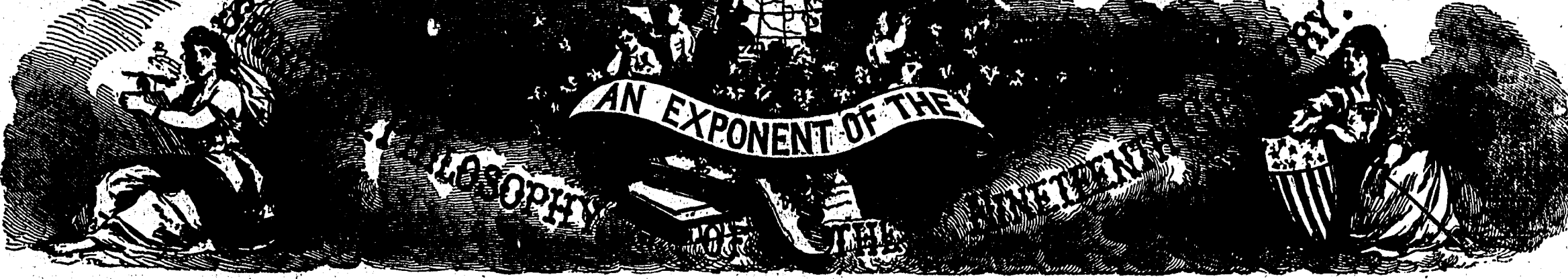


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LVII.

GOLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1886.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 18.

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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HERE AND BEYOND.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAND OF DEATH.

"Good-bye, my sweet, good-bye! It will not be long; in one week from the hour of my return I shall claim you as my wedded wife, and naught shall part us then, for whither I go you must go with me."

Thespeaker, a tall and handsome young man of perhaps five and twenty, bent his head low over the face of the fair girl at his side and kissed the teardrops from her eyes. They were lovers, and this their last meeting previous to the young man's departure to the great metropolis—a distance of many miles, where he had business to transact that would engage his attention for several weeks. On his return they were to be quietly married, and the pretty cottage home that was to be their abode had already been daintily fitted up by the loving parents of the girl.

Smiling in her lover's face as these words were quoted from his lips, the maiden replied, "Nothing shall part us then, dear George, but the hand of death."

"Why speak of death, Mary mine? We are young and strong, and have many years before us. Our home is to be here on earth, and it will be heaven to me while you are there; we have no use for death."

"Do not talk so, dear," gently remonstrated Mary. "Life and death are in His hands. His will is law."

"Yes, my love, I know; but we will not continue such a solemn thought at this our last moment. Come, cheer up, and let me see your happy smile wishing me all sorts of good luck and a speedy return to the sweetest of sweet girls."

In a few moments the lovers had parted, he to take the early morning train and she to turn to some pleasant task of preparation for the coming wedding day.

George Phelps was a young man who had been reared under the holy teachings of the wise, good, sensible mother who had left him for the higher life a year before our story opens. His father had passed from earth when the boy was but six years old, and as he left no material wealth, George early learned the duty and pleasure of labor. By attention to his tasks, by faithfulness and unceasing energy, the youth had steadily risen in the esteem of his employers until, at the time our story opens, he held the position of confidential clerk in the largest manufacturing house in town; and it was in the interests of this firm that he was called away from home just at this time, as we have seen.

George Phelps and Arthur Hart had been schoolmates and companions from boyhood up; they had held almost daily intercourse until the parents of Arthur—strict Baptists, and intelligent, well-to-do people—decided that their only son must be sent to college and fitted for the ministry. For years after this, the brightest spots in the boys' lives came when, free from study and toil, they spent the vacations of Arthur together and in their own way.

Mary Hart, a gentle, lovable girl, often joined the sports of her brother and his friend, and it was not strange that the association thus formed between the three should ripen into love and contemplated matrimony on the part of two of them.

At the time of which we write Arthur Hart had graduated from college, and was at home preparing to fill the pulpit of a little country church about five miles distant. He had ever been a devoted, gentle youth; "more like a girl than a boy," people said, "and just fit for a minister," whose heart seemed filled with sympathy for all God's creation, and especially for such poor and forlorn human beings as are without a helper and a guide.

But some of the pious ones shook their heads and declared that he would never warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," or "succeed in saving souls to Christ" for when he found a poor "unfortunate" whose ways were erring, he would as likely as not forget to paint a terrible picture of the wrath of doom, in his soliloquy for his comfort, and would instead give him a

clime for bread, and only bid him to "try and do better for the future."

Three weeks after the separation of George and Mary, during which time an active correspondence had been maintained between them, the news came to the absent man that a fever had broken out in the poorest quarter of the town, and that in ministering bodily and spiritual comfort to the lowly sufferers, Arthur Hart had taken the fatal disease, and was then prostrate upon a bed of pain.

Anxious and harassed, George waited for further tidings, but days elapsed before he received a telegram announcing the decease of his life-long companion and friend, the gentle young student. The business upon which he had been sent was in such a condition as to demand his constant, personal attention, and it was impossible for him to leave his post.

Other days of anxious waiting passed; the letters of his affianced had ceased; he wrote constantly, but received no response, and the only tidings he received from his native town were contained in the business notes of his employers.

Three more weeks elapsed, and finding the business in a satisfactory condition once more, George telegraphed his determination to return home at once. Three days later found him standing at the door of Mary's home; but even as he passed up the shadowy walk a thrill of fear seized his frame, and a dread foreboding took possession of his heart.

He was met at the door by Mr. Hart, in whose grief-bowed form and pallid face he could hardly recognize the strong man of a few weeks back, and conducted into the house.

"Where is she?" he asked; "Is she ill?" framing into words the fear that had assailed him for days.

"She has been," answered the father in broken tones, "but she is at rest now." "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

"Not that! not that!" wildly interrupted the young man. "You cannot mean that she is dead! My God! not that!"

"My poor boy, she is gone; she died with your name upon her lips. We buried her two days ago in the church-yard by her brother's side."

The grief of the young man was terrible; he demanded to know why he had not been sent for, and was told that fearing he would take the fever if he came, she would not allow him to be called home, but that every word and look of her last hours proved to her watchers that her thoughts were of the absent lover who was so soon to have been her husband.

Our story concerns the future life of this young man, and so we will not dwell upon these days and their sad experiences. George Phelps seemed like a changed man after this, and it was not long before he left his native place to find a new life amid other scenes.

Possessing great energy and business capacity, he devoted his time to the accumulation of wealth, and the building up of a great commercial career. Far from the home of his youth he settled, and those who had known him in early life seldom heard his name mentioned, or knew anything of his doings.

Ever considerate for those about him, he was universally respected as one "whose word was as good as his bond," who was just in all things, and who exacted no service from others that was not fairly compensated for.

Yet, it was inevitable that one who should bend the superior abilities of a great energy to the accumulation of wealth; whose deepest thought was employed in the elucidation of business problems; whose association was with the world, and whose environment was one of material conditions, should develop a shrewdness of character and a hardness of intellect that leaned rather toward external than to spiritual things. The man was healthy in his moral nature; he would wrong no fellow-man or woman. But he would and did question the evidences of creation, the assumptions of theology, and the claims of religion. While holding a sort of reverence for so-called sacred things, he had come to reject all testimony as to a future life, and to cease to question about it. Of this world he knew. Here he could plan, and engineer, and execute; here he could create wealth and command labor. By the force of his energy and inherent ability he could attract the attention and consideration of the influential of his class. All that was dear to him had been taken away in the persons of his mother, his friend Arthur, and his promised wife, Mary. He never married, never received the loving care of some sweet-voiced woman, and never gave loving attention in return. He formed no social ties, and made no beautiful home associations, and so he missed much of this life's blessings, and did not know that his spirit was the loser by what he had not gained.

CHAPTER II.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

Strictly just in his dealings, George Phelps expected and exacted from others the same kind of treatment toward himself as he meted out; and while he could be self-sacrificing and forbearing toward his fellows, such was his stern regard for truth and candor and his abhorrence of hypocrisy and aught that favored deceit, that he was never known to forgive or condone an offence on the part of those he had trusted or associated with. Gentle and mild in many ways, there was yet a trait of harsh severity in his nature that had been acquired through the rough contact with that world which ever tends to harden rather than to spiritualize the hearts of those who devote their time alone to the accumulation of worldly goods.

Once he had a friend and business associate whom he loved and trusted; there was no favor

that he would not grant this man, no praise that he could not heap upon his name. But in an evil hour the man, listening to the voice of temptation, sought to overreach his friend in an important business transaction, and, the affair coming to the notice of George Phelps, turned all his love to contempt and bitter dislike. From that moment he would not look upon the friend he had known, nor consent to hear his name mentioned in his presence. There was no doubt but the man had been sorely tempted; circumstances were such as to extenuate his conduct to a degree. He offered to make full restitution, to serve Phelps on his knees if he could only regain the confidence he had lost; but all in vain; he had forfeited his position of trust and never again could he be reinstated therein.

Once a young man, who honored and revered him as a most esteemed son should honor a father, came to George in a perturbed frame of mind to seek advice on a delicate subject. Charles Atwood, who had long been engaged to a beautiful woman, had at length overcome her reluctance to name the wedding-day, and the marriage ceremony had been performed amid the rejoicings and congratulations of numerous friends. For two months nothing had occurred to mar the happiness of the young couple, but one evening, coming in unexpectedly upon his bride, Charles found her weeping over an open letter in her hand. Tender inquiries on the part of her husband only increased the agitation of the lady, and, gently taking the letter from her hand, Charles glanced over its contents.

The letter proved to be from an uncle of Mrs. Atwood, who lived in the West. It was filled with congratulations and kindly advice to the young woman, and although it contained allusions to some unhappy past, yet the reader could find nothing in its lines to explain the sorrow of his wife. But Clara had determined to unobscure a secret to her husband, and here was a fitting opportunity to do so. Love for him and fear that she should lose his affection had long restrained her tongue from making his declaration, but the pain of withholding from her companion what she had long felt he had a right to know was the cause of so much distress that she had at length resolved to confess all and leave the result to him.

And so, sitting in the twilight, her head bowed and her voice filled with tears, she told him of her early affection for a man who proved himself unworthy of her; told him of her flight from her mother's home, of the marriage which afterward proved illegal, of her journey with her supposed husband to her uncle's home in Illinois, of her discovery while there of her true position; told him of the wrath of her uncle, and how by threats he compelled the base man to right her wrongs and make her a legal wife, and then, how this uncle took her away from her husband and procured a divorce for her in the courts of the State.

Charles Atwood listened to this revelation like one turned to stone. He could hardly credit his senses that the one he had so madly worshiped had once been another's, and that others' under such pitiful circumstances; and when the recital was over he rushed from the room and its inmate as if in despair.

Under the silent stars he walked, but their solemn light had no soothing influence for him, and it was not until he found himself upon the steps of George Phelps's home that he realized what he was doing and where he was.

In the quiet apartment of his elder friend he unbosomed his mind, and questioned what he should do. And George Phelps, strong in his indignation at the injustice and wrong practiced against his friend, forgot to pity the poor heart-broken, suffering bride, and counseled the man who had sworn to protect her through good and ill, to see her no more.

"She has deceived you," he said. "She should have told her story ere the vows were spoken that made her your wife. By condoning her offense you do not know what trouble you may be storing up for yourself. She has shown weakness in concealing from you the truth. How do you know what she may show in the future that will be full of bitterness to you?"

Oh! hard, exacting, relentless nature, angels wept when you gave such counsel to a storm-tossed heart; and a young life that was formed for loving service and noble deeds, was swept from earth by your mandate as surely as though you had led her captive to the victim's block and held her fair head thereon.

Charles Atwood, acting upon the advice of his more matured friend, resolved to leave his wife, and forget, if possible, his brief dream of peace. The poor woman could not brook the inquiries and condolences of puzzled friends, and left the city to go to her relatives in the West. For a year she mourned and pined, but at length the morning dawned when her sad spirit found its release from earthly trial, and winged its way to other worlds, where it is to be hoped the judgment of God and the compassion of angels are not as those of earth.

We have dwelt upon this unforfeited, relentless side of that otherwise grand nature of George Phelps, for a purpose that will be revealed further on. In his discipline in life's school he had not yet learned the divine power of forgiveness, nor the elevating character of that true sympathy that can, while it condemns error, take the erring by the hand and assist him upward to reclaim his lost name and redeem his soul from the taint of sin.

In his sixtieth year George Phelps began an investigation of the claims of Spiritualism. He was first induced to do this by a friend, who was a Spiritualist, and who invited him to his house to attend a series of seances that were to be held there by a gifted medium from another city. Not expecting to learn anything of the

future, George merely went to please his friend, and to divert his own mind from the now too pressing cares of business; but what was his astonishment to have the lady-medium turn to him, on the first evening of his appearance, and accurately describe his long deceased mother, his friend Arthur, and his once affianced bride, Mary, giving their names, with an appropriate message from each, and assuring him that they were by his side, as they had been many times while he had thought of them as dead to all time and sense.

Mr. Phelps had many things to think of that night. A new revelation had come to him, overturning all his ideas of life and futurity, and sweeping into his soul like a clean, sweet, fresh, invigorating breeze. He could not rest satisfied with what he had learned; it was so new and strange that he must see more of it; and so he continued to attend the circles, and to seek in private, until he became convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, and of the reality of his communion with the loved ones he had mourned as lost.

Thus he found he had many things to learn, for his returning friends had something more to do than merely to announce their presence. Lessons of life and its duties, our relations to our fellows, our duties and responsibilities; were marked out for him to study. With his long-formed conception of things he could not grasp all that he found; he could not comprehend every truth that appeared; but he constantly gained some light, and as he found himself able to loosen his hold on the old opinions—ideas gathered from the world—he gained power to take up something new and precious to fill their place.

In her now frequent communings with him Mary Hart described her spiritual life, its pursuits, duties and conditions. She told him of her love that had never grown dim, but had expanded and strengthened in the spirit-life for him; and that although she had been taken from him here, and he had passed through life alone, yet she was waiting for him up above, where there is neither parting nor tears, and that a home of beauty should yet be theirs.

And then she drew a picture of that heavenly home, as sweet and pure in its simplicity as the little cottage home they had prepared and looked forward to in earlier years; but as far beyond that in beauty of form and harmony of detail as things and associations of heaven can be beyond those of physical life.

Carried away by the picture, and longing for the love and the sweet communion of his spirit-bride, he longed to turn away from earthly scenes and be at rest with her. Bright anticipations of the joy in store for him filled his waking thoughts and wandered through his dreams. Life, that before had seemed cold and dark and uncheering to him, now assumed a pleasant aspect, for he had learned of its continuance, and of the blessing that it held in store.

"Do right," she had said to him; "be just and honorable and pure-minded, and you shall dwell with angels in that home 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

And so he was glad and thankful, and only waited the time when together—he and his beloved—they should find their heavenly home.

[To be continued.]

ELIZABETH ZANE.

This dauntless pioneer maiden's name is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame; she was the lassie who knew no fear. When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier, if deeds of daring should win renown, let us honor this damsel of Wheeling town, who braved the savage with deep disdain—Bright-eyed, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

"T was more than a hundred years ago, They were close beset by the dusky foe; They had spent of powder their scanty store, And who the gauntlet should run for more? 'Tis a better girl than a man should die; My loss would be but the garrison's gain! Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away, Around her the foe men in ambush lay; As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe, Then wildly shouted, "A squaw! a squaw!" She neither swerved to the left nor right, Swift as an antelope's was her flight. "Quick! I open the door!" she cried again, "For a hope forlorn! 'Tis Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait, Back she must go ere it be too late; She snatched from the table its cloth in haste, Then flung it with powder—never, I ween, Had powder so lovely a magazine; Then, scolding the bullets, a deadly rain, Like a startled fawn fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight; Strong hands fastened the oaken gate; Brave men's eyes were sufficed with tears That had there been strangers for many years. From flint-lock rifles again there sped 'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead, And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain, Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere, A man, on horseback, with naught to fear; Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat—He'd an army to back him, so what of that? Here's to the heroine, plump and brown, Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town! Here is a record without a stain—Beautiful, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

—John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas for July.

It is stated that the crown presented at Victor Hugo's funeral, in the name of the Spiritualists of France and abroad, was of immortelles. On the right side a large palm-branch was attached by a tri-color knot, covered with black crepe; on the left side a large bunch of pansies was fastened to the crown by a star of gold. In the centre, in gold letter, upon black crepe, was the inscription: "Spiritualists to Victor Hugo: 'Those we mourn are not absent, they are invisible.'—V. H."'

Now is the time for drives in the country, when the trees and shrubs are green and bright; the waters sparkle in the sunlight, and the fields are covered with daisies, honeysuckles, buttercups, and many varieties of flowers.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Remarkable Seance.

The following is condensed from a letter sent us under a recent date by John Grayburn, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The occurrences noted therein are of a singular and unusual nature, and give promise of wider possibilities to come:

"A short time since I was present at a very interesting seance given by our private medium in this city, the circle consisting of eight persons, one of whom was an avowed skeptic. A cabinet was improvised for the occasion, and the light sufficiently strong for us to clearly distinguish each other's faces. After the medium had taken her place behind the curtain which served as a cabinet, little hands appeared, two, three and four pairs at a time, while 'Little Frank' was talking, saluting each member of the circle by name, and mentioning some fact in connection with their personal history. The chief control of the medium then offered an invocation, after which she materialized in full form. She called the skeptic to the curtain, which was held apart, affording opportunity for all present to see the materialized form, the skeptic at the same time placing his hands upon the medium to assure himself that she did not move.

All were then invited forward and gathered around the two figures, too much interested to regard rules or conditions. After we were again seated, two finely developed children appeared, and were recognized and gladly welcomed by their father and mother. These were followed by a female, recognized by a gentleman as his wife's mother. A brief conversation ensued, when she disappeared, and the heads and faces of six children were discernible, two at the top of the curtain, one upon each side, and two at the centre near the floor. These changed places rapidly and played 'peek-a-boo' with childish glee. Next appeared a man, very plainly seen by all, and recognized by four, as the brother of two of our number, one a believer, and the other the skeptic previously referred to. This spirit appeared at intervals during the evening. A female next appeared, and was at once accosted by a relative as 'Lottie.' Later in the evening she again materialized, seeming to rise from the floor, holding in her arms an infant. She was clothed in garments of pure white, and with her long, luxuriant locks of raven hue, and her dark eyes, presented an impressive and beautiful appearance. She dematerialized in front of the curtain, dimming in size, until there seemed but a small white spot on the carpet. She again appeared as though rising through the floor, this time holding the infant in both arms. She remained at the opening of the curtain several minutes, during which time faces of children at the top and sides of the curtain were plainly seen. At one time, while a member of the circle held one hand of the medium, the other disappeared from view entirely, and from the wrist six little hands, of different sizes, seemed to be formed. At another the hand of a female, recognized by one of the party as that of her mother, seemed to materialize on the shoulder of the medium. The spirit of the mother conversed freely with her daughter, also recognizing and addressing others of the circle with whom she had been acquainted in this life. We also listened to singing, with guitar accompaniments, by our spirit-friends. Water was playfully sprinkled upon the sitters by our rogues. 'Little Frank,' and beautiful flowers materialized and distributed to each one present. (It is positively known that there were no flowers in the house at this time.)

The control once more materialized in garments so resplendently bright that the space around her form seemed brilliantly illuminated. She again conversed with us, and admonished us to lead pure lives, and serve God faithfully. After an earnest prayer for each individual present, she departed with a kind goodnight. Words are inadequate to convey an idea of the beauty and impressiveness of this remarkable seance, there was so much of a private nature which could be only appreciated by those present. 'Little Frank' appeared at frequent intervals during the evening, and always with the 'right word in the right place.'"

Spiritualism Supported by the Daily Press.

Without, apparently, any design of doing so, the daily press is directing attention to and strongly substantiating the fact upon which Modern Spiritualism rests, the close proximity of the world of spirits to this, by publishing well-authenticated accounts of incidents of a purely spiritual teaching, occurring in the ordinary walks of life. Of these we cite a few, in condensed form, from the many that reach us:

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* (Cincinnati, O.) relates that two little girls were playing at a square table, when it was noticed by one of them that when she placed her hand on it the table would rise and fall. She called others of the family to witness the strange movements. After continuing the experiments some time the little girl climbed upon the table, saying, "Now, let's see if you can move." To their astonishment the table began to move along the floor with the little girl on it. She jumped off, saying, "Now, move yourself if you can." The table started off moving across the floor, no one touching it. "If you can move so well," said the little girl's mother, "move into the next room and kiss the baby in the crib there." To their amazement the table started off, moved across the floor, through the door into the room where the babe was sleeping in the crib, and tipped up with its edge as close to the babe's face as it could get.

A California paper, the *Calaveras Prospect*, of recent date states that two little girls were passing a Catholic church on El Dorado street, when a lady, clad in black, and having with her a curly-headed little boy, made her appearance at the window of the church, and called aloud: "Katie—Katie—" The girls, believing some one was in the church whom they knew, went closely up to the window, and discovered that the lady and the child were total strangers. They ran hastily home, and told their parents what they had seen. An investigation was made immediately. The church was found to be securely locked, as usual, and there were no signs of any one being in the building. The parents of one of the children soon afterward received intelligence that their daughter, who is attending school at a distance, was dangerously ill.

Mr. John Ryder, a wealthy farmer and high official of the Methodist Church, in Rockland Lake, N. Y., prophesied that his last day on earth would be June 11th, and his prediction proved true. He was seventy-six years old, and his ruddy cheek and clear blue eye gave no indication of approaching dissolution. He used to boast that he had never been ill a day in his life. One day last spring, after having been plowing his farm since early dawn, he return-

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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 Adams, Margaret Smith, Joseph H. Harkat, William
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 April 19.—Abner C. Conant, Mrs. Ella Griggs, Garrison
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 April 20.—Samuel N. Cowper, Walter Ber, Horatio A.
 Adams, Margaret Smith, W. W. Adams, Mary Harvey,
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 May 1.—Anna Stewart, Martin Fuller, Horatio B. Wood,
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