HALF THE COUNTRY IS LEFT BEHIND.

It Took the War Message Just a Week to Reach the Middle of United States.

Two Riders Tumbled into Swollen Creeks, but the Precious Packet Is on Time.

Relay Couriers Lost on the Nebraska Plains, and a Gallant Effort to Make Up.

KEARNEY'S EXCITEMENT OVER IT.

As the Transcontinental Relay Approaches the East Interest Increases—Enormous Crowds Gather to Learn the Latest News from the Relay.

That is why they wear their Bryan buttons with such a brave and confidential air. They wear their relay buttons, too, just as folk have been doing all along the line. A relay button in the right lapel, a Bryan button in the left, near the heart, that has been the mode from the Pacific Coast to the core of the country.

There is one thing about Kearney, even if it has lost its boom, it is a ripping bicycle town for its size. Everybody rides a wheel here. They have a fine track here too, and a brigade of as speedy riders as may be found in any town of this size in the length and breadth of the land. Indeed, the preparations they made for pacing the couriers east of Kearney were more elaborate than at any point since Alameda County, California.

Round about the section manned by the men of Kearney, the packet has been speeded and paced by no less than two fleet tandem teams, the only tandem teams that I have seen since the relay rode out of Reno, Nevada, last Wednesday afternoon. The story of the day has been the story of many other days I have spent in relay towns waiting for the packet to arrive. It has lacked some of the exciting features of such places as Terrace and Ogden, where a local feud threatened to involve the relay in bloody complications, and Ogden, where that same feud resulted in the abduction of the packet by an unauthorized route, but the strictly healthy excitation of Kearney has been a relief after those acute episodes.

The Western Union office has been, as usual, the central point of attraction, for the company has all along gone out of its way to give the news of the relay to the public, and bulletins from the relay stations further west were posted here within a few minutes of the towns at which the relays changed.

Miles.		
	TUESDAY, AUGUST 25.	
	LEFT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AT 12 M.	
133	SACRAMENTO	8:27 P.M
	WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26.	
238	SUMMIT	8:35 A. M.
287	RENO, NEV	12:43 P. M.
	THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.	
417	HUMBOLDT	6:34 A. M.
578	CARLIN	11:45 P. M.
	FRIDAY, AUGUST 28.	
691	ELKO	3:17 A. M.
719	TECOMA	2:45 P. M.
752	TERRACE, UTAH	6:00 P. M.
	SATURDAY, AUGUST 29.	
855	OGDEN	6:00 A. M.
917	ECHO	11:05 A. M.
1,003	CARTER, WYOMING	6:45 P. M.
	SUNDAY, AUGUST 30.	
1,083	ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING	5:47 A. M.
1,190	CRESTON, WYOMING	3:20 P. M.
	MONDAY, AUGUST 31.	
1,340	LARAMIE	10:28 A. M.
1,397	CHEYENNE	1:54 P. M.
1,475	KIMBALL, NEB	6:25 P. M.
	TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.	
1,622	NORTH PLATTE	11:14 A. M.
1,718	KEARNEY	6:17 P. M.

Half the distance has been covered in the Journal-Examiner Yellow Fellow Transcontinental Relay Race.

It took just a few hours over a week to do this half, 1,700 miles, that embraced some of the hardest riding that wheelmen ever attempted.

Mountains, bridges, tunnels, swollen streams, blistering deserts, flooded plain, and they did it in a week.

This half of the continent will give them good roads and easy grades. It does not take a prophet or a mathematician to figure that from Kearney, Nebraska, to Governor's Island, New York, will be a smarter journey than from San Francisco to Kearney.

They just hummed across Nebraska yesterday. They were at Sutherland at 8:44 in the morning.

Quarter past 2 in the afternoon saw the package at Gothenburg. Two hours later it was at Lexington; two hours more, and Ogallala saw the message pass.

At 9:36½ o'clock last night the message had reached Chapman, 1,775 miles from the start, and less than 150 miles from Omaha.

Lost in Nebraska.

Kearney, Neb., Sept. 1.—The admirable and renowend "Bug" Erswell finished his division and his relay at 6:17 this evening in a smother of dust and a whirl of excitement. His last gesture was to tear the packet from his shoulder with such zeal, divorced from discretion, as to catch W. C. Mills, one of his trailers, a stinging blow on the mouth.

Half a minute later the postal message was stamped, and Otis Pierce, a local scorcher, was flying with it on the road to Gibbon, thirteen miles away. That was the end of Erswell's connection with the relay, a connection that was more than gratifying to both sides.

Erswell was decorated with a few more bruises since the night before, but he was so dirty that they did not come to light until he had washed himself. Of the things that happened since he dropped off No. 2 at North Platte last night, he told of many all in a rush, whereof the most notable is this: "Bug" went to bed when he got to North Platte between 10 and 11 o'clock, but when midnight struck he was awakened by the telegraph operator, who had an urgent message for him. The package had been lost! Two men, a courier and trailer, had left Chappell with it at 9:57. I remember seeing them waiting at the Chappell depot when No. 2 stopped there, and Erswell had remarked, after talking to them, that they were husky fellows both, and would do good work. Well, what befel them was that after riding within a mile of the next relay station they met a farmer driving in a wagon, and asked him if they were on the right road to Big Springs.

"Why, you're a matter of seventeen miles off it," said the rustic, sleepily. "Just cut across them lots to the south, and if you have luck you'll strike a trail a few miles off that will take you there."

So they shouldered their wheels, these devoted youths, and trudged on through wild and woolly territory in the Cayotte people's darkness. At midnight, when the farmer arrived at North Platte, the operator asked him if he had met the couriers on their way toward Big Springs, and whereupon the farmer's heart misgave him, for he had, by some mental process known only to himself, conceived that the couriers had asked him the road to Julesburg instead of Big Springs.

I hoped that he writhed with shame as he told his story. He told it, and that was why "Bug" was aroused out of the first sleep he had known during many days of exciting toil and buffeting with the elements. He jumped up, of course, and tried to straighten things out over the wire. There was no word from the lost ones, however, until they reached Julesburg, over in Colorado, whither they had trudged the whole distance.

At Julesburg they mounted their wheels again and took the road to Big Springs. Their relay station was at a ranch several miles west of the Springs, so they accomplished their relay by walking one side and riding two other sides of a large and entirely superfluous triangle, after riding to within a mile or two of where their care of the packet ended. That meant a night of delay for the packet and a night of anxiety for Erswell. He strove hard to cut down time on the rest of his division, and how far he and the cherry men succeeded is shown by the hour which he pushed the packet through Kearney to Manager Dickey's division.

Like an autumn leaf blown by the west wind the packet flies through the very heart of the country, seven days and six hours out from the shores of the Pacific, not counting the hour's variation of time.

Kearney's Pride of Position.

Kearney is very proud of being the exact centre of the United States, and Kearney insists upon that point very strongly. Its geometrical relation to the country at large is just as much a matter of concern to Kearney as is the Bartholdi statue to New York or the Golden Gate to San Francisco. Hence Kearney assumes an attitude of especial interest in regard to the Journal-Examiner Yellow-fellow relay. Not since the boom has Kearney been so gay.

They tell you, these good people of Kearney, that they were a city of fifteen thousand four years ago, whereas to-day they can muster not much more than a third of the population that marked their heyday.

Around these bulletins the townspeople in general, and the bicycle sharps in particular gathered all day long to discuss the conditions of the road, direction and velocity of the wind, the capabilities of individual couriers and their bearing upon the time at which the packet might be expected to arrive. About the roads there was a conflict of opinion. Some called them good and a few called them horrible. After gathering all the data obtainable on that point I came to the conclusion that what a prairie wheelman calls a good road would give a New Yorker or San Franciscan cycler the cold shivers, complicated with the curvature of the spine. If there be not more than four or five miles of walking through deep sand in a relay of twenty miles, your prairie courier conceives himself to be the most fortunate among men.

Riders Who Had To Swim to Make Their Schedule Good.

Kearney, Neb., Sept. 1.—When Lem. Deltrick slung the packet over his shoulder and started off down the road toward Fort Steele, it was not only pitch dark, but a blinding rain was being driven by gusts of wind in what seemed to be every point of the compass. White dug away, as becomes a pacemaker, peering into the blackness through his gold-bowed glasses.

At first he rode blindly, but after three or four miles there was revealed from the vast shuffle of gloom a vague white thread. That white thread he knew was the alkali road, stretching through the sage brush plain, and as he followed its winding, its dips and rises, his mind grew to accept what was white as his only safety, and what was black as his only terror. That mental attitude was Trailer "Bug" Erswell's undoing. It happened that a creek not many miles west of Fort Steele had been swollen to a torrent, and was dashing down from the mountains. It had gathered into its embrace and swept away the frail bridge whereby the wagon road was carried over the stream.

In the blackness of the night the torrent gleamed white just as the road gleamed white, and with the rain stinging his face and the wind whistling about his ears Erswell forged ahead so ably and so energetically that he forged over the bank and found himself floundering in twelve feet of water before he could utter a shout of warning, and the next moment Deltrick was on top of him, yellow fellow and all.

They reached Fort Steele partly by riding and partly by walking along the dirt and delivered the packet, which was soaking wet like themselves, to the courier who was waiting for it. Then some good Samaritan of a woman washed their clothes, which were plastered all over with mud, and in the small hours of the morning they flagged a freight train and rode with their bicycles to Laramie.

You might think Erswell would want some sleep after that, but no. After swallowing some breakfast while the freight was switching in the yard, he jumped into the caboose again, with the intention of reaching Granite Canyon in time to carry the packet into Cheyenne.

EVERYBODY TALKING RELAY.

The Great Journal-Examiner Transcontinental Race on Everybody's Tongue.

As fast as the big bulletins displayed the news of the relay yesterday it was carried in all directions and furnished food for conversation all over the city. When the dispatches of the past few days told of the wild enthusiasm of the Western towns the matter was viewed incredulously by many New Yorkers. But as the relay approaches on its Eastern course it is evident that interest is growing.

It is predicted by those who claim to hold the pulse of interest in New York that the relay bearing the postmaster's and war message will be received here with as wild a burst of enthusiasm as ever characterized any event of yachting, horse racing or football.

The bulletins lost a great deal of their sensational character yesterday, for the riders are now well out of the zone of cloudbursts, coyotes and landslides, and are getting down to just the kind of country that is dear to the heart of the record breaker. From Kearny, Neb., which claims the distinction of being the exact midway of thch continent, the relay will slide over almost continuously level roads, and will probably rush into New York far ahead of schedule time.

Without doubt the great relay is acquainting us with all of the best racing talent in the country, for each State seems to have furnished its swiftest men that the least of the glory might not be theirs when the record of the race is all summed up.

That the record of this race will stand for a long time seems to be the verdict generally among wheelmen, for the wonderful time that is being made, in the face of every obstacle, is due to the wonderful enthusiasm that exists from the novelty of the project, and it may be a long time before men may offer to risk their lives in a game of such danger.

LI LAUDS THE WORK OF MISSIONARIES.

Receives Their Address and Commends the Motives That Animate Them.

"Politics and Pecuniary Gain," He Declares, Are Absent from Their Thought.

Dr. Foster Declares That 8,000,000 Souls Are Interested in Chinese Missions.

WHAT NEW YORK CLERGYMEN THINK.

Rabbi Gotthelf, Dr R. S. Mac Arthur and Rev. M. S. Cox Contrast the Creed of Christ with That of the Great Confucius.

When Li Hung Chang arose at 6 o'clock yesterday morning his first question was: "Where are those missionaries?"

The missionaries arrived soon after the Viceroy had breakfasted, and at 9 o'clock were admitted. They went into the parlor at Thirty-third and Fifth avenue.

Li Hung Chang came in slowly between two attendants. He wore his yellow jacket. Li sat in the large chair at the table, but the clergymen all stood throughout the call.

Ex-Secretary Foster presented Rev. Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, who was to deliver the address. Mr. Foster told the Viceroy that the gentlemen represented nearly 8,000,000 Americans. He said that the societies had sixty hospitals in China, 400 schools, 12,000 pupils, and had helped nearly 500,000 Chinese subjects.

Dr. Ellinwood advanced toward the Viceroy with a handsomely engraved copy of his address, bound in black and red seal leather. Li Hung Chang spread out both of his palms and received the book upon them. He bowed low; so did Dr. Ellinwood. Then Dr. Ellinwood delivered his address.

After the greeting, it said that Chinese missionaries enjoyed better protection than in most other countries, and where violence had occurred it was never with the sanction of the Government. The educational work for Chinese, both in this country and in China, was dwelt upon, and the blessing of the Almighty was invoked for the Chinese nation, its Emperor and its Ambassador.

Li prefaced his formal reply with some remarks which were interpreted thus by Lo Fing Luh:

"The Viceroy is very thankful for the kind sentiments you have expressed. He appreciates highly the philanthropic objects which you have always in view in improving the souls, the minds, and the physique of our Chinese people. The Viceroy fully appreciates that all the American missionaries in China have disinterested motives. They work only for the good of mankind."

Then Lo Fing Luh read Li's address, in English:

Gentlemen—It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the grateful welcome to this country offered to me by you, as the representatives of the various boards and societies who have engaged in China in exchanging our ideas of the greatest of all truths which concern the immortal destinies of men.

In the name of my august master, the Emperor of China, I beg to tender to you his best thanks for your approval and appreciation for the protection afforded to the American missionaries in China. What we have done and how little we have done on our part is nothing but the duties of our Government, while the missionaries, as you have so ably expressed, have not sought for pecuniary gains at the hands of our people. They have not been secret emisaries of diplomatic schemes. Their labors have no political significance, and the last, not the least, if I might be permited to add, they have not interfered with or usurped the rights of the territorial authorities.

In a philosophical point of view, as far as I have been enabled to appreciate, Christianity does not differ much from Confucianism, as the Golden Rule is expresed in a positive form in one, while it is expressed in the negative form in the other. Logically speaking, whether these two forms of expressing the same truth cover exactly the same ground or not, I leave to the investigations of those who have more philosophical tastes. It is, at the present, enough to conclude that there exists not much difference between the wise sayings of the two greatest Teachers, on the foundations of which the whole structure of the two systems of morality is built. As man is composed of soul, intellect and body, I highly appreciate that your eminent boards, in your arduous and much esteemed work in the field of China, have neglected none of the three.

I need not say much about the first, being an unknowable mystery of which our greatest Confucius had only an active knowledge. As for intellect, you have started numerous educational establishments, which have served as the best means to enable our countrymen to acquire a fair knowledge of the modern arts and sciences of the West. As for the material part of our constitution, your societies have started hospitals and dispensaries to save not only the souls but also the bodies of our countrymen. I have also to add that at the time of famine in some of the provinces you have done your best to the greatest number of the sufferers to keep their bodies and souls together.

Before I bring my reply to a conclusion, I have only two things to mention. The first, the opium smoking, being a great curse to the Chinese population, your societies have tried your best not only as anti-opium societies, to afford the best means to stop the craving for the opium, but also to receive none as your converts who are opium smokers.

I have to tender, in my own name, my best thanks for your most effective prayers to God to spare my life when it was imperilled by the assassin's bullet, and for your most kind wishes which you have just now so ably expressed in the interests of my sovereign, my country and my people.

At the end of the address Li arose and shook hands with each as they were introduced by Mr. Drew, in many instances asking the ministers how old they were, how many children they had, and how much they got a month for their services to the church.

Several of the ministers spoke Chinese, and to these he spoke pleasantly.

Representatives were present from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Mission, the Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church; the American Baptist Union, the Board of Foreign Missions, Reformed Church of America; the Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church; the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, Protestant Episcopal Church; the American Bible Society, and the International Y. M. C. A.

What Preachers Think.

Rabbi Gustav Gotthele, of the Temple Emanu-El, in speaking of Li Hung Chang's address before the ministers and missionaries and of the difference in the teachings of Christ and Confucius, said:

"I can very well understand why the Chinese statesman indulged in this comparison. Without wishing to question his sincerity in the least, it is not quite unfair to presume that if he has been in a country where the Buddhist religion or the Mohammedan religion is dominant, he might have said the same thing of Buddha or Mohammed and their teachings and influences that heh did of those of Christ. You could expect nothing else from a statesman of the Viceroy's capacity and insight. He would not be what he is, nor could he have accomplished what he has, had he been as narrow-minded as most of the ecclesiastical rulers are, and have been filled with the idea that Confucius was the savior of the world, and that outside of the Confucian Church there is no salvation. And I would like to know in what Christian country a Confucian missionary would be tolerated and treated and spoken of in the terms in which the Chinese Viceroy spoke of the Christian missionaries in China."

Rev. R. S. MacArthur, of No. 355 West Fifty-seventh street, pastor of the Cavalry Baptist Church, has just returned from an extended visit through China, and he read the Viceroy's address with much interest.

Taken as a whole the speech expresses marked appreciation of the work done by our missionaries in China, and we should esteem highly the regard in which the eminent Chinaman evidently holds those who have been doing such noble work in his benighted country. But the difference between Christianity and Confucianism is far greater than he seems to think. As far as the mere expression of the Golden Rule in the two creeds is concerned, there is but the difference that in Confucianism it is stated negatively, and in Christianity positively. But what a difference that it! By the rule of Confucius we are not commanded to do anything, we are only asked to refrain from doing to another that which we would not have him do to us. But Christ enjoins upon us positive, continued and beneficent action.

Rev. M. S. Cox, associate pastor of the People's Church, which holds its services in the Academy of Music, was greatly interested in Li's address, and was impressed by the future it seemed to open up to the American missionaries in China.

The great Chinaman's statements are true. From a philosophical view Christianity does not differ much from Confucianism. The great difference in the teachings of the creeds is nicely shown in the way in which the golden rule of each is expressed. As stated by Christ, the rule indicates a persistent, positive course of action, but the idea of Confucius is one of passive inaction. So the whole religion of Christ is one of continued labor and self-sacrifice, a religion of action and emotion, in which the mind, soul and body take active parts; while that of Confucius is mental, altogether almost consisting mainly of abstract moralizings.

"JUDGE" KENNETH F. SUTHERLAND LEAVING SING SING PRISON.

FUSION SECURE IN INDIANA.

Democrats and Populists Unite on the Electoral Ticket.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 1.—The Democrats and Populists of this State yesterday agreed to unite on the electoral ticket.

It is a part of the agreement that, in consideration of the representation on the electoral ticket, the Populists shall vote the free silver Democratic State ticket and for Democratic candidates for the Legislature and for free silver candidates for Congress.

The agreement makes fusion between the two parties complete in the State. Chairman Holt, of the Democratic State Committee, says he is certain that it insures the State to the Democrats.

Cockran to Speak in Baltimore.

Baltimore, Sept. 1.—President Parr, of the Honest Money Democratic League, has received a telegram from Bourke Cockran accepting an invitation to address a mass meeting here on October 3.

"JUDGE" SUTHERLAND IS OUT OF PRISON.

Came to New York with His Brother and at Once "Opened Wine."

Reception Given to Him on the "Bowery" at Coney Island Last Night.

HIS OLD TITLE STILL USED.

While He Was in Sing Sing He Earned Just $12.57 as a Clerk in the Cloth Cutting Department — Thinks McKane Should Be Free.

"It would take a good man to do me today."

This was exactly what former Justice of the Peace Kenneth F. Sutherland said, as he stood in front of the Release Office in Sing Sing Prison yesterday morning, going through the usual formalities, which preceded his release. He had been in prison fourteen months for participation in the Gravesend election irregularities of three years ago.

He certainly had the appearance of a man in perfect health. He wore a neatly-fitting blue serge suit and held a Fedora hat in his hand.

The formality of giving him his discharge did not occupy much time. The only outsider present was a Journal reporter. He received $34.80, of which sum he had earned $12.57 during his imprisonment.

At 8:15 a carriage drove up to the prison entrance. It contained former Fire Chief Robert J. Sutherland, of Coney Island, and former Constable A. Scott Jamison.

"Hello, there!" was the greeting exchanged between the two brothers. They shook hands in silence. The party drove to Scarborough, one station below Sing Sing, where they caught the 8:30 train for this city.

On the arrival of the train at the Grand Central station the discharged prisoner and his friends went to Schroeder's cafe on Park avenue and drank several bottles of champagne. Sutherland then announced his intention of going to Brooklyn, where he said he would spend the rest of the morning in a Turkish bath.

He reached Coney Island at 5 o'clock and went directly to his mother's home, on the Ocean Parkway. West Brighton was prepared for his coming, and the "Bowery" was decorated with flags and bunting. The Exchange Hotel, his brother's resort, was bright with colored lights. There was wine for everybody to drink, and everybody called him, as the Sing Sing officials had done, "Judge." He did not appear in the least embarrassed, and shook hands until his hand was swollen and his right arm lame.

The banquet was an informal affair, served in parlor B of the hotel. There were present Sutherland's mother, Mrs. Robert J. Sutherland, Otto Huber and Joseph Huiser, the Brooklyn brewers; Murray Kahn, William Miller, Conrad Steubenbord, James Doyle, James Jamieson, Herman Popper, Committeeman Vaccas, James Boyle, Ben Cohen, P. H. McGann, Richard Garms, George H. Lott, Henry Strube, Arthur W. Leslie, George Vandervoet, Dr. Albert C. Chambers. Sutherland was reticent about his stay in prison; he spoke in the highest terms of his treatment by the authorities there. He was a clerk in the cloth cutting department and put in the same hours at work as the other prisoners, but was not compelled to do laborious work. He said it was a pleasure to be free after so long a confinement and thought it was a shame that McKane was not with him.

SAD FACES AT THE FEAST.

Li Couldn't Go to Delmonico's, and the Cream of Tartardom Looked and Felt Grieved.

There were many reasons why the banquet of last evening at Delmonico's was expected to be the most interesting, if not the most memorable, feature of the Viceroy's visit to New York.

The men who had tendered the compliment to the illustrious visitor were all Chinese merchants, representatives of the first big colony he had encountered in all his travels.

They were, moreover, of a social grade that Li had never encountered upon such an occasion in his native land—which made the event one of interest to the Viceroy and promised to prove the proudest incident in their lives to all his humble entertainers.

Li's absence threw a damper over the banquet. There were Lucullan viands and fragrant wines, brilliant decorations of hall and tables flowers in profusion, but the central figure was missing.

Lord Li, son of the Viceroy, who represented his father, was escorted to the seat in the centre of the main table, that had been set apart for the Ambassador. On his Lordship's right sat Governor Morton, and on his left General Ruger. Opposite Lord Li sat Mr. Yang, Chinese Minister to the United States, who had on his right Mayor Strong, and on his left ex-Secretary of State Foster.

The other persons at the main table were Colonel F. D. Grant, Police Commissioner Andrews, Rev. Dr. Baldwin, President Jerolomar, of the Board of Aldermen; Colonel Coe, Collector Kilbreth, Captain Mills, U. S. A.; Captain Davis, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Townley, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Cummins, U. S. A.; Mr. Drew, Special Secretary to His Excellency's Embassy, and other prominent members of the suite of the Viceroy and Minister Yang.

In front of the seat of honor was a sculptured dragon, about two feet high, of gold body, with bronze wings resting upon a roof of silver. At the opposite side of the table was another "piece montee" in the form of a chariot.

In each of the four corners of the hall was a smaller table, seating eighteen persons. Seventy-two gentlemen were the hosts of the evening—Chinatown's Four Hundred. At two smaller tables, seven at each, were Under-Secretaries of the Embassy.

The menu was French. Terrapin was a feature that had been added in deference to the wish of Li Hung Chang.

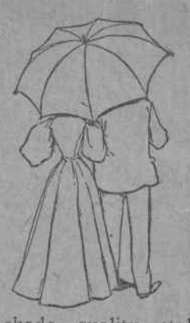
There was no formal speechmaking. Ex-Secretary Foster, in behalf of the absent Ambassador, thanked the hosts for their hospitality, and the guests for their attendance, and then proposed the health of the company. Mr. Lo, Secretary of the Legation at Washington, acting for Minister Yang, toasted the Governor, the guests and the merchants.

Governor Morton expressed regret at the unfortunate injury to Li Hung Chang's finger, and asked the company to join in drinking to the Viceroy's health and happiness. Mayor Strong drank to the Chinese Minister and the Consul of the Empire at New York.

Then ensued a few moments of sombre silence, at the end of which Lon Li rose in his place, and this brought the banquet to an end.

Call to Westchester Democrats.

Charles P. McClelland, chairman of the second Assembly District Democrats of Westchester County, has issued a call for the district convention to be held at Mamroneck, September 12, to elect three delegates to the State Convention on September 15, at Buffalo.



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NATHAN HUBBELL, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.
JOSEPH H. THOMPSON, 114 Liberty st., city.

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