

A Stout Backbone
Is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the kidneys, the tonic and diuretic action of Hood's Stomach Bitters is the one thing needed. The stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and by invigorating the digestion with this preparation, the spinal column, and all its dependencies, are sympathetically strengthened. The irascible and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

Frills of Fashion.
A novel idea is to have one ruffle around the bottom of a skirt, nine inches wide, with three above three inches wide. When the ruffles are narrow they are absolutely tiny.

Appropos of the craze for tucks, have a cluster of three two-inch-wide ones around the bottom of a skirt, again at the knee, and just below the hips. Trim the bodice to carry out the same idea.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich, real brown of Mocha and Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth of the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package, sold by all grocers.

For a Bad Cold.
Flaxseed lemonade is considered excellent for a cold. To a pint of water use three teaspoonfuls of flaxseed. Squeeze in the juice of two lemons being careful not to let a single seed drop in. Simmer ten minutes, then add sugar to taste, boil up once, then strain and set away to cool. A good mouthful at a time is sufficient to stop coughing, and it should not be taken over once an hour.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A fact worth recording is that the female employees of many German factories are forbidden to wear corsets during working hours.

WOMEN! DON'T WAIT.

If You Have Any of These Symptoms Act at Once.

Do you know the reason why you will go to the hospital, my poor friend? Because you have allowed yourself to go from bad to worse. You did not know that that heat, swelling and tenderness in your left side were all signs of congestion of the ovary.

Any intelligent woman could have told you that congestion is fatal to the uterine system, and that an ovary congested leads to tumor formation, and that you were in awful danger. Now you will have to undergo the operation of ovariectomy, the cutting out of the ovary.

Yes, you will recover, at least I hope you will; but you will never be quite the same woman again. Congestion of the ovaries is fatal to health. If you have any such symptoms be advised in time: take a medicine of specific powers! You can find none better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, prepared especially to meet the needs of woman's sexual system. You can get it at any good druggist's.

Following we publish a letter from a woman in Milwaukee, which relates how she was cured of ovarian trouble: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I suffered with congestion of the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. I had been troubled with suppressed and painful menstruation from a girl. The doctors told me the ovaries would have to be removed. I took treatment two years to escape an operation, but still remained in miserable health in both body and mind, expecting to part with my reason each coming month. After using one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash I was very much relieved. I continued to use your remedies until cured. The last nine months have been passed in perfect good health. This, I know, I owe entirely to the Vegetable Compound. My gratitude is great, indeed, to the one to whom so many women owe their health and happiness."—Mrs. F. M. Knapp, 568 Wentworth Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Popular with Hunters.
The most popular hunting rifles are made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct. Their light, modern, high-powered, small caliber rifles have revolutionized gun making and are fast supplanting all other makes. The Winchester Models '94 and '95 do terrific execution. They will kill at distances where big bore guns would not injure. They are very popular with the most successful hunters on account of their accuracy at short and long distances and their tremendous killing power. Send for a large illustrated catalogue describing them.

Gibbs—What are you loading about town at this time of night for? Dobbs—"Fraid to go home. Wife told me to be sure and remember something, and I've forgotten what it was. Gibbs—It wasn't groceries, was it? Dobbs—No. Gibbs—Baby food, tacks or theater tickets? Dobbs—No; but I have just thought of it. Gibbs—What was it? Dobbs—She wanted me to remember and come home early.—Tid-Bits.

What's the best instant remedy for skin irritations and eruptions? Gilman's Sulphur Soap. It's the Hair and Whisker Lye, black or brown, 5 c.

A stable in New York City has the following sign displayed: "For sale, a good second-hand mule, acquainted with the ice wagon business."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 10 cents a bottle.

AN OPEN LETTER

To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bottle of the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897: *Samuel Pitcher, D.*

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SLEEPLESSNESS FROM RHEUMATISM

A MAN RECOVERS FROM THE MALADY WHICH HAD MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

From the Democrat-Messenger, Mt. Sterling, Ill.
The prevalence of rheumatism in this part of the country has long been a source of unfavorable comment by other localities less subject to this affliction. Indeed, there are few adults in the Valley of the Mississippi who at some time in their lives may not expect to realize the direful effects of rheumatism in some one of its different forms. The Democrat-Messenger has several times been called to instances where the effects of this malady have rendered life almost unendurable.

In this connection it may not be out of place for this journal to refer to a recent incident. We refer to Mr. John J. Friday, Jr., of Ripley, Ill., well known to many of our people as a young man of character and standing. Last spring Mr. Friday was attacked by rheumatism in its severest form, he-like many others—was unable to get out of bed for several days. A reporter met him the other day and found him about as lively a looking young man as there is in Brown County. Mr. Friday said: "In the spring of 1896 I was attacked by rheumatism. The disease progressed until I was past getting around. For a long time I was unable to sit up, and I was forced to lie in bed for several days. I consulted the leading physicians both in Mt. Sterling and Rushville, but obtained no relief. My condition was growing worse, and it seemed as if nothing could help me.

In talking with George Riggles, a friend of mine, he said that he had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He told me that before he began using this medicine he could scarcely bend his knee and could walk only with great difficulty. I knew that he had, shortly before that time, been afflicted as I was, and therefore concluded that if he had been benefited by their use, they might help me. I also heard that Mr. James Stout, a prominent farmer near Ripley, had been cured of rheumatism by the same means. I made some inquiries of him and he confirmed what I had been told. It was about all I could do to get to Ripley, but I managed to make the short trip. I bought two boxes of the pills and used them as directed. After I had taken half a box I felt wonderfully better. I kept on and used six or seven boxes. My improvement continued until I was entirely recovered. I now consider myself cured, and have no more feeling of rheumatism than I had before I began.

"I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are entirely responsible for my recovery, as before I began their use my condition was steadily growing worse. If I had not taken them I should have been obliged to publish what I have said about this medicine. I am perfectly willing that you should do so. I believe it will benefit others who are suffering from rheumatism. I took six boxes and consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best investment I ever made."

There are probably many other instances in this part of Illinois where this painful and stubborn disease has been cured by the use of this remedy, and we will from time to time publish further accounts as they may be brought to our notice.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Fashionable Stationery.

Square sheets of paper are now used by fashionable women, especially when having invitations engraved. The reading matter is written more closely together than formerly and plain envelopes are in vogue. The address in white ink is now stamped on gray or dark blue paper. Monograms are surrounded by Louis XVI. rococo frames. Ladies' visiting cards are now engraved with shaded letters, not unlike type printing.

Popular with Hunters.

The most popular hunting rifles are made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct. Their light, modern, high-powered, small caliber rifles have revolutionized gun making and are fast supplanting all other makes. The Winchester Models '94 and '95 do terrific execution. They will kill at distances where big bore guns would not injure. They are very popular with the most successful hunters on account of their accuracy at short and long distances and their tremendous killing power. Send for a large illustrated catalogue describing them.

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LETTING IT DOWN



CHAPTER XXII.

One week replaced another, one month followed another, and through each and all I followed out the line of conduct I had set myself. There was nothing else to be done; and I hated to think. Physical fatigue prevented that; and I grew thankful for the weariness that left me so pale and listless and worn, since my brain grew less active by reason of that very weariness.

In the warm summer days the feelings of lassitude and fatigue grew greater—the hours for which Darby served as excuse were generally spent by me lying on the sofa in utter prostration of mind and body. Now and then Sir Ralph looked at me anxiously, and indicated by the "much" he would say; but I only laughed, and affirmed afresh my enjoyment and my strength. It seemed to me that I could not give up now. Bad as this life was, the other would be ten thousand times worse.

In August we went back to Monk's Hall. I was glad to be home once more, glad to see the old familiar places, glad to run over to Templeton and hear of my father's literary successes; glad, but yet with little of the old gladness, to gather the boys around me once again, from school and college, and hear the merry voices, and listen to the chaff and bullying and tormenting that still were part and parcel of themselves. They left at last, and then some male visitors came, and among them Yorkie Ferrers. Sir Ralph had suggested it, and I had listlessly agreed. Nettie, of course, came over, too, and the September days brought the unfading dogs and guns and game-gangs and all the best of the season.

I had opportunity for rest then. The strain and tax of entertaining were lifted off my mind, and no one, even Nettie, knew that half my days were passed lying passively in my dressing room, too weary even to read or sleep.

I am wrong, though. Some one else knew. It was Mrs. March. She had found me in this listless fashion so many times that at last she remarked it, and I excused myself by saying that the fatigues of the season had been too much for me, and that I only wanted rest. The very day afterwards I was surprised by Nettie bringing her visit to an abrupt end, and the usual plea was given—her grandmother's wish. I did not combat it.

I remembered afterwards that Mrs. March had been in the room when Nettie spoke, and as I made that remark she half turned and flashed a strange, eager look in my direction.

When I was once more alone, she fidgeted about the room on one excuse or another, asking me perfectly unnecessary questions, arranging things that wanted no arrangement, until I grew somewhat impatient.

"Will you excuse me, my lady," she said abruptly, "if I venture to ask you a question? Is Miss Croft engaged?" "I don't see how Miss Croft's affairs can possibly interest you," I said coldly, and took up a book to show that I did not mean to discuss the subject.

She said no more, but left the room. "Joan," said Darby, a few moments afterwards, creeping up to my side, "I don't like Mrs. March. I have always had a feeling that she is not safe."

"Not safe, dear?" I said in surprise. "What do you mean?" "She shook her head."

"I—I can't tell more than that. She doesn't like you, and she is so often with Sir Ralph. I have heard the servants say so."

"You mustn't listen to servants' gossip," I said coldly. "And what does it matter whether she likes me or not as long as she does her duty?"

"I wish," the child persisted, "you could send her away. Jo, I have been thinking that ever since she came. You have changed. And why does Sir Ralph never come to us as he used to do? And oh, Jo—dear Jo! why are you always so unhappy?"

"Unhappy!" I said. "What makes you fancy that? Only low-spirited and tired, dear. I think I am not as strong as I used to be."

"You used to be strong," she said wistfully; "nothing ever tired you once. Don't you?" she added suddenly, "don't you like being married?"

I tried to laugh. I think it surprised me a little that the laugh ended in a sob, and that the incisive question brought tears to my eyes.

"I am very weak and foolish," I said hurriedly. "It is my own fault that I am not as happy as I might be."

There came a knock at my door at that moment, and the next instant it opened at my permission and admitted Yorkie Ferrers.

"Is—Is Nettie here?" he asked. Then his eyes rested on my agitated face, and his own changed suddenly.

He closed the door and came into the room. "Nettie is packing," I said, calmly. "You know she is leaving this morning?" "Yes," he said. "I am going to drive her over. I wanted to know what time she would want the carriage."

"I will ask her," said Darby, eagerly, and slipped away from my side, and was out of the room in a moment.

Yorkie stood by the fireplace, idly fingering the ornaments and figures on the mantelpiece.

"Correspondence!" I gasped, turning cold and faint.

"Yes," he said. "A few moments ago she passed me in one of the corridors. She constantly is passing me in one of the corridors. For a housekeeper she seems a singularly ubiquitous person. But to return. As she passed me her dress brushed against me, and I—half curiously—looked back. As I did so, I saw lying on the carpet a white square packet. I walked back and picked it up. Here—and he took something from his pocket and handed it to me—here it is."

I looked at it. It was a letter, directed to Sir Ralph.

For a moment I stared stupidly at the packet, turning it round and round. Then I looked up.

"This," I said, "is not her writing."

"She dropped it—that I swear!" he cried, impetuously. "Even if it is not, what business has she with your husband's letter?"

"I will ask him," I said, calmly, rising and putting the letter on a table close beside me. "I can't say," I continued, "that I ever liked Mrs. March; but Sir Ralph spoke of her as a lady in distress, and well connected. I believe, as far as the performance of her duties goes, she is admirable, and it seems foolish to harbor prejudices."

"I think," he said, dryly, "in this case prejudices are excusable."

He was silent. I felt deeply annoyed that Yorkie, of all people, should discover a flaw in my husband's perfection, but, even at this time, my trust refused to be shaken. I felt convinced that explanation would be easy to him, however impossible it might look to me.

Yorkie made a little impatient movement as Darby returned. I rose and brought out the child's lesson books.

"I must ask you to leave us now," I said. "Duty has to be attended to some times."

He left the room silently.

The child took her books and sat down on her own low stool, and began to read the strange, dried letters in distress, and as if she could see the characters she had learned to trace by touch.

I paid no heed to her. My eyes turned persistently to that letter, and I wondered if Sir Ralph would tell me its contents. I kept Darby with me till close upon eleven o'clock. I have Sir Ralph would be there, and at last I sent her with a message, requesting him to come to me in the boudoir. He came soon after. I saw how surprised he looked, but I merely rose, and took the letter and handed it to him.

"It dropped out of the housekeeper's pocket," I said. "It does not look to me like her writing. If it is, I should like to know what she has to write to you that she cannot say to me."

He looked perplexed. He turned the letter over and over as I had done. Then he tore its envelope and began to read. It was a very brief communication, so brief that one rapid glance seemed to take it in, but a dark flush rose to his brow, and he crushed the paper in his strong grasp. Then he turned to me, as pale and trembling, I stood there.

"I will do you the justice," he said, "to suppose you were ignorant of the contents of this production. But all events, you shall judge for yourself of the result."

He rang the bell. The footman answered it.

"Ask Mrs. March to come here," he said.

I clasped my hands with sudden joy. "Oh," I cried, "I hope you are going to send her away. I have always disliked her."

He looked at me with such a flame of anger in his eyes as I had never dreamed could light their kindly depths.

"Have you?" he said. "Perhaps you had good cause."

Then the door opened, and Mrs. March entered. As her eyes fell on us both she started, and the color left her cheeks. Sir Ralph motioned to her to close the door and come forward. Then he drew himself up. Not even the anger of his face could hide his dignity.

"Mrs. March," he said, "I received you into this house less as a dependent than a friend. I had learned the circumstances which had weighted your life with trouble, and when you pleaded with me I listened only too readily. Since you have sent me this letter, I am sure that you have not been so kind as to consider from Lady Ferrers as well as from myself. I simply put the facts to you as they stand. Now I will ask you how you have repaid me? I could see from the first that you did not like my wife, but I did not see also that the hints and insinuations, the misrepresentations so often made to me were based upon dislike. I am not a clever man where women are concerned. I don't pretend to understand them. But now things have reached a climax. What do you mean by writing me this letter?"

He held it out as he spoke—held it so that she could see for herself the writing and contents. As I watched her, I saw her whole face change, her lips draw themselves into a thin, white line; the look in her eyes was the look of a tigerish and relentless spirit.

"It is not my writing," she hissed; "though—with this short snuff—no doubt what it says is true enough!"

"Anonymous letters," said Sir Ralph scornfully, "should be treated like the ugly reptiles they are."

He tossed the paper into the flame as he spoke, then once again turned to the white-faced woman, whose flaming eyes had watched his movements.

"You have made an enemy of me," he said, "instead of a friend. You won your way hither by false pretenses, and you have for all these months worked and schemed for but one end. You appear to forget that in questioning my wife's honor you question mine, and I know perfectly well how to preserve that. I think he went on hotly, 'it is unnecessary to say any more. You will make your arrangements to leave my house this evening, and you will receive your salary up to date, or, if you insist upon it, for the quarter due in place of the usual notice.'"

She drew herself up, the color came slowly back to her face.

"As a lady," she said, "I repudiate any such course. I don't want your money. And permit me to tell you that you have no proof that I wrote that letter, no right to accuse me of doing so. If I choose, I can make you prove your assertion, and drag your own and your wife's name through the mire of a worse scandal than you suspect."

As to the saw. Perhaps no tool in common use has a more interesting history than the saw. Saws have been discovered in Norway and Denmark which belonged to the bronze age. The metal of which they were composed was cast into a thin shaft and serrated by breaking the edge. Equally interesting discoveries have been made in America. It has been found that the saws made of obsidian—a kind of lava produced by volcanoes—were used during the stone age in Mexico.

What Dr. Rauwolf Did.
Coffee is said to have been introduced into Europe by Dr. A. Rauwolf, a German physician, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He got it from Arabia, after it had passed into that country from Abyssinia. It is a pity, for coffee is one of those seductive stimulants which do harm under the disguise of seeming to do temporary good. It is a nerve poison on the same principle that alcohol is, and opium. Hence the public are to be congratulated on the prospect of the new food drink, Grain-O, taking its place. The latter is prepared from pure grains, is nourishing, sustaining and healthful, and never affects the nerves. Those who have tried Grain-O say nothing can induce them to resume the use of coffee. Good for children as for adults. Cost, one-fourth that of coffee. Packages 15c. and 25c. Ask your grocer for it.

Millie Condon, the Paris young woman who is in communication with the Angel Gabriel, has moved into Belgium, where the Bishop of Liege has given her his benediction.

The highest waterfall in the world is Chocoma, Cascade, at Yosemite, Cal., which is 2,634 feet high, or just half a mile.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

The \$10 gold piece was authorized by act of Congress April 2, 1792, and its coinage was begun in 1794.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silky, gives it an even curl, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

Health officers want \$300,000 with which to fight tuberculosis in New York State.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of any cure known.—George W. Lutz, Publisher, La. Aug. 28, 1895.

Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom.

(To be continued.)

A Royal Road to Camping Out.

Some unique and moderate-cost summer outings are instructively described in the Ladies' Home Journal by Daniel C. Beard, who shows a royal road to camp life and the joys of houseboat parties, the approximate cost, etc. In selecting a camping place Mr. Beard counsels the selection of a spot which "gives the finest possible view of mountains, lakes or rivers, even if some inconvenience must be suffered in the selection. The camp must be dry and well drained, so that in case of sudden storms there will be no danger of the water flooding the tents, wetting the bedding or spoiling the food. A gentle sloping ground is best. Avoid locating in the track or below the mouths of innocent-looking gullies or ravines, that may, in case of rain, be developed into torrents of muddy water, and sweep the camp like a cloud-burst. A supply of pure water contributes much to the enjoyment of the campers as to the preservation of health. Common sense will direct that the camp be selected within easy reach of some bubbling spring or fresh, uncontaminated brook of running water, but there is another thing of paramount importance, and that is a handy supply of fuel." Mr. Beard tells how to construct the Adirondacks' camp, the brush covered lean-to, etc., but considers canvas tents the best shelter for campers. "They are transported with much greater ease than the most simply constructed portable house. A tent may be erected with the expenditure of less labor than any other kind of camp, and furnishes a comfortable shelter all the year round. A good wall tent, with a fly and a wooden floor, is protection enough for even the most delicate of persons."

"When you start for camp leave artificialities and fripperies behind packed up in camp, or, if Mr. Beard's advice. 'Bring only your free, untrammelled self with you, and for a frolic, for flapjacks and coffee, sweet-scented spruce boughs, camp fires, and the fireside song and the music of the banjo. Let your first care be to secure cheerful, happy companions as the most important articles for your camping outfit.'"

How Furs Are Cured.
Usually they are brought to the manufacturer merely stretched and dried; or perhaps a solution of alum has been applied to the flesh side. If the manufacturer does not wish to make use of them immediately, he sprinkles them thickly with camphor, puts them in a perfectly dry place and every few weeks has them carefully beaten.

When they are to be prepared for making up into muffs, caps, and so forth, they are put into large tubs with a quantity of rancid butter and tramped under the bare feet of men until the felt becomes soft and partially tanned. Then they are taken out and scraped on the flesh side with a strip of iron in order to remove such parts of the flesh or cellular tissue as may have adhered to the skin.

The grease is then removed from them by again tramping them thoroughly with the sawdust of mahogany or some other hard wood. Finally, they are subjected to a thorough beating, the fur or wool is carefully combed out, and they are ready to be made up into the various articles for which they are used.

Penalties After Death.
Posthumous punishment is to be inflicted on the murderers of the late queen of Korea. The two ministers who issued the decree reducing her to the rank of ordinary people and who made the king cut off his top knot were put to death when the king took refuge with the Russian legation at Seoul, and their bodies were horribly mutilated. The law department has now been directed to take the proper procedure whereby the "extreme penalty" may be administered to the two dead traitors.

Nervous
Thousands are in this condition. They are dependent and gloomy, cannot sleep, have no appetite, no energy, no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon brings help to such people. It gives them pure, rich blood, cures nervousness, creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and imparts new life and increased vigor to all the organs of the body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. 50¢; 60¢; 75¢; 1.00; 1.50; 2.00; 2.50; 3.00; 3.50; 4.00; 4.50; 5.00; 5.50; 6.00; 6.50; 7.00; 7.50; 8.00; 8.50; 9.00; 9.50; 10.00; 10.50; 11.00; 11.50; 12.00; 12.50; 13.00; 13.50; 14.00; 14.50; 15.00; 15.50; 16.00; 16.50; 17.00; 17.50; 18.00; 18.50; 19.00; 19.50; 20.00; 20.50; 21.00; 21.50; 22.00; 22.50; 23.00; 23.50; 24.00; 24.50; 25.00; 25.50; 26.00; 26.50; 27.00; 27.50; 28.00; 28.50; 29.00; 29.50; 30.00; 30.50; 31.00; 31.50; 32.00; 32.50; 33.00; 33.50; 34.00; 34.50; 35.00; 35.50; 36.00; 36.50; 37.00; 37.50; 38.00; 38.50; 39.00; 39.50; 40.00; 40.50; 41.00; 41.50; 42.00; 42.50; 43.00; 43.50; 44.00; 44.50; 45.00; 45.50; 46.00; 46.50; 47.00; 47.50; 48.00; 48.50; 49.00; 49.50; 50.00; 50.50; 51.00; 51.50; 52.00; 52.50; 53.00; 53.50; 54.00; 54.50; 55.00; 55.50; 56.00; 56.50; 57.00; 57.50; 58.00; 58.50; 59.00; 59.50; 60.00; 60.50; 61.00; 61.50; 62.00; 62.50; 63.00; 63.50; 64.00; 64.50; 65.00; 65.50; 66.00; 66.50; 67.00; 67.50; 68.00; 68.50; 69.00; 69.50; 70.00; 70.50; 71.00; 71.50; 72.00; 72.50; 73.00; 73.50; 74.00; 74.50; 75.00; 75.50; 76.00; 76.50; 77.00; 77.50; 78.00; 78.50; 79.00; 79.50; 80.00; 80.50; 81.00; 81.50; 82.00; 82.50; 83.00; 83.50; 84.00; 84.50; 85.00; 85.50; 86.00; 86.50; 87.00; 87.50; 88.00; 88.50; 89.00; 89.50; 90.00; 90.50; 91.00; 91.50; 92.00; 92.50; 93.00; 93.50; 94.00; 94.50; 95.00; 95.50; 96.00; 96.50; 97.00; 97.50; 98.00; 98.50; 99.00; 99.50; 100.00; 100.50; 101.00; 101.50; 102.00; 102.50; 103.00; 103.50; 104.00; 104.50; 105.00; 105.50; 106.00; 106.50; 107.00; 107.50; 108.00; 108.50; 109.00; 1