus	Hintz Miss Emily
Haramnin Theodore	Hodges Miss Nettie
Harert Mrs L A	Hoffman Mr
Harper Mrs Eugene	Holmes Miss May
Harris Cora V	Holden William
Harris Miss Emma F	Hood Miss Carrie G
Harvey Frank	Hooper Mr (619 Bush)
Harvey E C	Hooper Dr P O
Haughton Alfred	Hopkins G
Hawes Edwin	Hoppustead E W & J E
Hawk Thomas	Horning Mrs Jean
Hayes Andrew	Horack Miss Irma
Hayes Mrs A	Hosley Mrs (614 Van Ness)
Hanjes Mrs A	Hoskins Dick
Hearly Mrs W	Howard Mrs Dora G
Hein Miss Agnes	Howard Thomas
Heitrich Mrs L	Howe Miss E S
Held Mrs Emma	Howland S W
Heller, Mrs L	Hoy J R & Co
Hendrseksson Mrs (121 Post)	Hubbard C P
	Hughs Mrs J H
Henght Mrs (511 Moss)	Hugonin Charles
Henrikson Miss Ada	Hurly E J
Herrington C H	Hurd P H
Herne Fredrick	Hurtzfeld Messrs
Hendickson Mrs Nellie A	
Ingersoll Sylvia W	Irwin Mrs H
Irish Charles	Irving Mrs M
Irving Alfred	Ivey L A
Irving Joseph O	Iwamato K
Jacobs Ma gt E	Johnson Emil
Jackson Mrs Frances	Johnson H L
James Miss Maggie	Johnson George
James A	Johnson G A (607 Bush)
Jamieson J W	Johnson J O
Jamieson William	Johnson J B
Jaubson Mrs Kate	Johnson Julius
Jenkins J C	Johnson Mrs James
Jens John	Johnson Miss Josephine
Jerlske Ed	Johnson Peter
Jewett Mrs E F	Johnstone C G
Johnson Charlie	Jones John
Johnson Mrs C F	Jones Richard
Johnson Mrs E K	Jordan Mrs A L
Johnson Miss Emma	Junette Miss Frances
Kaniff Michael	Kerchan Miss M
Kachenick Coal Co	Kern Mrs H
Kaufman Mrs C	Kernigan P H
Kaufman H J	King N G
Kauffman Mrs S H	Kinsella Frank
Kauffman Mariana	Kingsburg Rev J D
Keating Miss Blanch	Kinney George G
Keating Martin	Kirby Geo
Kee Mme Anna	Kirby Miss Maria
Keil E	Kleinschmidt H F C
Keisey M	Klein Mrs Mary
Keller Wm E	Knapp Mrs H
Keller Mrs J	Knight Miss L B
Kelly Thomas	Kohley Miss Lizzie
Kelly Miss Annie	Kohl L B
Kelly Miss Katie	Kohn Leo
Kelly J H	Konrod J
Kelly J	Kolb Geo K
Kelly James H	Kotz A
Kelly Miss Margt	Kotz W
Kenney G P	Kramer Mrs N
Kenyon Thomas	Krug Oscar
Keogan John	Kull Mrs Isabel
Kermode Mrs Jane	
La Croix Med Co	Lewis Miss Lizzie 2
Labey Charles Edward	Lewis Mrs Jennie B
Laborde Adolph	Lewis S G
Lakeport Cigar-store	Lewis Mrs T G
Lane S	Liechtinig Mrs Minnie
Laidtenan Editor of	Lieber Carl
Lanson A	Liesch Mrs R
Langrey R	Light Mrs M T
Landraken Wm	Lindus Mrs Martine
Landriken Wm	Lisson Mrs M
La Selle Fred	Little Andres
Latoreso J	Livingstone J
Lund M C	Lloyd F Percy
Lantinovich Mr	Lochurst Mrs M 3
La Vine Frank	Logan Frank
Lawrence Bros	Logan Miss Minnie
Lawrence Miss L P	Lombard J W
Lawson C B	Long Daniel W
Law Mrs M	Long Mrs Ida
Leatz A	Loomis M
Leavitt Harry	Lott Mrs Dora
Lee Mrs A C	Lovett E
Leech Mrs Fanny	Love A T
Lemmonx Mrs Addie 2	Lowenberg Leo
Leland Wm	Lucas Rev O W
Lentza Lucy	Lucy Robert
Ledimew B	Lulkin Dr H M
Lester Warren	Lumm s Rev Prof Henry
Lesle Capt John	Lynch T C
Levi Isaac	Lyons Mrs James
Lewis Mrs A J	Lyons Miss Blanche
Lewis Charles	Lyle Mrs Lenora
Lewis Mrs A N	Lynde Mrs Annie L
McAdo Clarence	McElroy Mrs Emma
McAdow John	McGuire I N
McCarthy Miss Ellen	McGuire J
McCarthy Dan	McGowan Joseph
McCarthy J P	McInnis James
McClory Rev Father	McIndeor John
McCain Clarence	McKenzie James W Jr
McDonald Mrs	McKernan Miss Della
McDonald J M	McKeor Miss Mary
McDonald Mrs Lou	McLennan J
McDonough Anthony	McPhaul W H
McDermott James	
Macgarrigle J	Myer Charles
Macfarlane John G	Mayer Nathan
Mackay Mrs Nellie	Meyers Wm Co
Magender E B 2	Michigan Clothing Co
Maloney Mrs E I	Miller Mrs Henry
Maine Charles	Miller Robt C
Malben Robert	Miller W McN
Malone O H	Mills W P
Maley Ed B	Mills Miss Maud
Mann Mrs George	Millens Pro A G
Mann Mrs Hattie	Milkward Miss Lizzie
Mandeville Herbert	Miller Rafael
Marshall Antone F	Minor Julia
Marshall R C	Minchan Patrick
Martin Daniel E	Mitchener Sarah
Martins C	Mockly Geo
Martin M M	Mohrmann John
Martin Sol C Jr M D	Moonan J
Mars E J	Moore Miss L B 2
Marden Miss Carrie	Moore Miss Lizzie
Marer Mrs J H 2	Moore Walter B 2
Master H B	Moore Silvester
Matthews Joseph	Moran John
Matthew Rev W Scott	Morgan J P
Maxstadt Gustav	Mosgrove Miss Ellie
Maxwell Miss V	Morehead Mrs Ore
Mayberry Harry	Morris Miss Maggie 3
Medow Stinermann F	Morse Mrs J D
Meeler Mr	Morse Mrs M
Meehan Miss Loretta	Morton Miss Gracie
Meehan Miss L	Mosser Bros & Co
Meigs Mrs G H	Muller M E MD
Merrill Wiggin	Muldoon Chas
Merten Miss Alice	Mumford Mr
Mervey Miss Lottie	Murford & Co
Merrett Jeremiah	Murphy Mrs
Merritt L J	Murphy Adam
Metzen Miss Minnie	Murphy Edward
Mayer Alb	Murphy Miss Kate
Meyers Miss Alice	Murphy Thos J
Nappa Nev	Nevin C A
Naysock Miss R	Niiger Adolph
Nahl Paul	Nolte Helen
Natsume L	Norris Fred
Nelson Clarence	Norton Miss Ethel
Nelson John	Nowlin Miss Frank
Nelson Miss Mae	Norby Mrs T O
O'Brien Miss Nellie P	Ogden Miss Dollie
O'Connor, Messrs	Olsen Mrs Minnie
O'Connor Thos and Mrs	Olsen O
O'Connor John	Ortmann H
O'Donoghue A	Oswald Miss Kate
O'Donnell James	Ouchi Y
O'Gorman I	Owen Harry
O'Halloran Miss Rose	Owen Thos
Ohanranan Mrs Mary Ann	Owen L R
Occidental Board	
Pacific Coast Home	Petrie Miss Jennie
Pacific Life and Accident Co	Phillips Mrs H W
Pacific Supply Co	Phelps Miss Frances E
Pacific Accident Ins Co	Phelps Mrs M
Poppe H G	Pickney T
Parker Lucile E	Pilkington Lillian
Parsons Owen D	Pinney E H
Paxton Mrs John A	Piskuitt Mat
Pease Mrs E M	Pladwell F
Pease Rev E M	Plate H G
Pearson Mrs T	Plunkett Callie
Peisker Miss Pauline	Pocklmann Martha
Pelton Lon A	Powey Mrs Margaret
Perkins Miss M E	Pollok S W
Penhalion Capt D B	Popoff Victor
Perry J W B	Postelweight Ed
Perry Mrs T M	Potter Clarence
Peters F 2	Power Miss
Peter Lewis	Powers R C
Peterson Gus A	Powell Nellie
Peterson Mrs Georgie	Prahl Anders John
Petersen J	Pray Charley H
Perrin Dr E B	Pratt Miss E D
Pence B F	Pressnell Miss Jule
Pierce Frank W	Prescote Mrs
	Probasco Wesley
Quinn Mrs A M	
Raleigh Cycle Co	Rice Myron B
Randall Chas	Reardon Miss N
Rande Miss Alice J	Roades T R
Ratloff J A	Robertus Elmzander Miss
Reavis Ed	Roberts Frank P
Redman Dr J R	Robins F A
Read Dr E D	Rogers Aaron L
Reed Geo W	Rokesmith J
Reid Thos C	Roos Dr W G
Reeves Russell O	Rosenberg Ab
Regan Thos J	Rosenfeld & Co
Reidman Roses	Rosenthal R
Remy Elmelia	Routh Harry
Reverelli J	Roy Mrs C R
Reynolds Frank	Rutledge Mrs W
Reynolds, Miss I I	Ryan Miss M
Saidy Jacob	Smith Ellen Lunt
Saku Mrs Islu	Smith H L
Saunders Miss	Schmidt John
Sargent H M	Smith L J C
Saxe Theo	Smith Mrs Nellie Lunt
Satteson John	Smith Mrs Robt
Savage Mrs Irene	Solomon Mrs J
Saxtorph Miss Lou	Southerland F T