

IN GREAT DISTRESS

VOMITING SPELLS LONG RESISTED EVERY EFFORT TO CHECK.

Mrs. Brooks Became So Weak She Thinks She Would Have Died But For Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Sarah L. Brooks, of No. 45 Lincoln Park, Chicago, Illinois, gives the following account of her cure from distressing spells of vomiting:

"For five years off and on I was treated in vain by different doctors for relief from a stomach trouble which showed itself in frequent and trying spells of vomiting. Part of the time I was able to work and again I would be confined to bed for three or four days in succession.

"My stomach was at times so delicate that it would not retain even plain water. The spells would sometimes occur at intervals of half an hour, and would leave me so weak that I would be compelled to lie down between them. I would have several of them during the night following a day of such attacks. Finally I became so weakened that I had to give up working altogether. I weighed only ninety-four pounds.

"Last January I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in one of the Chicago daily papers and bought a box and began to use them. After I had used half a box I found that I could keep on my stomach the food I ate. I was encouraged by this and kept on using the pills for four months. At the end of that time the vomiting spells had ceased altogether and my weight went up to 149 pounds and is still growing.

"I think I surely would have died if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I sometimes vomited clear blood, and for three or four days at a time I could not eat a bite of anything. One doctor said I had chronic inflammation of the stomach, and another said my difficulty was a cancer, but none of my medicines did me any good at all. Finally I concluded that I did not have blood enough to digest my food and I began the treatment that has cured me. I can eat anything now, and have strength for all kinds of work. I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on hand, and I recommend them to my friends because I know they cured me.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills agree with the most delicate stomachs and strengthen the digestive organs until they do their work perfectly. They are sold by all druggists.

Some Virtues of Louis XIV.

Longman's Magazine: One need not overlook the enormous shortcomings of Louis XIV as a king to admit that there are some important respects he "tried to do his duty." He was a hardworking sovereign, both in the sphere of administration and in that of social spheres which was, to his mind, no less important. So courteous that he never passed the poorest woman about the palace without lifting his hat, he carried polite consideration to the level of a fine art. In the way of courteous speech there are few things nobler than his remark to the great Conde as the old hero was slowly ascending the great marble staircase at Versailles. Conde apologized for being so long in mounting the steps, at the top of which the king stood waiting. "Ah, cousin," Louis replied, "one moves slowly when one is laden with laurels."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; like cases out of the ear caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CROWLEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Old Enough to Know.

Stranger—Say, little man, can you tell me where the railroad station is? Johnny—Well! a great big man like you, and don't know where the depot is!

\$85,500 in Gold Coins

Will be paid in prizes to those coming nearest at estimating the paid attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The above amount is deposited with the Missouri Trust Company, as per the official receipt of the treasurer of that financial institution and published in the schedule of prizes announced elsewhere in this paper. The World's Fair Contest Company, Delmar and Adelaide avenues, St. Louis, Mo., are offering these prizes and there is no doubt of the cash being in bank to pay the lucky winners. The contest closes October 15th.

A Big Difference.

First Sport—I always make money on the races.
Second Sport—Do you buy tips?
First Sport—No; I sell them.

Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.

The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade-marks cut from a ten cent, 16-ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade-marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up in 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

Custom House Officer—Madam, have you anything dutiable to declare?

Madam—No; my trunk contains simply wearing apparel.
Officer (after examination of said trunk)—What do you call these six bottles of whisky?
Madam—Oh, those are nightcaps.

Two bottles of Pico's Cure for Consumption cured me of a terrible cough.—Fred Hermann, 209 Box Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1901.

An Invisible Hand

By FITZGERALD MOLLOY. Author of An Excellent Name, A Traitor's Triumph, Etc. Copyright 1903 by F. Molloy

Closely questioned by him, she told the doctor she had gone to bed quite well; she had suffered no pain the previous day; she had not eaten anything after dinner, nor had she drank anything save the medicine given her by Zoffani to be taken whenever she woke at night, and the exact complement of which, as prescribed for her, she placed in glass on the table, close at hand beside when retiring. This she had taken continually since her return from Italy, so that her illness could not be ascribed to it.

The doctor was mystified, but to conceal his feeling and soothe his patient, he spoke of the severe pain frequently set up by dyspepsia, recommended his patient to remain in bed all day, and promised to see her again in the afternoon.

Lady Bysshe's eyes questioned him as they went downstairs together; but he avoided them, while he told her there was no cause for alarm, begged of her to keep the patient cheerful, and suggested strengthening diet. In the great hall, whose massive oak and faded tapestries gave it a gloomy air on this dull morning, the former found Max and his father, the latter suffering from distress and agitation that baffled concealment. Both had been silent, until the count heard the doctor's footsteps, when, starting from his chair, and hurrying toward the stairs, he said, "It's the doctor; I'm sure it's the doctor at last. Tell me what it's all matter with the dear child. Is she seriously ill?"

Doctor Hopkins strove to calm and reassure him by references to dyspepsia and its painful effects, but the count was not satisfied by his words. "Are you saying this to soothe me, or do you really think I should tell my wife the truth at once," he implored, his vacant eyes full of doubt and trouble, his voice shaking from anxiety.

"She is quite free from pain, and there is no danger," Lady Bysshe said, believing him and striving for his sake to appear more unconcerned than she really felt.

"You would not deceive me, Margaret? It would be cruel."

"I assure you she is not suffering in the least."

"Thank God," he murmured. "I never had a daughter of my own, but she has been all and more than any daughter could be to me. May I see her? May I convey myself to her?"

"I will take you to her at once," replied his sister-in-law.

The doctor, who was touched by the count's distress, declared that Edith had quite recovered, and then saying "This morning, went toward the door, followed by Max, who had remained perfectly silent.

As Doctor Hopkins was about to cross the threshold, he said in an undertone, "Can you come out with me a word with you?"

Something of apprehension in his eyes, as well as the gravity of his voice, suddenly struck Max, and a fear, which he immediately blushed to face.

"Ah, cousin," Louis replied, "one moves slowly when one is laden with laurels."

"Yes, yes, I will come with you," he muttered, as they went out together.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GREAT MOMENT.

It was a midday late in January, the date on which Edith had been taken ill, and the Angelus bells, ringing with sonorous and sleepy rhythm all over France, were carried by a fresh breeze through the clear air to a gloomy old massive-walled palace situated half a mile beyond the Porta Nuova.

Here, in the small room communicating with his laboratory, Dr. Zoffani stood by one of the deep recessed windows, whose light fell on a letter and ten in his own language by the young English girl who had been his patient some weeks before.

With spectacles on nose, a gratified smile lighting his wrinkled face, he read the lines in which she thanked him for his attention and care, and told him that a threatened danger to the man she was engaged to marry had caused a relapse of her nervous condition; but that, owing to the medicines he had given her when leaving, she had recovered once more.

She asked most kindly about his health, and she added that her future husband was as anxious as herself to express his gratitude personally to one whose skill had so greatly benefited her.

The girl's simple words went straight to the old man's heart, and in a happy languor he sank into a chair, his skull cap resting against the faded velvet of his high back, his eyes closed the better to recall the image of her fresh beauty with its smiling frankness and gracious air.

From her, his memory glided almost imperceptibly to another girl of like age, whom he had known and loved in years so far back that they seemed part of some past existence. Like himself, she was of Italian birth, but unlike him she professed the Christian faith.

And to his young heart none in the wide world was her equal. Beautiful as she was beyond all others he had seen; her eyes like stars, her lips a flower, her hair a shower of wavy silk, and her voice music—the music of nightingales singing in the olive groves in the valley of the Arno.

And she whose heart owned him as master was betrothed to one whose sole recommendation was his wealth. Her soul cried out rebelliously against her unendurable fate; her body withered and twelve months later was in her grave, where over sixty years she had lain.

In his dream he thought the girl he had loved was beside him, looking young and beautiful as when first he saw her, her hand resting in his. He had cast off his load of years, the strain of his labors, and was himself youthful and the hunger of his starved heart was satisfied at last. It needed no words of hers to assure him that henceforth they would be with each other, never more to part; and beside this ineffable all pervading joy the world seemed a dream.

He opened his eyes to see a figure standing before him, then with a deep drawing sigh he closed them once more, but again he opened them to realize that Count Sasari was silently watching.

"Forgive me for having disturbed you, dear master," he said; "I had no idea when I came in that you slept."

"My dear friend, why don't you marry?" Zoffani asked him abruptly.

Sasari was taken by surprise, but he

answered promptly: "Marriage requires the consent of two persons. You still love Vendio's daughter?"

"I marry Roma or none other."

"But time passes, and the world holds many women, good and fair, willing to cheer man's loneliness."

"There is but one woman for me."

The doctor looked at the man before him—a model of strength, still youthful, handsome and noble. There was surely but one thing which could blind Roma to his merits. "She loves another?" he suggested.

"And will marry him?"

"His choice has fallen on one who has refused him."

The alchemist stroked his beard with gesture of weariness. "Think of the world we live in, full of anxieties, disappointments, heart wrenches, vexations," he murmured, as if to himself.

"You who live in a world of your own have escaped these ills," Sasari remarked.

"You forget I was once young, my friend."

"But you turned hermit in early manhood."

"When I found an object to live for."

"A dream? If I call it a dream."

"I have my dream, accomplished my ambition. It requires time, study, experience, the utmost care. The furnace made a degree too hot or too cold, a grain too much of too little of some chemical, may spoil the labor of months. But I am now sure of success. This very night I may gain the grand secret to whose discovery I have willingly sacrificed the days and nights of many years; the passions, health and enjoyments, which are other men's bright lights."

Sasari watched his excitement, believing him mad on this one point. "But supposing you succeed?" he suggested.

"Then," the old man replied, as he rose from his chair and drew himself up proudly—"then, what can I do? I can give bread to the hungry, shelter to the homeless, and I had carefully measured and the metals he had sorted, which now shimmered on the low fire of the furnace in his laboratory.

Not a breath of wind, not a movement of man or beast could be heard outside or in, save the show shuffle of his slippers and the deep breaths he exhaled through his nostrils, that now quivered from suppressed excitement.

It was close upon midnight when he bent watching above the crucible outside or in, save the show shuffle of his slippers and the deep breaths he exhaled through his nostrils, that now quivered from suppressed excitement.

Hanging from a beam crossing the ceiling of this vast apartment was an octagonal lamp, whose steady silver light fell softly on various jars and bottles ranged on shelves; on piles of manuscript, dog-eared volumes bound in vellum; on strange instruments lying about the floor; and on the furnace with its serpentine pipes and its dull red glow that lit up the old man's brow, withered face and gave him the semblance of one exalted, illumined and configured by a purpose beyond the reach of ordinary man.

The insidious, pungent odor arising from the crucible, stirred his senses to rapture; a heavy vapor gradually filling the atmosphere made him gasp for breath; excitement brought the perspiration thick upon his temples, and the upward springing of lurid flames well-nigh dazzled his eager, watchful eyes.

Consultation of a parchment manuscript assured him that the great moment had undoubtedly come. He had but to add seven drops of a precious oil treasured in a ruby flask, and wonder of wonders, the secret would be clutched from nature, his task accomplished. He strove to hush the singing in his ears—triumphant singing like a chorus of rejoicing spirits—and to subdue the leaping of his pulse as he removed the stopper from the flask to pour out the aromatic oil.

As the first drop fell into the seething crucible, the chamber of vapor pervading the room increased in density and assumed an amber hue; the second turned the liquid mass to glittering froth; his shaking fingers accidentally dropped the third into the fire, and the vapor, exiting from the escaping its doom, a red flame instantly sprang into the air, filling the room with a fierce glare, seizing and singeing to its roots the hair of his beard, eyebrows and head, and clutching at his cotton shirt, until his body was wrapped in a sheet of fire that scorched his flesh, played around his waving arms, fared in his face, and ate into his bones.

With a wild, despairing cry of terror

and agony he flung himself down, rolling over and over again in frenzy, calling for help and cursing in madness. No sooner had his cry rung out its tortured appeal through the palace, than the leaping flames of the furnace catching the contents of the crucible, a lightning-like flash blazed through the laboratory and was followed by an explosion that smashed the windows, tore the ceiling and shook the walls against which every heavy object in the room was hurled with resistless force.

After a brief interval of death-like silence the door was pushed open by Tommaso, the only other inmate of the palace, who slept in a distant wing. The light of the swinging lamp showed him the wreckage made, but it was not until he had looked a second time in search of his master that he saw him huddled and motionless upon the floor.

His first impression was that the doctor was dead, but a deep moan presently assured him life was still left in that charred body. Taking him in his arms he carried the insensible man to his bedroom, where he had no sooner placed him than a loud peal of the gate bell rang through the silent palace.

Grateful to think that he was not alone in this emergency, Tommaso hurried down to the gate to find two members of the civil guard, behind whom, at a safe distance, stood an awe-struck group of peasants, whose curiosity brought them from bed to see the wreck by which the alchemist's satanic visitor had at last avenged himself.

The explosion, which had been heard at a considerable distance, had brought the civil guard to make inquiries and offer assistance. Tommaso assured them of his ignorance of its cause and of his master's condition. Medical aid was immediately summoned, and an inspection of the laboratory made to make sure that no fire was smouldering.

It was not until late in the day that Zoffani recovered consciousness. Though frightfully burned about the face, chest and arms, his injuries were not considered sufficient in themselves to cause death, but it is believed he could not recover from the shock received.

He made no complaint of the intolerable pain that like a flame wrapped his body; the body from which his spirit, his real and only self, would soon be free. But before that happened there was something that must be said, some secret that must be told, painful though the telling be. He muttered the name of Sasari, and Tommaso, who never left him, put down his brown face, puckered with grief to the scorched lips that again mentioned the count's name.

In return he was told that Sasari had been beside him all day, and had only just gone, leaving word that he was to be sent for without delay when consciousness returned to the sufferer. A messenger was dispatched to the count, who rode back at once, and was soon standing by the hard and narrow bed where the dying man lay.

"My dear master," he said, his voice full of sorrow he felt at their inevitable parting.

"There is something I have to say."

"Something you wish me to do? You have only to speak."

"No, no," came the low, weary voice.

"I must tell it to you, this secret, though you will turn from me; you, my only friend, will shrink from me when you have heard."

"Never."

"Is the door closed?" Zoffani asked, for movement was agony to him and he dared not turn to see for himself.

"Then listen to the confession of a dying man."

CHAPTER XXXI.

EDITH'S DANGER.

As they reached the last of the wide granite steps of the hall door, Max was drawn aside by Doctor Hopkins that they might be out of hearing of the driver seated on the trap awaiting him. Max watched his companion in silence, wondering why he had to communicate, and fearing from the serious expression of his face that it was nothing pleasant.

"I hardly know what to say or think," the medical man began, hesitating as he spoke and glancing at Max, "but of this I am sure; Miss Cowley is no more suffering from indigestion than you or I."

"What you said—"

"That I said was meant to pacify Lady Bysshe and your father, who are naturally nervous about her; and it's because they are that I wish to have a word or two with you."

Max looked at him with growing apprehension. "Tell me," he said, "what is the matter with her?"

"That puzzles me."

"But surely you—"

"I suspect."

"Some internal complaint?" suggested Max, who became more and more uneasy.

"I hardly like to say."

"It's dangerous?"

"Decidedly dangerous," answered the doctor.

"Great heavens, what's to be done?" exclaimed Max, in evident consternation.

"That's what I want to talk about. If she has no return of this illness there will be nothing to fear; but if she has, I should like to consult some eminent London man like Sir William Osler. I don't like to ask you to send for him without the permission of some of the family, and the suggestion would only frighten the count and Lady Bysshe—perhaps useless. What do you say?"

"Send for him at once," said Max.

"It's not necessary that I should do so now—but if she gets a relapse—"

"Would it be then too late?"

"Trust not."

"But a doubt?"

"I think," replied Doctor Hopkins after a moment's consideration, "I will take it upon myself to wait. After all, I may have been mistaken. It's not a case that comes under a medical man's notice every day."

"Is it so bad?" Max asked, his fears increasing.

"I will come up again early in the afternoon," Doctor Hopkins stated, without answering the question put to him, and in another moment he was in the trap, driving through the park, homeward.

Max, standing where he was left, watched the vehicle disappear round a bend of the carriage drive, his small, blue eyes staring perplexedly, suspicious and afraid, an absorbed look lighting his face. He remained so long in the same spot that the chill east wind seemed to strike through him, for he shuddered from head to foot.

(Continued Next Week.)

He Knew.

Detroit Free Press: "No, you're not a true friend—or you wouldn't ask me to lend you money, when you know that I haven't any myself."

Silence. "But you get that the only friends who are willing to lend you money are the ones that haven't got it to lend."

It has been decided by the Transvaal executive council to appoint a commission to report on the desirability of pensioning certain officials of the late Boer government.

Of the population of European Russia 86 per cent. are farmers.

Inoculating the Ground.

National Geographic Magazine: To inoculate sterile ground and make it bring forth fruit in abundance is one of the latest achievements of American science. Some of man's most dread diseases—smallpox, diphtheria, plague, rabies—have been vanquished by inoculation, and now inoculation is to cure soil that has been worn out and make it fertile and productive again. The germs that bring fertility are mailed by the department of agriculture in a small package like a yeast cake. The cake contains millions of dried germs. The farmer who receives the cake drops it into a barrel of clean water; the germs are revived and soon turn the water to a milky white. Seeds of clover, peas, alfalfa or other leguminous plants that are then soaked in this milky preparation are endowed with marvelous strength. Land on which, for instance, the farmer with constant toil had obtained alfalfa only a few inches high, when planted with these inoculated seeds will produce alfalfa several feet high and so rich that the farmer does not recognize his crop.

THE STRAIN OF WORK.

Best of Backs Give Out Under the Burden of Daily Toil.

Lieutenant George G. Warren, of No. 3 Chemical, Washington, D. C., says: "It's an honest fact that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a great lot of good, and if it were not true I would not recommend them. It was the strain of lifting that brought on kidney trouble and weakened my back, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have lifted six hundred pounds and felt no bad effects. I have not felt the trouble come back since, although I had suffered for five or six years, and other remedies had not helped me at all."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Proof.

Hix—Did he take the doctor's advice?
Dix—Yes, and he took his medicine, too.
Hix—How do you know?
Dix—He's dead.

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 15th

We will pay \$25,000.00 in prizes to those who estimate nearest the total paid attendance at the Great St. Louis World's Fair. The Fair opened April 30, 1904, and will close December 1, 1904. The paid attendance on opening day was 25,724 people, during May the estimate was 1,267,000, during July 1,114,725. Can you estimate the number of people who will pay admission during the entire Fair?

\$85,500 IN GOLD COME NEAREST

FIRST PRIZE \$25,000.00 SECOND PRIZE \$10,000.00 THIRD PRIZE \$5,000.00

Our prizes are the largest ever offered in any contest, and are divided as follows:

To the nearest estimate..... \$25,000.00
To the second nearest estimate..... 10,000.00
To the third nearest estimate..... 5,000.00
To the fourth nearest estimate..... 2,500.00
To the fifth nearest estimate..... 1,250.00
To the sixth nearest estimate..... 625.00
To the seventh nearest estimate..... 312.50
To the eighth nearest estimate..... 156.25
To the ninth nearest estimate..... 78.12
To the tenth nearest estimate..... 39.06
To the eleventh nearest estimate..... 19.53
To the twelfth nearest estimate..... 9.76
To the thirteenth nearest estimate..... 4.88
To the fourteenth nearest estimate..... 2.44
To the fifteenth nearest estimate..... 1.22
To the sixteenth nearest estimate..... .61
To the seventeenth nearest estimate..... .30
To the eighteenth nearest estimate..... .15
To the nineteenth nearest estimate..... .07
To the twentieth nearest estimate..... .04
To the twenty-first nearest estimate..... .02
To the twenty-second nearest estimate..... .01
To the twenty-third nearest estimate..... .005
To the twenty-fourth nearest estimate..... .002
To the twenty-fifth nearest estimate..... .001
To the twenty-sixth nearest estimate..... .0005
To the twenty-seventh nearest estimate..... .0002
To the twenty-eighth nearest estimate..... .0001
To the twenty-ninth nearest estimate..... .00005
To the thirtieth nearest estimate..... .00002
To the thirty-first nearest estimate..... .00001
To the thirty-second nearest estimate..... .000005
To the thirty-third nearest estimate..... .000002
To the thirty-fourth nearest estimate..... .000001
To the thirty-fifth nearest estimate..... .0000005
To the thirty-sixth nearest estimate..... .0000002
To the thirty-seventh nearest estimate..... .0000001
To the thirty-eighth nearest estimate..... .00000005
To the thirty-ninth nearest estimate..... .00000002
To the fortieth nearest estimate..... .00000001
To the forty-first nearest estimate..... .000000005
To the forty-second nearest estimate..... .000000002
To the forty-third nearest estimate..... .000000001
To the forty-fourth nearest estimate..... .0000000005
To the forty-fifth nearest estimate..... .0000000002
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To the forty-seventh nearest estimate..... .00000000005
To the forty-eighth nearest estimate..... .00000000002
To the forty-ninth nearest estimate..... .00000000001
To the fiftieth nearest estimate..... .000000000005
To the fifty-first nearest estimate..... .000000000002
To the fifty-second nearest estimate..... .000000000001
To the fifty-third nearest estimate..... .0000000000005
To the fifty-fourth nearest estimate..... .0000000000002
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To the fifty-sixth nearest estimate..... .00000000000005
To the fifty-seventh nearest estimate..... .00000000000002
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To the fifty-ninth nearest estimate..... .000000000000005
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