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Bread Upon the Waters.

Mid the losses and the gains,
Mid the pleasures and the pains,
And the hopes and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat his promise o'er—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,
Will keep slipping through our hands;
Jewels gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark;
Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But these words will never fail—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon, like dust, to you and me,
Will our earthly treasures be;
But the loving word and deed
To another in his need—
They will outlive the rest—
They will live eternally—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away,
Soon our mortal powers decay,
Low and lower sinks the sun,
What we do must soon be done;
Then what rapture, if we hear
Thy sound voices ringing clear—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

THE THREE HORSE-SHOES;

OR, MARSHALL DE SAXE AND THE DUTCH BLACKSMITH.

Maurice de Saxe was a son of the King of Saxony, and a fine lad he was—tall and strong, and handsome, and as brave as a lion. But the king, like a certain old woman of whom you may have heard, had so many children that he didn't know what to do; and so, as Maurice had such a lot of elder brothers as to have not much chance of inheriting the crown, or anything else that would keep him in bread and butter, his father sent him out to seek his fortune, like many another prince in those days. So he went over to France, and entered the army of King Louis XV.

Now, at that time there was always a war going on somewhere or other, and the French armies were fighting in every part of Europe; and the king cared very little for his officers were, or where they came from, if they were only brave men and clever fighters, and ready to go wherever he liked to send them. So, you may think, it was not long before our friend Maurice, who was quite as brave as any of them, and a good deal cleverer than most, began to make his way. First, he got to be a lieutenant, then a captain, then a major, then a colonel, and at last, while he was still a young man, he came out as Count de Saxe, and Field-Marshal of the Army of Flanders, with fifty thousand men under him! That was pretty good promotion, wasn't it?

Curiously enough, the one thing that this great general specially prided himself upon was neither his skill in warfare nor his favor at court, but simply his strength. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as showing off the power of his muscles, and astonishing the people about him by bending an iron bar, or felling a horse with one blow of his fist; and he was fond of saying that he would give his purse and all the money in it to any man who was stronger than himself, if he could ever fall in with him.

Now, it happened that, one day, while the French and German armies were lying pretty close to each other, Marshal de Saxe sent a message to the enemy's camp, asking some of the German officers to dine with him; and after the meal he began to boast of his strength, as usual, till at last an old German general, who sat at his left, said that he would like to see a specimen of what his Excellency could do. Saxe made no answer, but took up a large silver dish, which was standing before him, in his strong, white fingers (for, big and powerful as his hands were, they were white and smooth as a lady's, and he was very proud of them), and, without more ado, rolled it up like a sheet of paper!

"Can your Honor unroll that dish again?" asked he, handing it to the German man; and, although the general was a strong man, and tried his best, he found the task was too hard for him, and was forced to own himself beaten.

"Your Excellency's strength is very great," said he, "but, nevertheless, I venture to think that there is one man in Flanders who can match it."

"And who may he be?" asked Saxe, frowning.

"A blacksmith in the village of Scheveningen, Dirk Hogan by name. All the country around knows of his exploits; and when I met with him myself, I saw such things as I should have thought impossible, had my own eyes not witnessed them."

When the marshal heard this, he looked blacker than ever; and the first thing he did next morning was to send

off messengers in every direction to inquire for a village called Scheveningen, and a man named Dirk Hogan. And, sure enough, some of them came back with news that there was such a village, and that Dirk Hogan, the smith, had been living there till quite lately; but that now he had sold his forge and gone away, and nobody knew what had become of him.

This was a decided disappointment for our friend Saxe, but he had something else to think of just then. The enemy's army had lately received strong reinforcements, and seemed inclined to attack him; and he was riding out one morning to reconnoiter their position, when suddenly his horse stumbled and cast a shoe.

"There's a village just ahead of us, your Excellency," said one of his officers. "Shall I ride on and see if I can find a blacksmith?"

"Do so," answered Saxe; and the officer came back presently to say that he had found what he wanted. So the horse was led up to the door of the smithy, and the smith himself came out to have a look at it.

The moment he appeared, the marshal fastened his eyes upon him as if he would look him right through. And well he might; for this smith was such a man as one does not see every day—very nearly as tall as Saxe himself, and even broader across the shoulders, while upon his bare arms the huge muscles stood out under the tanned skin like coils of rope. The marshal felt at once that he could never be comfortable till he had had a trial of strength with this sturdy-looking fellow; so he bade him bring out one of his best horse-shoes.

The smith did so; and Saxe, looking at it, said quietly: "This ware of yours is but poor stuff, my friend; it will not stand work. Look here!"

He took it in his strong hands, and with one twist broke the iron like a biscuit.

The smith looked at him for a moment, and then, without seeming at all taken aback, brought out a second horse-shoe, and a third; but Saxe broke them as easily as he had broken the first.

"Come," said he, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot; give me the first shoe that comes to hand, and we'll try quits."

The smith produced a fourth shoe, and fitted it on; and Saxe tossed him a French crown—a coin about the size of a silver dollar. The Dutchman held it up to the light, and shook his head.

"This coin of yours is but poor metal, mynheer," said he, saying the words just as the marshal had spoken his. "It won't stand work. Look here!"

He took the coin between his finger and thumb, and with one pinch cracked it in two like a wafer.

It was now the marshal's turn to stare; and the officers exchanged winks behind his back, as much as to say that their champion had met his match at last. Saxe brought out another crown, and then a third; but the smith served them in a like manner.

"Come," said he, imitating the marshal's voice to perfection, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot. Give me the first crown that comes to hand, and we'll try quits."

The Frenchman looked at the Dutchman—and then both burst into a roar of laughter, so loud and hearty that the officers who stood by could not help joining in.

"Fairly caught!" cried the marshal, suddenly, and added, "What's your name, my fine fellow?"

"Dirk Hogan, from Scheveningen." "The very man I've been looking for! But I've found him in a way I didn't expect."

"So it seems," said the smith, grinning. "I needn't ask who you are—you're the Count de Saxe, who was always wanting to meet with a stronger man than himself. Does it seem to you as if you had met with him now?"

"Well, I rather think it does," quoth Saxe, shrugging his shoulders; "and as I promised to give him my purse whenever I did meet with him, here it is. And now, if you'll come along with me, and serve as farrier to my headquarters' staff, I promise you that you shall never have cause to regret meeting with Maurice de Saxe."

And the marshal was as good as his word.—David Ker, in St. Nicholas.

A boy, weight fifty pounds, was recently sent by express over the railway routes of Pennsylvania. As it was necessary for him to make several changes, his friends concluded that this was the safest method for him to make the journey. So a tag, with the proper address, was fastened to his button hole, a receipt given to his parents, and the live package was finally delivered safely at its destination.

LIVELY SCENE ON A GUNBOAT.

An Impressed Jaguar Makes a Last Desperate Dash for Its Native Jungle.

In the summer of 1866 a French gunboat, La Belle Rhone, landed ammunition and supplies for the Maximilian government in the harbor of Sinal, and before leaving the harbor took a fine jaguar on board that had been purchased by an agent of the new zoological garden of Marseilles. The brute had been captured in a pitfall in the neighborhood of Merida, and, being a full-grown and beautiful specimen, was preferred to different tame ones which the citizens of the town offered for sale, though his ferocity made it necessary to confine him in a cage of charca sticks, a species of wood that does not easily break, but splinters like bamboo, and resists the attempts of any animal to gnaw it by lacerating its gums. When the cage was brought on board the captive seemed to know that his remaining chances of escape were numbered by minutes, and braced himself for a last effort. In the moment when his movable prison was being lowered through the hatchway he forced his paw through the staves, reached out and tore the shoulder of the nearest sailor with a succession of ripping blows. The man jumped aside, yelling murder, his mates slipped their grip, and the cage, jaguar and all, tumbled down, fifteen feet straight into the hold, and upon a pile of pig-iron ballast which fractured its bottom board. The men stood aghast, and the shrieks and the rush of steam-laborers below confirmed their worst fears: the jaguar was running at large in the hold of the ship. Ignorant of the ladder and stairway conveniences, the brute attempted to regain the deck by the same road he had come down, and after jumping from rafter to rafter reached the luminous gate of the upper world by a desperate leap; and in the nick of time, for the sailors on deck had recovered their wits, and were dragging a trapdoor toward the dangerous hole. They were letting it down when its edge on one side came in contact with some obstacle; a paw was pushed through from below, a frightful head quickly after, and, heedless of the belloyed profets of the first mate, two of the men broke and ran. They returned, the one with a handspike, the other with a heavy bucket, but the delay had been fatal: the brute had got its second paw through, and, in spite of a shower of blows, enlarged the opening sufficiently to free the rest of its body. A *saute qui peut* ("save himself who can") followed, and the tiger jumped on deck, and stood there for a second, glaring around with bloodshot eyes. But only for a second: fully conscious, it seemed, that there was not another moment to lose, he used the trapdoor as a jumping-board and cleared the gunwales with a flying leap. The boat had got under way some time ago, but had followed an alongshore course, so that the distance to terra firma was not very considerable—a mile or a mile and a half at the farthest. But Don Tigrón was by no means out of trouble yet: rifle-balls, carbine-balls and pistol-balls made the water fly around his head, and the marines were just coming up with their muskets when the French lieutenant interfered: "A chap that could beat us fair and square on our own deck ought not to be shot in the water like a cowardly deserter; give him a chance."

An Odd Old Man.

The Ogdensburg Journal tells about a peculiar character named Charles Anderson, who appears to be between sixty-five and seventy years of age. For the last twenty years he has been traveling back and forth, on foot, between Ogdensburg and Montreal, buying and selling money. On the Canada side he gathers American silver coin, nickel five and one cent pieces, and bringing them here sells them for greenbacks. On this side he purchases the "bung-down" pennies and takes them back to Canada. During these twenty years he has accumulated a large amount of money which he has invested in United States bonds. On this occasion he had an old bag filled with the worst lot of ragged woolsens it is possible to imagine, and among them were three bags of coins, representing in value perhaps one hundred and fifty dollars. In his personal appearance he would double discount the raggedest kind of a tramp. He is a bachelor, and in reply to an inquiry, "What on earth do you expect to do with your accumulations?" he intimated that he was saving up for a rainy day. The inquirer remarked that he looked now as though it had been raining pitchforks with him for some time past.

A Colored Princess.

At the opera in Paris, the other evening, a colored lady, very elegantly dressed, sat in one of the boxes, surrounded by other dark visaged persons. It was the Princess Celis, daughter of Souloque, once Emperor of Hayti, and her family. The princess lives most of the time in England. Souloque could write his signature only, and could read nothing but print. He declared himself emperor in 1849, and created among the colored population four hundred nobles, of whom four were princes, fifty-nine dukes, and twelve marquises. The others were counts, barons, and knights. He also created two orders for men—one military, that of Saint Faustine, the other civil, the Legion of Honor; also, two for women, those of Sainte Madeline and Sainte Anne.

Silver was first coined by Phidias, King of Argos, about 860 B. C., the epoch of the building of Carthage, and about one hundred and forty years after the construction of Solomon's temple.

Hunting Wild Horses.

The wild horse can run away from a man; but this protection fails at times.

The horse catchers—or "vaqueros," as they are called—are famous riders, and to see them capture a wild mustang is better than to go to a circus. The vaquero puts a Spanish saddle on a tame horse, and starts out to see what he can find. In front, on the high pomel of the saddle, he hangs in large coils a leather rope, about a hundred feet long, and called a lasso. It is made of strips of raw hide, braided by hand into a smooth, hard and very pretty rope. One end is secured to the saddle, and the other end has a slip-knot making a sliding noose.

The vaquero has not long to wait, for there are droves of horses cantering or walking about over the swells and hollows of the prairie, with here and there a smaller group looking on, or watching a battle between two horses who wish to be captains of their bands or companies. Presently, there is a strange sound of tramping hoofs, like the sound of a squadron of cavalry, except that it has a grand, wild rush and swing such as no cavalry ever had, and a cloud of dark heads rises over a swell of the land. The leader sees the vaquero, and he halts suddenly, and the others pull up in a confused crowd, and toss their heads, and sniff the air, as if they scent danger near. The leader does not like the looks of things, and turns and slowly canters away, followed by all the rest, tramping in confusion through the yellow grass and wild barley. Presently they become frightened, and away they fly in a dusty throng.

The vaquero's horse seems to think his chance has come, and he pricks up his ears, and is eager for the glorious fun of a dash after the mustangs. Away they go pell-mell, in a panic, and the tame horse galloping swiftly after them. Down they tumble—some knocked over in the confusion, snorting and flinging great flecks of foam from their dilated nostrils, trampling over each other in mad haste, each for himself, and the American horse sweeping after them. Now the vaquero stands up in the saddle, and the lasso swings round and round in a circle over his head. Splash! It sings through the air with a whirling sound, and opens out in great rings, while the loop spreads wider and wider, and at last drops plump over the head of a mustang. The vaquero's horse pulls up with a sudden halt, and sinks back on his haunches, and braces his fore feet out in front. Ah! how the dust flies! The mustang is fast, held by the slip-knot, and he rears up and plunges in wild and frantic terror. The vaquero strains terribly, but the vaquero watches his chances, and takes in the rope every time it slackens. It is of no use! The poor mustang is hard and fast. Perhaps another rider comes up and flings another lasso over his head. Then they ride round him, and the mustang is twisted and tangled in the ropes till he can hardly move. He falls, and rolls, and kicks furiously, and all in vain. Panting, exhausted and conquered, he at last submits to his fate. His free days are over, and he seems to know it. A few more struggles, and he recognizes that man is his master, and, perhaps, in one or two days he submits to a bit in his mouth, and becomes a tame horse for the rest of his life. If, by any chance, he escapes before he is broken in, and runs away to join his wild companions, he seems never to forget that terrible lasso, and if he sees the vaquero again, he will stand, trembling and frightened, and most terrified to even run away.—St. Nicholas.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Household Hints.

CEMENT FOR MENDING TABLE KNIVES.—Cutler's cement, for fastening the blades of dinner knives in their ivory handles, consists of rosin, four parts; bees-wax, one part; brick-dust, one part. Fill the hole in the handle with the cement, heat the tang of the blade, and press in.

WASHING BROWN PRINTS.—In answer to the inquiry: "What will prevent a brown print from fading in washing?" I send the following: Get three cents worth of sugar lead and dissolve in as much water as will wet the dress. Do this before the dress is washed, and it will set the color.

To Keep Milk for Six Months.

Cork in bottles and place these in a pan of cold water, which is then to be raised gradually to the boiling point. Then take out the bottles and allow them to cool before setting them in a cool place. If it is ever necessary or desirable to keep milk so long, the plan may be worth trying.

To Clean Ornaments.

To clean gold ornaments, dissolve a little sal ammoniac in spirits of wine and wash the gold in it; or try the following method: Mix some jeweler's rouge with a little salad oil and with a toothbrush rub the ornament till perfectly clean. Then wash it in warm soap and water with a clean brush and dry it with wash-leather.

To Wash Blankets.

Have plenty of warm water, in which you have previously melted, say, a quarter of a pound of white soap, free from rosin, stirring well until it is a lather; add to this one teaspoonful of magical mixture, stir again, put in your blankets and turn them around in it for ten minutes, keeping the boiler on the range, but do not allow it to boil; take them out in clear water and rub them, rinse them in a water slightly blued, wring and snap and shake them until the water is out of them, then let them get perfectly dry and press them under damp muslin. It will require two persons to handle them.

A Big Bullock.

Mr. J. M. Woods, of Chestnut Grove, Ky., writes the *Farmer's Home Journal*, how he raised a good grade steer, as follows:

During the first three months of the life of this bullock, its lot was a hard one and the fare poor. Milk was not plentiful, and so the calf was permitted to become thin—a condition which induced me to give it the best possible care during the winter. I turned it on a rye field and gave it also some shelled corn, and did not stop the supply of this until the grass began to grow again. From that time, until the coming fall, no more grain was given; but with the return of fall and winter, the use of grain was resumed. I fed nothing but corn shelled, and clover hay cut up and mixed with the corn, and plenty of shock fodder. At twenty-seven months old the bullock weighed 1,505 pounds, and when three years and one month and twenty-four days old, it weighed 2,055 pounds; three months further on, it weighed 2,300. I received for the bullock \$120.

Now, brother farmers, sow more rye for your calves. Shell some corn, mix the corn with clover, hay and oats, and do your feeding in troughs. Follow the plan hereby outlined, if you want large, fat bullocks. Try it; it will surely pay you to follow this plan. *Rural World.*

Farm Notes.

A fat calf is 62.3 per cent. water and 37.7 of dry substance.

Too much exercise is well known to retard the process of fattening animals.

For warts on horses, tie a piece of strong twine around their base, drawing tightly and repeating the operation until the wart drops off.

Prof. Silliman has stated that "lightning-rods cannot be relied upon unless they reach the earth, where it is permanently wet, even in times of the severest drought, and the best security is offered by carrying the rod, or some good metallic conductor, which is duly connected with it to the water in the well, or to some other body of water that never fails."

A better plan for improving the aroma of butter, in use in many parts of Switzerland noted for good milk and fine butter, is as follows: The milk, as soon as it is drawn, and while yet warm, is filtered through a sprig of washed fir tips, the stem of which is inserted loosely and upright in the hole of the funnel. The milk deposits hairs, skins, clots or gelatinous sliminess on the leaves. It has imparted to it a most agreeable odor, and does not readily turn sour. A fresh sprig should be used each time.

Items of Interest.

Eighty-two years ago there were but twenty-five post-offices in all this country.

Brigham Young's widows are having hard work getting anybody to have them.

One California farmer lost 20,000 sheep and 6,000 acres of wheat by the recent floods.

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a communicative man with nothing to communicate.

Two million tons is the amount of ice cropped and hauled, notwithstanding the mildness of the past winter.

"How to keep an umbrella," is the title of a newspaper article. We know. Dig a hole sixteen feet deep and bury it.

A score of full-born Americans will move three wagon-loads of lumber to uncover a poor old rat, where a cash offer of fifty cents each would have no effect.

A mouse placed in a box with three rattlesnakes at Anna, Illinois, killed one of the snakes, while the two remaining ones showed the greatest fear of the little beast, watching every move it made.

Boy (reading)—"And as she sailed down the river—" Teacher—"Why are ships called she?" Boy (preoccupiously alive to the responsibilities of his sex)—"Because they need men to manage them."

The story comes from Woodstock, Vt., of an old clock that no tinkering will induce to run; but at every annual gathering of the family it starts of itself, and keeps on ticking and striking the hour until the visitors have departed.

This "catch" is now in circulation: "What is the difference between a potato and a lemon?" When the questioned party says he doesn't know, the other says, "Then I don't want you to buy any lemons for me;" and then comes the "ha! ha! ha!"

A postess weighing one hundred and sixty pounds yearns "to twitter as a bird on some lone spray." When she gets on a spray and begins to twitter there is going to be an item for the local paper, unless the spray is as thick as an underground gas pipe.

Woman gets the credit of exercising patience and fortitude under circumstances that would overwhelm the bravest man, and she deserves it. It tries her, though, to entertain a young man in the parlor every Sunday night, or, tetter, for two or three years, without the slightest suggestion from him of matrimony or household furniture, while the old man is storming daily about the hard times and the high price of lights and fuel.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Thirty-four doctors having invited Bertha Von Hillern to walk twenty-six hours without sleep, to give an "illustration of feminine endurance," in order to demonstrate what free physical development, good habits, correct diet, temperance, and systematic exercise will give her the capacity to do, we suggest that they now invite a man to give a similar illustration of masculine endurance, in order to demonstrate what regular habits, correct diet, the avoidance of extra suppers, temperance in all things, free physical development, and systematic exercise will do for masculinity. This illustration, it seems to us, is quite as much needed for man as woman. Physiological living would make the average man much more wholesome.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The constituents of the human body, taking elements the names of which will be familiar to the general reader, rather than compounds, are sixteen in number, seven of them being metals, and nine non-metals. The metals weigh altogether (11 stone, or 154 pounds, being taken as the standard weight of the whole body) something less than five pounds, nearly four of which are calcium, the basis of lime, supplying the chief part of the bones and teeth. Of iron there are sixty-five grains, a small amount, but very important as giving color to the blood. Among non-metallic elements oxygen is the most important, amounting to no less than 100 pounds, and next to this carbon, weighing not quite nineteen pounds. Of phosphorus, which, if some physiologists are to be believed, supplies the motive power of the whole, there is one pound, twelve ounces, twenty-five grains. The weight of water in the body, to speak of compounds, not elements, is almost exactly the same as that of oxygen in the other list. The practical science of food is, of course, to keep up the supply of these substances to their normal quantity.

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