

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to PERUNA



C. B. FIZER, M.D.
I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past.

Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since nor have I felt a pain.
SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To demonstrate the value of Peruna in all catarrhal troubles we will send you a sample bottle absolutely free by mail.

The merit and success of Peruna is so well known to the public that our readers are advised to send for sample bottle: Address the Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio. Don't forget to mention you read this generous offer in the...
In need of advice write our Medical Department, stating your case fully. Our physician in charge will send you advice free, together with literature containing common sense rules for health, which you cannot afford to be without.

An Anecdote of Genus.
The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion" Horne. Horne, on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt and found him in a large room with a wide, old-fashioned fireplace. He had dragged his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment.

"My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?"
"I know, I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."
Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Roumania has 6,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 30,000 are blind.
FOR DEEP-SEALED COLDS and coughs, Allen's Lung Balsam cures them on all other remedies fail. This old reliable medicine has been used for over 40 years. 50c, 10c, 5c bottles. All dealers.

FASHION HINTS



This outing suit of rose-colored linen has small tufts paneled in the sides of the blouse and skirt. Black linen is used for the belt, collar and deep cuffs.
A jaunty tie is drawn through the slash in the blouse front, giving just the required dash to the whole.

Warning to Poets.
The late Richard Watson Gilder, said a New York poet, "always opposed the reading of light literature. A poet, he said, could not read such literature without corrupting his literary style. He once told me that the poet, in this respect, was like Brown's parrot. Brown bought a parrot for \$20 from a pet stock dealer, and a week or two later returned to the shop and insisted that the bird be taken back."
"What's the matter with it?" the dealer asked.
"W-w-why," said Brown, "the durned c-c-critter s-s-sutters!"

ROSY COLOR
Produced by Postum.
When a person rises from each meal with a ringing in the ears and a general sense of nervousness, it is a common habit to charge it to a deranged stomach.
"I found it was caused from drinking coffee, which I never suspected for a long time, but found by leaving off coffee that the disagreeable feeling went away."
"I was brought to think of the subject by getting some Postum and this brought me out of trouble."
"It is a most appetizing and invigorating beverage and has been of such great benefit to me that I naturally speak of it from time to time as opportunity offers."
"A lady friend complained to me that she had tried Postum, but it did not taste good. In reply to my question she said she guessed she boiled it about ten minutes. I advised her to follow directions and know that she boiled it fifteen or twenty minutes, and she would have something worth talking about. A short time ago I heard one of her children say that they were drinking Postum now-a-days, so I judge she succeeded in making it good, which is by no means a difficult task."
"The son of one of my friends was formerly a pale lad, but since he has been drinking Postum, has a fine color. There is plenty of evidence that Postum actually does 'make red blood,' as the famous trader mark says."
Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MOVING PICTURE TRICKS

"Now that the novelty of the moving picture has worn off," said a man whose business is to think up new ideas for the film makers, "it requires a good deal of ingenuity to show the public something it hasn't seen before. In the early days of the business, there were one or two simple tricks that never failed to fool the average audience. But nowadays the old tricks won't do."
"For instance, one of the first stunts was to take a roll of pictures and then run it off backwards on the machine. You would see regiments of soldiers marching backwards down the street, and disappearing in the distance, or there was that old stand-by, the water sports film, which, when run the wrong way, showed men rising feet first from the water, turning somersaults and finally landing gracefully on the springboard overhead."
"Another reversible film which kept many people guessing a long time was one which first showed a mass of clay, and then to take form and shape itself into the likeness of George Washington. How was it done? Simply by taking a wax image of the Father of His Country and slowly melting it while the photographs were being ticked off. Now, when we run the film backwards the melting process was reversed. But as I said, these things don't go down any longer."
"You'd be surprised to know how resourceful some of the photographers are to-day. There is a film which has lately been sent out all over the country that marks the climax in the art of motion picture making. I don't believe one man in a thousand who sees it will have the least idea how it was done. It represents the flight of the children of Israel, and gives the scene where Moses waved his wand and the Red Sea parted."
"The man who took that picture spent twelve hours on the Red Sea section alone. He singled out a spot on the shore of Long Island, where there was a sandbar which was out of water at low tide, and under water at high tide. He started at high tide and took, say, a score of pictures of the sea as it looked then. After fifteen minutes he reeled off another twenty, and fifteen minutes later he did the same. Thus at the end of six hours he had a film showing the changes for every quarter of an hour. At the end of that time the tide had receded so that the sandbar could be seen. Then he called in the supers and had them walk across the bar while he took their picture."
"That was only half the work. Later in the day, when the tide began to rise, he returned and began again to take a few pictures every fifteen minutes. At the end of six hours the water had risen to what it was when he began. We had some doubt as to how the film would come out; we didn't know whether the tide, when photographed that way, would give the desired effect of a sea parting, and then closing up again. But it did. I don't know of any film that looks more lifelike and wonderful. The waves seem to rush apart for a minute, and then rush back again, just as described in the Bible."
Science AND INVENTION
The boiling-points of metals have not hitherto been very accurately ascertained. Recently H. C. Greenwood had undertaken a new investigation of this subject, and he gives the following results for certain well known metals: Aluminum, 1,800 degrees C.; copper, 2,310 degrees C.; iron, 2,450 degrees C.; lead, 1,625 degrees C.; silver, 1,955 degrees C.; tin, 2,270 degrees.

Lord Dudley, the Governor-General of Australia, has headed a movement for persuading the federal government to establish in Australia a solar observatory to act in concert with those in operation in England, India and America. It is pointed out that there is a great break in the chain of these observatories, extending between California and India, and covering a distance of 150 degrees of longitude. The proposed observatory in Australia would serve to fill this gap. Moreover, it would possess special value from being located in the southern hemisphere. With its aid a continuous series of observations of the sun, extending throughout the 24 hours, could be made.
Among the most interesting of American birds is the great vulture called the California condor, which rivals the famous condor of the Andes in size, averaging 4 1/2 feet in length and 10 feet in spread of wings. It nests in wild and inaccessible places in the mountains. Its eggs measure 4 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches, and are very rare in collections. Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg calls attention to the fact that this bird carries two malarial parasites which are common to it and to the two other great vultures of the American continent, the Andean condor and the king-vulture, whose combined range extends several thousand miles north and south. But the parasites are wingless, whereas the vultures represent three separate genera, of which the individuals are particularly non-gregarious. How, then, have they come into the possession of identical parasites? Professor Kellogg believes that the explanation must be that the parasites infected an extinct common ancestor of the three related types of birds, and have persisted, practically unchanged, on its now divergent descendants.
Invention during the next two or three centuries, says Prof. John G. McKindrick, will probably be in the direction of imitating the wonderful economy, and the simple, direct methods of nature. Take the electric cell. Its electric organ is in no sense a storage-battery, but a contrivance by which electric energy is liberated at the moment when it is required. At rest, the organ shows so small an electromotive force that a good galvanometer is required to detect it, but a sudden nervous impulse from the cell's spinal cord raises a potential of many volts, with very little heat, and so small an expenditure of matter as to defy the most expert chemist to weigh it. Fireflies, glowworms and many deep-sea fishes produce light without heat, "at a cost which would make the price of wax vesta an extravagant outlay." The organic chemist requires all the resources of his laboratory, with high temperatures and potent agencies, to produce alkaloidal substances which plants make at a low temperature and by slow processes.

INCREASED COST OF FURS.
Skins Advance Between 500 and 600 Per Cent in a Few Years.
No fur has risen in value like the lynx in the last few years. Four years ago the dealers could buy any amount of skins for \$6 apiece, writes the Canadian correspondent of Fur News. Now a large skin will fetch the trapper \$30 to \$33.
The fact that fewer lynx have been taken this winter than last does not go to prove that they are decreasing in numbers. The lynx is an animal that is continually traveling and he goes in a huge circle, covering thou-

sands of miles, so that years in which they are plentiful in Manitoba and the western provinces there is likely to be a decrease in the eastern provinces.
The mink does not appear to be quite so numerous as formerly. This can readily be explained by the large price paid the trapper for skins. Ten years ago a skin that would fetch \$1 now can readily be sold for \$6.
In Manitoba and the western provinces the season is closed for beaver and other owing to the scarcity of these animals. However, these two magnificent fur-bearing animals are becoming more plentiful. On many parts of the Assiniboine, where the beavers have not been seen for a period of twelve years, they are now visiting the old haunts and building new dams. On the Souris river the beaver has become so plentiful that farmers have complained of the damage done to small trees, particularly poplar.
The weasel is another animal that the fur men yearly export in thousands. The weasel is easily taken by the trapper, as he is a very inquisitive animal and is always on the move. One fur dealer of this city has already shipped 60,000 weasel skins to the English market.

LAST AMERICAN WOODEN SHIP.
Square-rigged Vessel, Class A1, Built in Maine in 1893.
The Aryan, launched in Philadelphia, Me., in 1893, is the last square-rigged ship of wood built in the United States and the only wooden ship classing A1 in both the record of American shipping and in Lloyd's register. She is of 2,123 tons register, carries over 3,000 gross tons, has three decks and is as strong as wood and metal can make her, says the Boston Globe. Her frame is white oak, docked in salt water over a year before being put into her, and is the last white oak ship frame cut in New England, having been taken from New Hampshire forests. Her deck and planking are of hard pine.
When the ship was opened in New York last year for inspection the surveyors issued a certificate to the effect that she was as sound as any wooden vessel afloat, irrespective of age.
The Aryan was built by C. V. Minott & Co., a firm that was composed of the late Charles V. Minott—a man of sterling qualities, whose name was well known in shipping circles for over half a century—and his son, Charles V. Minott, Jr., a graduate of Bowdoin College and at present state senator from Sagadahoc county.
The Aryan recently arrived at San Francisco with coal from Philadelphia, and loaded a cargo of asphalt, canned salmon, wine, redwood and scrapiron for New York.

FALSE TEETH TRAGEDY.
They Stuck in Throat of Englishman and Throttled Him.
Numerous people, we believe, have swallowed their false teeth, and a few perhaps have been throttled by them. But the latter occurrence is so rare as to deserve passing notice. At Hildridge, in England, a man was found dead in the highway, presenting all the marks of asphyxia. His body lay near the top of a hill. The autopsy disclosed a plate of false teeth wedged tightly in his throat across the opening into the lungs. They so completely blocked the passage that no air whatever could pass, and appeared to have been held in place by the suction of the lungs.
A medical witness offered the explanation that the man was walking up the hill, breathing heavily. In some way the plate was loosened and drawn forcibly into the throat by a "deep breath." It happened to fall in such a position as immediately to become tightly wedged, so that the victim was entirely unable to dislodge it. No one being about—it probably would not have made any difference if there had been, because he could not call out or even explain what had happened—he was choked to death just as effectually as if he had been gorged or drowned.
It is such accidents as these that might be desirable to wear false teeth on a chain—as eyeglasses are worn—brought out of a corner of the mouth and fastened to the ear.—New York Press.

Even the honest pretzel is crooked.

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG."
There is a land where stern and calm and sun Follow each other with fast flying feet; A land of hope, whose hours are fair and sweet. Where life seems long, and always just begun.
With eager feet we press along its ways, Nor pause to watch the rainbow tinted skies; Another land of hope before us lies. And in our dreams it holds still fairer days.
So slowly fades the brightness from the sky, So slowly hope turns backward from our side, We know not when we leave those highways wide, Till we have passed the pleasant places by.
Gladly would we that flowery path retraced, And breathe that hope inspiring air again; But none among the weary sons of men Has found, once passed, the portals of that place.
Still memory bears us to that magic strand, With every year still dearer, brighter grown, And oft we speak its name with tender tone, "When I was young," oh, dear, enchanted land! —New York Sun.

In Search of a Husband

According to the family Bible, Julia Walsingham was 34, but she pleaded guilty to 26 with such ingenuous frankness that everybody believed her. She had been engaged many times, but never for longer than three months at a stretch, although she had been introduced to each man's family as the only girl a reasonably sensible person could marry.
The rolling stone nature of Julia's affections at last caused her to be classed as fickle, and friendly attentions from young men suddenly ceased. She took serious counsel with herself as to the quickest method of acquiring a husband. There was no time to wait for a man to come to woo her, so she dressed herself in a dainty costume and went forth to battle.
By a fortunate accident she ran right into the arms of Jack Homebird, a cynical married man whom she had floated long ago, when he thought her too beautiful for this sordid earth. He was sorry for Julia now, and so grateful for his own escape that he undertook to help her to stalk a husband, although his conscience told him it was a cruel conspiracy against his fellow man. Julia cheerfully confessed that, as

believe that you are the woman he has been waiting for all these weary years."
"I want him to feel that," said Julia. "No doubt; but when he is engaged in his work you will have to show him your marriage-ines to remind him that you are his wife."
"He's a bit fond of me, but hates flirtats."
"If you can avoid that virtuous form of indiscretion he will be as plastic as clay in your accomplished hands."
Julia set about the siege of the author on the lines laid down by Jack Homebird.
Mr. Laurelle was, among other things, a poet, and sought inspiration in a public park in the evening. He was madly fond of flowers, and, like many men similarly sensitive to their beauty, he could not grow them at home, for you could not swing a cat in his garden—at least, not with any degree of comfort to the cat.
Julia met him quite accidentally, of course, and asked him about his work. He gave her a volume biography of all he had written since a child. She told him she had nothing to read worth reading, and he immediately



HE LIKED HER SONGS.

she would soon be 27 (that is to say, 35), it was really time for her to sober down and be of some use to the world. The idea of including posterity in the purview of her altruistic intentions seemed to invest the pursuit of man with a lofty spiritual purpose.
Jack Homebird cordially approved, and they proceeded to plan the ambush. It was rather a protracted business, as they differed widely on the important question of tactics.
"I cannot for the life of me see why you object to dances and musical evenings," said Julia, with a pout.
"My dear girl, the men you catch that way are only fit to be let loose again out of pity."
"I never thought of that."
"Few girls do, Julia."
"Do tell me what you mean in a way I can understand."
"Well, all things considered, and especially having regard to your erratic past, I strongly recommend the role of 'ingenue' for you."
"Why?"
"Because it deceives the most experienced bachelor, and gives a neophyte in love no chance at all."
"I don't quite like that, but tell me what I have to do without any more flippancies."
"Listen. Ask the predestined person to lend you a book or something and tell him to bring it in the afternoon. When he comes, receive him in a pretty apron, and have your hands all over flour. Say you the sure he is laughing at you, but you take a delight in domestic duties and were making cakes for tea. Tell him you would ask him to stay, but, unfortunately, everything is homemade, as you were not expecting anybody. If you had known he was coming things would have been very different. He will think you naive and natural, and when a man makes that mistake his days of single blessedness are drawing to a close."
"That sounds rather deceitful, doesn't it?"
"Oh, heaven excuses such things in a woman."
"I shall make as good a wife as most women, I am sure."
"I should hope so."
"Don't be so horribly smart."
"Now, Julia, where are we going to find the fatted—I mean the victim?"
"I know the man I want already."
"Thanks. You have removed a ton of remorse from my mind."
"He is an author—Mr. Laurelle."
"A man like that can be lured into the toils without trouble. It will only require a little diplomacy to make him

pressed her to accept a copy of his poetic drama, "The Starvelled Gazette." He walked home with her, and gladly promised to come to tea some evening.
He went to Julia's to tea, and she behaved so sensibly and charmingly that he metaphorically smote himself for not having seen long ago that life was a howling wilderness without a wife.
She sang to him, and he liked her songs because they were not too saccharine in sentiment.
It was a glorious evening for both, and she invited him to come whenever he chose, and guide her choice of books.
Mr. Laurelle's conception of love was august, and glittered with Arthurian chivalry, and offered a devotion of such ardor that no caprice of Julia could chill it. The fanfare of adulation wound up with an impromptu ode to her eyes, which so correctly catalogued the glories of those orbs that it might have been written by an outcast with a gift for rhyme.
When this avalanche of sentiment fell on Julia she gasped with amazement, and soon got hopelessly out of her depth in the welter of unfamiliar words in which he expressed his adoration.
Julia wisely refrained from answering it, and he called in some trebling a few days later. He had never been so wildly in love before and feared that he might have overdone it. She, however, put him at his ease on that point, and he became a frequent guest at her house.

Now, Julia generally managed matters so that she should avoid meeting other friends until he could be introduced as her future husband, for then his Sir Galahad style of gallantry would be excused. One evening, however, an old lover called; he was a bank clerk with a divine mustache. He was also deeply in debt. Julia was in a radiant humor and simply could not resist the temptation to flirt. She cooed and languished and rather neglected Mr. Laurelle, who was puzzled at first and finally took refuge in deep thought. He made no allowances for the civilities due to a fellow guest. He did not understand the persiflage of his companions and felt that he was being made to look foolish.
Julia was not an alert observer and saw nothing of the turmoil that was tearing Mr. Laurelle's delicate nerves to shreds. He fancied that the other man saw his discomfiture and was en-

The Inheritance Tax.
An inheritance tax is an assessment laid upon the male heirs of property, either by distribution or descent. Sometimes this assessment is confined to collateral heirs, when it is called collateral inheritance tax. The raising of public funds in this way has been sanctioned by legislation from the beginning of Roman law, and in England and in other countries is a large and steady source of revenue, although such taxes have been stigmatized by certain economists as "death duties." During the Civil War taxes of this kind were made part of the internal revenue system of the United States, but abolished soon after the struggle ended. The rate and method of assessment vary in different countries and in different States of the Union. In the United States collateral and succession inheritance taxes have been instituted in several States as a source of domestic revenue. Inheritance laws have in the United States occasioned much discussion and litigation, but their justice and utility have been testified to by experience and the decision of the law courts. The leading economists of the present and other periods have seen the scientific propriety, even necessity, of such legal provisions, and have noted the uniformity with which they deal with all classes of the financial community.
Make Some One Happy.
Charles Kingsley thus counseled a friend: "Make it a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."
Don't Mention It.
The politest man in Boston collided violently with another man on the street. The second man was angry. "My dear sir," said the polite one, with a bow, "I don't know which of us is to blame for this encounter. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it."—Success Magazine.
Perhaps It Is.
"If you want a thing well done—"
"Get an expert to do it for you. Ain't that more sense than what you were going to say?"—Cleveland Leader.
In Wood Green, England, there is living a woman of 105 years of age who can read without glasses.

joying it. This infuriated him and he abruptly bade them good night with a chilling politeness which prevented her from saving the situation.
The next day came and the next, and the author made no sign. Then she wrote him a cajoling little note saying how dreadfully she missed his visits; but he was a master of the epistolary rapier and replied with a caustic courtesy that caused her poignant anguish.
He came no more.
A year later she heard that he was married, and then someone sent her a small sheet of notepaper bearing the typewritten legend: "A bird in the hand should be held."—London Sketch.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

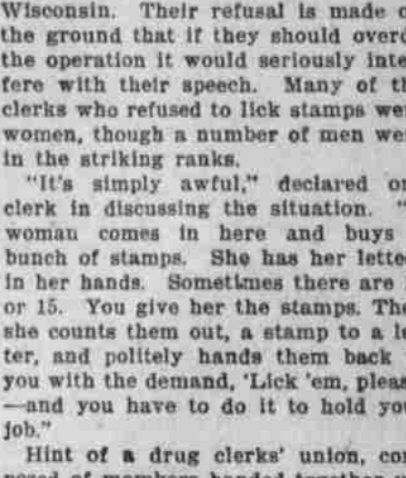
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her
Knoxville, Iowa.—"I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that my medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest like the Pinkham remedies."
—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D., No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.
The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ailments, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?
If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it is free and always helpful.

WANTED, EXPERT STAMP LICKER

Drug Clerk Becomes Wearisome and He Protests Against Licking.
If you are in search of employment in a Milwaukee drug store you must be a stamplicker. The unofficial word has gone forth among owners of drug stores that listless individuals in search of work are to be turned down cold.
That the ability to lick stamps is one of the prime requisites of a nifty drug clerk is just becoming known. Time was when Milwaukeeans licked their own stamps, stuck them on their packages or letters, and that was all there was to it. No more; the clerk must lick the stamp that he sells. It is a part of the bargain. True, it seems rather hard on the stamp dealer, but facts are facts and cannot be reasoned around.
Ordinarily the new wrinkle of stamp licking is not noticed, but at such times as Christmas and New Year, when the tongues of the overworked clerks become weary from overmuch contact with glue, a wall goes up and the new order comes under the public's observation.
However, there have been drug clerks within the last few days who positively refused to lick any more stamps, says the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin. Their refusal is made on the ground that if they should overdo the operation it would seriously interfere with their speech. Many of the clerks who refused to lick stamps were women, though a number of men were in the striking ranks.
"It's simply awful," declared one clerk in discussing the situation. "A woman comes in here and buys a bunch of stamps. She has her letters in her hands. Sometimes there are 14 or 15. You give her the stamps. Then she counts them out, a stamp to a letter, and politely hands them back to you with the demand, 'Lick 'em, please'—and you have to do it to hold your job."
"Hint of a drug clerks' union, composed of members banded together under the sacred promise to never lick another stamp, has been heard, but until the present time the movement is so small that it has not created interest even among the clerks themselves."
Meanwhile the licking demand is made and stamps are being assiduously licked.

His Admiring Spouse.
"Pardon my temporary lapse of memory, madam," the professor said, "but your husband is a man of distinction, is he not?"
"The only thing I can think of," answered Mrs. Tick-mam, "for which he is distinguished is that there are more people in this town who don't look like him than any man I know of."

Don't Wait Till Night
The moment you need help, take a **andy Cascaret**. Then headaches vanish, dullness disappears. The results are natural, gentle, prompt, to harsher physic does more good, and all harsh physic injure.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
Genuine. No other
"Guaranteed"

Don't Wait Till Night
The moment you need help, take a **andy Cascaret**. Then headaches vanish, dullness disappears. The results are natural, gentle, prompt, to harsher physic does more good, and all harsh physic injure.

Don't Wait Till Night
The moment you need help, take a **andy Cascaret**. Then headaches vanish, dullness disappears. The results are natural, gentle, prompt, to harsher physic does more good, and all harsh physic injure.
West-pocket box, 10 cents at drug stores. Wholesale price a million boxes monthly. \$33.
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