

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION

WHILE General Howe, with his British army, held possession of Philadelphia, and General Washington, with the few half-starved troops under his immediate command, was encamped at a place called White Marsh, a few miles distant from the city, an incident occurred, which, though seemingly trifling in itself, may have had an important bearing upon the destiny of the whole country.

Lieutenant Colonel Craig, commanding a detachment of light horse, was ordered to approach the enemy's lines, and hover near them, in the capacity of videttes, to pick up any intelligence that might be of value to the army. While engaged in this important duty one cold, raw day in December, an orderly called his attention to a woman who was coming up the road.

The officer watched her as she ascended the hill, and when he perceived, by her stopping and looking frightened, that she had discovered his command, he rode forward and called out, in reassuring tone:

"Advance, madam—you have nothing to fear from true soldiers!"

The lady, who was well wrapped up in plain, warm garments, with a hood that quite concealed her features at a short distance, now came forward, without hesitation, to meet the colonel, as if satisfied from his language and appearance she had nothing to fear. When near enough for him to distinguish the features that were turned full upon him, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise:

"Mrs. Darrah, as I live! Why, what on earth can have brought you, all alone and unprotected, into this dangerous locality?"

"These knows, friend," she replied, in the Quaker style, "I have a son in the American army—who is, like myself, an officer under George Washington—and a mother's heart yearns toward her offspring, even though he has departed from the ways of his fathers."

"You were going then to seek him?"

"I was; but perhaps there would carry a message for me, and let me turn back to the city?" said the lady, but still with a cautious, hesitating air.

"It will afford me great pleasure to oblige Lydia Darrah in any way," bowed the gallant colonel.

"Thank thee, friend—there is very kind. If thee will dismount then and walk with me a little way I think I will tell thee what I have to say, which is a secret I would not like to have any other persons hear."

The colonel assented, and, riding back to his men, gave his horse in charge of one of them and ordered them to keep in sight of him; but not to approach near enough to overhear an ordinary conversation. He then returned to the lady and they began their walk down the road, in an opposite direction to that which she had come. For a short time she maintained a deep silence, with her face averted, and, as the officer fancied, with her whole frame trembling with secret emotion.

"Friend Craig," she at length began, with something like a sigh, and speaking in the rapid, earnest manner of one communicating some startling fact, "thou must hasten at once to George Washington and tell him thee has certain information that, on to-morrow night, a large body of British soldiers will secretly march out of the city for the purpose of surprising and capturing him and all of his men. Not to mystify thee, friend, and that thee may attach all due importance to this information, I will now inform thee that I, Lydia Darrah, overheard an order read between two high officers to the effect of what I have stated. Thee must also know that the man called General Howe has come to abide in the house opposite my husband's, and that for some reason, to us unknown, two men, one of whom is supposed to be called the adjutant general, have come over to William Darrah's several times, and held private conferences in one of the back rooms of our dwelling. Last night these two men came again and one of them told me he wanted all my family to go to bed early, and that when they should get ready to leave, which might be late, they would call me to let them out."

"Well, friend Craig, I sent the whole family early to bed, as requested to do, but I myself felt very anxious to know what was going on of so much importance, and so I did what I never did before—took off my shoes, walked on tiptoe to the door of the room where these men were, put my ear to the key-hole, and listened, and heard what I have informed thee of."

"God bless you, Lydia Darrah, for a noble woman!" said the colonel, with excited warmth; "perhaps you have saved our country—who knows? For had this plan succeeded, which we will now defeat, and General Washington been taken prisoner, I much fear our cause would have been hopeless."

"I will make haste to finish my story, for thee must ride fast to George Washington. After hearing what I have said, I stole back to my room, trembling at the importance of what I had heard. When the men, soon after, knocked on my door for me to get up and let them out, I pretended to be asleep, and they had to knock three times. Then I came out, rubbing my eyes, and saw them off. But I slept none that night, for thinking what I ought to do; and I did not dare to tell my husband for fear the secret might get out. I wanted to get the information to George Washington, and save a great many lives, but for some time I could not see my way clear

to do it. At last it occurred to me that I might go to Frankford for some flour, if the man Howe would give me a pass out of town. I went over to him and he gave it. Then I told William and my family that I would go alone to Frankford for the flour, which greatly surprised them and caused much remonstrance. But I did go alone, and there sees, friend, how much I have since strayed from the mill."

In due time Lydia Darrah returned home with her flour, secretly trembling at all she had done, and the fear of discovery. The night following she lay awake and heard the heavy, solemn tramp, tramp, tramp, of the British troops, as they marched past her window, and on out of the city, to surprise, defeat and capture the army for whose success she had not only often prayed, but had so lately perilled more than life.

When, a few days after, these same troops returned, Lydia Darrah dared not ask the question she was the most anxious to have answered, lest her emotions might betray her. Soon after the adjutant general called upon her and said:

"Madam, will you do me the favor to enter my room, that I may ask you a few important questions?"

Lydia Darrah, believing her secret discovered, either by chance or betrayal, turned deadly pale, and almost fainted with terror; but fortunately the officer took no notice of her emotions, and soon recovering herself she determined to boldly brave out the worst. She therefore went to his apartment with a firm step, nor showed any signs of trembling when she saw him lock the door.

"Now, madam," he said, with stern and stately dignity, as he handed her a seat and took another facing her, "I beg you will answer me truly, as if your life were at stake! Who was the last person up of your family on the last night I was closeted in this room with a brother officer?"

"Myself," was the firm and quiet reply of Lydia Darrah.

"Are you certain, madam?"

"Quite—for thee requested me to send all the family to bed by 8 o'clock, and I did so, myself going last."

"You would be willing to swear to this, madam?"

"We Friends never swear," returned the other, with dignity; "but thee has my word for the fact."

"Well," returned the officer, with an air of chagrin, "I do not understand it. You, I know, were asleep, for I myself knocked three times at your door before I could rouse you. We that night laid a plan to attack and capture General Washington and his army; but by some means, unknown to me, he got news of our design, and has frustrated our purpose. When we arrived before his camp we found all his cannon mounted, and his whole command prepared to give us battle; and disappointed and chagrined, we have all marched back like a parcel of fools! That is all, madam!" concluded the officer, rising, unlocking the door, and bowing out the mistress of the dwelling.

Lydia Darrah retired with feelings of relief better imagined than described.

Who shall say how much the subsequent dwellers in this land of freedom have owed and still owe to the cunning and heroism of this noble woman?—New York Ledger.

Obedient Orders.

Gen. Harney was an officer of the old school, a strict disciplinarian who took no excuses for hesitation in obeying orders. When he was on his way to Mexico, when the United States was at war with that country, he engaged teams to transport the baggage, and placed in charge of them a Texan named Carter. The streams were all up, and Carter had much trouble, but whenever he tried to modify the general's requirements he was cut short with the admonition, "All you've got to do is to obey orders."

Says Noah Smithwick, in his recollections called "The Evolution of a State":

"They camped one night near the Nueces river, which Carter found to be impassable. He said nothing about it to the general, and the next morning the order was given to move on. Carter started with the wagon train and halted at the river, which was absolutely impassable. Harney came blustering up.

"Didn't you know that river was up?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," meekly replied the wagon master.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me, sir. You said my business was to obey orders. You ordered me to hitch up and move on, and I did it."

"You did quite right, sir. Turn round and drive back to camp."

If the general had been "done" he was not going to show it.

The Main Thing.

"I hear you have been selected to deliver the valedictory at your commencement."

"Yes," replied the fair graduate-to-be, "and it's just worrying me sick. I don't know what style to adopt."

"Why, there's only one style about a valedictory address. I should—"

"Silly! I'm speaking of my gown."—Philadelphia Press.

Men can't impress the women with statistics showing what men have invented to save the women labor, until some one invents a boy's stocking that will not wear out.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

Strange Ideas of Economy, Politeness and Gratitude.

The spirit of economy in the Chinese race transcends all that can be imagined. The smallest particle of matter is utilized. The old, cast-off account book of the merchant is cut into pieces and sold to serve instead of glass in windows or lanterns. A coolie who has a six hours' march with a heavy burden will return to his point of departure without having broken his fast. In order to save the two cents his breakfast would have cost away from home. Nothing is more curious than to see them eat, although, with their famous chopsticks, they do not perform all the wonderful feats generally supposed. They put their food in bowls or saucers and with the chopsticks they raise the pieces of meat or fish to the mouth with sufficient grace. Each has a bowl of rice, which he holds near his lips, and with the aid of the chopsticks he pushes the contents into his mouth. It is curious to see them pick up with their chopsticks the grains of rice that fall on the ground. The children are taught this art from their earliest years; nothing must be lost, not even the smallest grain.

Europeans regard politeness as an expression of those qualities of the heart which render the person who desires to be polite agreeable to those with whom he is thrown. The Chinese look upon the matter from an entirely different standpoint. The same sentiment which accords importance to the preservation of dignity regulates his actions as regards politeness. Here is an example of their politeness. A Chinese arrayed in his most beautiful costume, who presented himself at a house, disturbed a rat which was enjoying himself in a jar of oil. The rat in his flight overturned the jar upon the visitor, whose dress was ruined. While the unfortunate visitor was still pale with rage his host entered the apartment, and after the usual salutation the visitor explained his misadventure: "As I entered your honorable apartment, I had the misfortune to alarm your honorable rat, which, in taking flight, overturned your honorable jar of oil upon my miserable and insignificant clothing, which explains the contemptible condition in which you find me in your honorable presence."

To determine your conduct when a Chinese offers you a present is the most difficult thing in the world. Certain things are not offered to be accepted, and others may not be refused peremptorily in a general manner, nevertheless, one may accept, understanding perfectly that the gift must be returned a hundredfold.—St. Louis Republic.

OMENS OF ROYAL DEATHS.

When Bells Ring Thirteen and Phantom Ships Appear.

A grewsome story came from London of the appearance of the "phantom barge of the Thames" for three successive nights preceding the death of the queen. This phantom barge of the Thames appears when a member of the royal family is about to die, just as the celebrated "white lady of the Hohenzollerns" gives warning of the death of a monarch of that family. And when this phantom barge appears gliding through the low-lying shadows and night mists of the river the great clock of Westminster, Big Ben, gives thirteen strokes at midnight instead of his ordinary dozen. Just now any number of Thames watermen can be found who say they have seen the phantom barge and heard Big Ben strike his ominous number.

There are well-authenticated instances of Big Ben having struck thirteen at midnight. Once a soldier on sentry duty at Windsor was charged with having slept on post and was sentenced to be shot, runs a story in the Portsmouth Times. It was charged that he was asleep there at midnight of a certain night. His defense was that he was not asleep and that he had heard Big Ben in London strike thirteen at the moment he was charged with having been sleeping on duty. It was proved that on that night Big Ben had struck thirteen and had been heard in Windsor. The man was pardoned. This is a recorded case, but the record does not say that any catastrophe happened to the royal family the next day.

It is said that the phantom barge appeared on the Thames at midnight and Big Ben struck thirteen on the night before the death of the prince consort and that the same things happened the night preceding the death of the Princess Alice and of the Duke of Clarence. When the phantom barge appeared on Jan. 13, 1892, the night before the death of the Duke of Clarence, another boat, pulled by four men, gave chase. The phantom boat glided swiftly toward the terrace of the House of Commons and vanished. The pursuing boat dashed against the stone embankment and was wrecked.

A warning which applies to the death of sovereigns only is the fall of one of the stones at Stonehenge, the great Druid relic on Salisbury Plain. A stone certainly did fall there on the night of the death of the late queen.

American Apples Abroad.

American apples have already, in a large measure, conquered the markets of England and Germany.

The women claim that the men can never find anything that is lost about a house; how about finding the tacks?

Some people say that strawberries, like some people, have been cultivated too much.

The worst misfortune of a farmer is to have no sons.

Labour World

Reports from across the water indicate that the industrial depression in Europe continues to spread.

Only one-tenth of the wage earners of the United States are organized. The nine-tenths have earned millions of dollars annually on account of the activity of union men.

In Winnipeg the Journeymen Bakers' Union is booming its label by offering prizes for landing in the largest number of labels, each of which must be cut from union-made bread.

The third biennial report of the New Hampshire bureau of labor gives figures to show that the average wages of the 73,815 employees of industries covered was \$25.42, or about \$0.85 a week.

At Brussels, the capital of Belgium, the proprietor of a printing office, who discharged nine of his employees because they refused to leave their union on his demand, was fined in court to the extent of 200 francs and ordered to pay damages to his printers in the amount of 1,900 francs.

The native employees on the only railroad in the Philippines indulged in a strike some weeks ago. Capt. Cunningham of Newcastle, Pa., who had charge of the road during the strike, writes that the natives were receiving \$25 per month and struck for higher wages. The strikers' places were filled by discharged American soldiers, who are paid \$125 in gold per month.

Members of the various building crafts report the most active season in the skilled trades in Chicago since the World's Fair year. In many lines all the members of their respective trades are employed, and the prospects for the immediate future are assuring. The building permits run from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per month, with an unusual feature of much labor being employed to dismantle what would be regarded as fine buildings to make room for more costly structures. Estimates for completed buildings for the year range from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000, in addition to the construction of many millions of public works.

A CHINESE WEDDING.

Everything Connected with the Ceremonies is Decked in Red.

The Chinese place a significance upon every color, and in connection with a wedding red obtains a deep-rooted, mysterious importance, the next bridal color in value being gold. At a betrothal the bridegroom-elect sends his sweetheart a pair of bracelets fastened together with a piece of red ribbon or cord. The bride and bridegroom drain two wine cups at the wedding, which are also connected by a red cord. In Northern China the attendants wear a tall felt hat, and each hat has a red feather stuck upright in it. The attendants also carry the wedding presents. A sedan chair bears the bride herself. In South China a sedan most wonderfully gilded is used by the wealthy classes, and it is decorated with what appears at first sight to be brilliant inlaid stones, but which are in reality the glossy feathers of the king-fisher. A handsome cloth of glowing red with trimmed border is also thrown over the chair. In the case of the poorer classes red is also the prevailing bridal color, and a chair of ordinary carved wood, painted a bright red, is used. Above the door of the chair a kind of charm is placarded or hung upon a red cloth. The chair itself is sent by the bridegroom, accompanied by what corresponds to our best man. This functionary brings with him a letter written in yellow or gold upon red paper, praying the lady to enter and take her place. Men dressed all in red, and carrying red parcels containing the presents, fall into the procession. Other bearers carry boards and banners, inscribed in golden letters upon a red ground. These banners tell the pedigree of both parties. Behind the bearers come the other attendants, with long poles on which are hung very handsome lanterns. The bridal veil is of bright crimson hue, and her dress regal gold and scarlet.—Wide World.

Stones In Codfish.

Among the curious things connected with the codfish is the frequency of large stones being found in the stomach. These are of various sizes; sometimes in a large fish weighing many pounds. It is a popular belief among fishermen that these are taken just before a storm for the purpose of anchoring themselves during the expected swells of the sea. This supposition is corroborated by the fact that all the fish taken before a storm agree in this peculiarity, whereas at ordinary times nothing of the kind can be detected.

One Building For 442 Dwellers.

The unique distinction of housing more persons than any other building in the world belongs to the big double-decker tenement at 115 Essex street, New York. In this house 442 persons find shelter, and the dwellers embrace Jews, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Italians, with a sprinkling of Irishmen, a Frenchman or two and a number of polyglots who claim to be Greeks or Turks or to be found, and even an American is not wanting.

After a man gets married he expects people to take him more seriously.

When a man has curly hair, the women think it is a lot of good luck wasted.

A JUDGE'S WIFE CURED OF PELVIC CATARRH

She Suffered for Years and felt Her Case Was Hopeless—Cured by Pe-ru-na.



Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33rd st., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any.

"Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and gave it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged.

"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna I enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.

The great popularity of Peruna as a cathartic remedy has tempted many people to imitate Peruna. A great many so-called cathartic remedies and cathartic tonics are to be found in many drugstores. These remedies can be procured by the druggist much cheaper than Peruna. Peruna can only be obtained at a uniform price, and no druggist can get it a cent cheaper.

Thus it is that druggists are tempted to substitute the cheap imitations of Peruna for Peruna. It is done every day without a doubt.

We would therefore caution all people

against accepting these substitutes, insist upon having Peruna. There is no other special remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Peruna. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Not Satisfactory.

"No," said the woman, "I haven't voted yet, and I am not going to vote. I am not feeling well today. Isn't that a valid excuse?"

"Not at all," responded the professor severely; "that's an invalid excuse."—Chicago Tribune.

Destiny is the measure of a man rather than decent.

It isn't what a man used to be, or what he is going to be, but what he is that counts.

Not Interested in Hay.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "They say the hay crop this year will be immense."

"How about the gasoline crop?"

"The what?"

"Hang it, man, didn't you know I had bought an automobile?"

She Couldn't.

Denver Times: "Just walk this way, madame!" said the clerk, who was bow-legged.

"I'm—er—I'm very much afraid, sir, I can't," blushing replied his fair customer, who wasn't.

Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with Cuticura SOAP

And light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of Women

USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

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