

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E VARIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVI.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 23, 1879.

NO. 30.

**Daisies.**  
Out in the meadows, so fresh and so dewy,  
Out in the meadows at breaking of day;  
Opening their eyes at the first beam of sun-  
light,  
"We wish you good-morrow," the daisies  
say,  
Golden and white,  
In the morning light,  
"We wish you good-morrow," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields in the glory of noontide,  
Out where the bees and the butterflies play;  
Through their white lids looking up into  
heaven,  
"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies  
say,  
Golden and white,  
In the noonday light,  
"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields when the bright sunlight  
faded,  
And gildeth the hilltop with lingering ray,  
Closing their eyes as the day's glory dieth,  
"We wish you good-night," the daisies say.  
Golden and white,  
In the sunset light,  
"We wish you good-night," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields in the still sweet starlight,  
Hushed all confusion and noise of the day,  
Fast asleep, with their golden eyes hidden,  
"We wake on the morrow," they seem to  
say.

## JEMMY'S MADMAN.

LETTER FROM MISS JEMMA BURNSIDE TO  
THOMAS BURNSIDE, ESQ.

[How the *Republican* got hold of this  
letter does not matter. Let it suffice  
that it has it, by consent of all parties,  
who hope that in some extraordinary  
way it may greatly advance the moral  
and emotional interests of other young  
men and women.]

My DEAR TOM:  
I have had an extraordinary adventure.  
Prepare to shiver. Of all places  
set as traps for the unwary traveler,  
H— is the most trying and unmitigated.  
I should recommend all myself  
frightened young women (like myself,  
before I received this sad lesson) to settle  
one point definitely before starting on  
their travels; if H— must lie in their  
way, determine either to start from it,  
or to go there last, prepared to stay.  
When I left the Plainville train and entered  
the hot, crowded waiting-room, I  
went at once to the ticket-master and asked:

"How long shall I have to wait for  
the train to Mountain Ash station?"

"Six hours," answered the wooden  
man, without a glimmer of natural  
emotion.

I know I groaned aloud as I turned to  
view the prospect over. The day was  
simply—Tophet—the waiting-room  
as I remarked, was crowded—and  
with the most unpromising set of cross,  
elderly, traveling-agent-like tourists it  
was ever my misfortune to meet; nothing  
that offered a chance of entertainment—  
plenty of babies, sour, sticky,  
some sleepy, some audibly wailing, all  
more or less decorated with gingerbread  
crumbs around their noses. I do sometimes  
find comfort and consolation in  
watching babies on a journey, or perhaps  
the elderly person, unaccustomed  
to travel, who engages your attention by  
means of an umbrella, and receives  
answer to her numerous questions with  
an air of open suspicion which suggests  
her belief in the creed that travelers are  
always liars; these oddities, you know,  
are always amusing, but yesterday  
morning it seemed as if all the interesting  
and all the eccentric elements of migratory  
society had been eliminated, only the  
dullest and most commonplace remaining.

I wanted to take a walk, but my prophetic  
sister assured me that those pavements,  
radiating heat, were no better  
than burning plowshares—only a martyr  
could be expected to enjoy such a promenade;  
the very grasshoppers in distant  
fields chirped with a noise like hissing.  
You see, Thomas, unaccustomed, how  
gloomy was the situation; and yet, out of  
these unpromising elements, your ingenious  
sister developed an adventure of  
vast dimensions—so vast, in fact, that  
I doubt if you ever let me travel, alone,  
again. (Not *vernon*.) Perhaps you would  
like me to hasten the narrative; very well.

Upon this scene of anguish and gloom  
entered the liveliest of strangers; his hat  
had clapped on—no hat without a cock  
could possibly have been so straightened  
ended before a glass—his coat also looked  
hasty, and if a doubt remained that the  
young man was in a hurry, one glance  
at his movements would have dissipated it  
forever. He was looking anxiously  
through the crowd, and I was observing  
this unseemly energy with languid  
amusement, when suddenly I met his  
eye; and oh! Tom, the most bewildering  
thrill went through me! Can you believe  
that his look meant recognition?

—not recognition only, but relief, secrecy,  
mystery and Heaven knows what besides.  
I expected him to hail me as a sister  
at least, after that joyful glance; instead,  
he dropped into a seat and began a steady

stare, which, for a moment, I returned  
as if fascinated. Tom, wasn't it shocking  
to you in a minute. Be sure to sit perfectly  
still." So saying he vanished, leaving me  
with my mouth wide open, and the scream,  
so to speak, frozen within  
me.

Now, Tom, I can't stop every time to  
depict my state of mind. Just please to  
fancy it, for the thought of postage on  
this letter already weighs me down, and I  
must hasten to state the facts.

In two seconds or thereabouts Mr.  
Madman appeared—where do you think?  
Wading through the water around a  
bend in the river. He came just below  
me and holding up his arms, cried,  
"Jump! I believe I observed, 'Go  
away!' He answered, scolding originally,  
"Jump, don't be afraid!" Then,  
seeing the need of further argument, he  
added, "I'm here to catch you." I  
didn't tell him that this reason powerfully  
dissuaded me from the step—or the  
jump—but I thought it. I said, however,  
"I can't. I won't. Oh, do go  
away!"

"Nonsense!" said he, very rudely.  
"Go away and leave you hanging up  
there like a stranded mermaid! How  
will you get down, if I don't stay?  
Come, won't you?"

Then, seeing that I sat stock still and  
put my hands over my face—for really,  
I can't help remarking that I was  
frightened to death—he said, with a cool  
determination that froze my marrow,  
"Very well; if you won't come to me, I  
must go to you, that's all." A hint that  
I inhospitably answered with another  
scream.

No use; he climbed like a cat; I  
couldn't but admire his agility; but  
don't think I admired the way he swung  
himself beside me and seized both hands.  
Oh, Tom! Of course I struggled wildly.  
The dreadful man then threw his arm  
around my shoulder—no doubt I should  
have pitched off into the river if he  
hadn't, but I'd rather have done it—and  
all the time he was talking in the most  
soothing way, which didn't soothe me  
in the least, as you can well imagine.

"Poor child!" I heard at last. "Molly,  
Molly, be still a minute. You don't  
know me. I'm Cousin Charlie."  
This gave me a hope that I was mistaken  
after all and the man was no  
lunatic, but merely a blundering victim  
of myopia, who took me for somebody  
else. I turned on him fiercely and said,  
"You are right; I don't know you at  
all."

"Certainly not," he assented, cheerfully.  
"This years since last we met,  
but I'm glad to meet again. Aren't you  
a preserver, Miss Molly? Your  
father telegraphed me this morning to  
meet and look after you. Considering  
this little adventure, it's well he did.  
Are you given to tumbling off hill-tops,  
Cousin Molly?" He was clearly laughing  
at me! I grew frantic.

"My name's not Molly! You take me  
for somebody else. My father is dead—  
he couldn't have telegraphed you this  
morning—let me go, let me go!" I cried,  
wriggling like an eel.

"You may have forgotten your name,"  
with great calmness. "You know you  
forgot to take a trunk this morning.  
Shall we go back and get it?"

I could only stare at him, speechless.  
I was prepared to argue the point of my  
identity, though he must be a bit indelicate  
not to discover my mistake at the distance  
which then separated us, but to be so  
so taken for granted, with this air of  
supernatural information as to who I  
might be—I confess it prostrated my  
powers of repartee.

"Come, we won't pretend any longer,  
Molly, that we don't know our name  
and our cousin, Charlie Thorne. Why  
should I be here if you were not you and  
I were not I?"

I may frankly say I didn't like his  
tone, which was in fact adapted to an  
intelligence of eight years or there-  
abouts. Filled with rage, I turned to  
him and said loudly and distinctly:  
"I don't know what you mean. My  
name, in the first place, is not Molly. It  
is Jemima Burnside. I live in the city of  
Boston, and I am on my way to visit  
friends at Mountain Ash station. Here"  
—diving into my pocket—"is my handkerchief  
with my name on it—here's a letter  
from Tom addressed to me" (provisionally  
received this morning before I left Plainville).  
"Read it, read it, if you don't believe me,  
and do let me go!"

I wrenched myself from a grasp that  
suddenly became nerveless. Such a face,  
Tom! It makes me shiver now to think  
of it. He stared at the letter under his  
nose as if it addressed was in Greek, he  
held the handkerchief I had thrust upon  
him, rigidly, as if it turned to stone.

"I—oh, pray forgive me!" he stam-  
mered. "I can hardly believe you even  
now. What shall I say to explain to  
you—the fact is—oh, Miss Burnside, it  
is really too bad that I should have  
to begin my apology by stating that I took  
you for a lunatic!"

"Of course I stared and exclaimed,  
"Why, but I took you for a lunatic!"  
"What?" he cried, merrily, "why  
should you take me for a lunatic?"  
This was too much. I retorted bitterly  
"Why should you take me for a

lunatic? It doesn't seem half so bad to  
say a man is—"  
"Oh, yes it does," he said, beginning  
to laugh; "to him. We have our feel-  
ings, too, and such a charge would be  
sadly mortifying. But please let me  
state the extenuations of my case. My  
uncle, Mr. Harris, telegraphed me—wait,  
here is the telegram," drawing a  
crumpled paper from his vest pocket,  
where it had evidently been thrust after  
reading. I read:

"GATES STATION, June 10, 187—  
To Charles Thorne, 149 Main street, H—  
Meet Molly at 10:30 train. She has lost  
her mind, wandered away this a. m., and  
took train for H—. Wears gray dress and  
blue veil. Carries small bag. No luggage.  
Stop her, for God's sake."  
J. G. HARRIS.

"You understand, don't you? The  
train was in—I had barely time to reach  
the station as the crowd poured out.  
She was not in it. I entered the station  
and there I saw you—the only one who  
could possibly be my poor cousin. I  
think you are wearing a gray dress and  
blue veil!"

He was only a man, helpless about  
details of feminine costume, but he was  
right, and I told him so.

"You really look something like her,"  
he continued, regarding me.

"Thank you," I said, promptly.  
"I was about to add that my Cousin  
Mary is a raving belle—but you don't  
deserve it now," he answered, with  
outrageous impertinence. "But it seemed  
well for this time as if we were old friends,  
Tom—you know one can't tumble off a cliff  
or climb stocking-footed up the same, and  
preserve any great formality of respect."  
"No, you are only too good not to al-  
lude more distinctly to that wasp at the  
station. I see all now. No wonder you  
thought I was crazy."

"Oh—it was a wasp? Ah, yes."  
Once more I didn't like his tone; I  
knew he was ridiculing my prejudices,  
but I can't help it—twice a man I  
should be afraid of them.

"But your cousin?" I said, and he  
started as if I had fired off a cracker.  
Privately, between you and me, I believe  
he had forgotten her. He now made up  
for it, however, and looked so unhappy  
that I did all I could to help him get  
rid of me. He pulled and hoisted me  
up the rocks at last, and, once on top, so  
far forgot himself as to make jokes on  
my misfortune.

"Which do you prefer, Miss Burnside,  
the lightning express down the bank, or  
the accommodation back again?"

"To this I coldly answered by his sugges-  
tion that he had better go get his shoes  
before the ducks and geese at them up.  
Oh, Tom, I must hurry. There is  
much more to tell, but I reserve it for  
another letter—unless I forget it. He  
threw me over his shoulder here—he came  
out and called on them last evening, and  
said he would come again. That, how-  
ever, I shall believe when I see him.  
Your sex are all deceivers, Tom, you've  
often said so, and I mean to believe you.  
This is all the adventure—I give you  
leave to put it in your next novel. Your  
most affectionate sister,

JEMIMA BURNSIDE.  
P. S.—As usual, I left out the most im-  
portant part. Mr. Thorne's cousin is  
all right. She didn't come to H— at  
all, but was traced by a detective and  
brought home that same evening. Poor  
girl! Mr. Thorne says that the doctors  
give hope of her recovery in time.

Yours,  
J. B.  
—Springfield Republican.

**Give Me the People.**  
Some love the glow of outward show—  
Some love mere wealth, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!  
What's all the gold, that glitters cold,  
When link'd to hard or haughty feeling?  
What's 'ere we're told, the nobler good,  
Is truth of heart and manly dealing?  
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it—  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**  
Bookkeepers have the ruling passion  
strong in life.  
Net prophets—Those who predict lots  
of mosquitoes.  
A doctor is judged by his skill as well  
as by his cures.  
A Rockford (Ill.) man has a cherry  
orchard containing 3,500 trees.  
The Emperor of Germany has frequent  
and threatening fits of fainting.  
A scolding woman, like a train conduc-  
tor, is pretty much on the rail.  
The "audiometer," an instrument for  
measuring the sense of hearing, is a late  
scientific invention.  
It is estimated that American shop-  
pers spend nearly \$100,000,000 every sea-  
son over the counters in London.  
The family cat at the White House  
was a present to Mrs. Hayes from a gen-  
tleman in Asia. It is a Siamese.  
Remark by the small boy of the  
period: Let me see the circus of a na-  
tion, and I care not who makes its laws.  
A college orator in a spiked-tail coat  
points the way to true greatness, and  
then goes and rents himself as a pitcher  
for a professional nine.—*Playmate*.  
High Wolf, one of the Cheyenne  
chiefs, was knocked flat on the ground  
with a hail stone the size of a man's fist  
during a storm at Wichita, Kansas.

There are no two more who look  
upon each other with more distinguished  
contempt than the miser and the spend-  
thrift, and I guess they are both right  
about it.—*Josh Billings*.  
It is a little singular, although no less  
true, that one small but well-constructed  
fly will do more toward breaking up a  
man's afternoon nap than the outdoor  
racket of a full brass band.—*Waterloo  
Observer*.  
The average urchin little fears  
The policeman stout or slim—  
That is, upon a scorching day,  
When a cool, refreshing swim  
is involved.  
—New York Star.

**What "Boom" Means.**  
The current word to express a pecu-  
liar and frequent phenomenon in  
American politics is "boom." It is de-  
rived from the Western idiom describing  
the freshets in rivers and creeks. In  
those streams that are far from the  
stable equilibrium of tidal waters there  
are very great inequalities of volume.  
Some of them vary from six inches of  
dust in a dry time to sixty feet of water  
during a season of rains, and all have  
their times when the usually thin and  
shallow streams come pouring down in  
a yellow flood, bearing fence rails and  
corn stacks and other signs of the in-  
vasion of the riparian farms, and laden  
with the dog-gone explosives of the set-  
tlers and the vexations of the travelers  
delayed at the fords. The stream is pow-  
erful while it lasts, but that is only for  
a day or two, and while it is at its height  
of temporary greatness it is called a  
"boom." "Lost Creek or the Dry Fork  
is a-booming," is the way in which the  
natives describe these passing ebullitions  
of nature.

**The Land of Midian.**  
The words "Midian" and "Midian-  
ites" are, of course, familiar to every  
reader of the Bible; even the little  
schoolgirl knows that to be mer-  
chants of this nation—Ishmaelites—that  
Joseph was sold. But we doubt many  
persons who are not advanced geographi-  
cal students have at all a clear idea of  
the situation of this country, and still  
more, whether they know that it was in  
very ancient times resorted to by Egyp-  
tians for gold and copper and for the  
highly-prized "blue-green stones"—i. e.,  
turquoises. Midian, the Madyan of the  
Arab geographers, is that part of the  
Arabian desert which lies to the east of  
the northern portion of the Red Sea, a  
narrow strip of country extending  
lengthwise from the head of the Gulf  
of Akabah to the Hejaz. It is mostly  
barren and mountainous, and, although  
under the dominion of Egypt, is still  
in the possession of the children of Ishmael,  
the wandering Bedouin.—*The Spectator*.

**OF DISEASES**  
TREATABLE BY USING  
**XICAN TANG**  
**MENT.**  
OF ANIMALS.  
Scratches,  
Horns and Galls,  
Scurvy, Canker,  
Screech Worm, Grub,  
Foot Rot, Hoof All,  
Lameness,  
Swainy, Founders,  
Sprains, Strains,  
Sore Feet,  
Stiffness,  
and every hurt or accident,  
nily, stable and stock yard it is  
most favorite.  
Always good.  
**TEST OF ALL**  
**MENTS**  
N. 1. No 27  
**MUSIC BOOKS.**  
**EL OF JOY!** 35 cts.  
Best favorite.  
**VS!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**EVER!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**ENGLISH SONG!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**OF GEMS!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**THE DANCE!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
I. (200) 1.00; 2.00; 3.00; 4.00; 5.00; 6.00; 7.00; 8.00; 9.00; 10.00; 11.00; 12.00; 13.00; 14.00; 15.00; 16.00; 17.00; 18.00; 19.00; 20.00; 21.00; 22.00; 23.00; 24.00; 25.00; 26.00; 27.00; 28.00; 29.00; 30.00; 31.00; 32.00; 33.00; 34.00; 35.00; 36.00; 37.00; 38.00; 39.00; 40.00; 41.00; 42.00; 43.00; 44.00; 45.00; 46.00; 47.00; 48.00; 49.00; 50.00; 51.00; 52.00; 53.00; 54.00; 55.00; 56.00; 57.00; 58.00; 59.00; 60.00; 61.00; 62.00; 63.00; 64.00; 65.00; 66.00; 67.00; 68.00; 69.00; 70.00; 71.00; 72.00; 73.00; 74.00; 75.00; 76.00; 77.00; 78.00; 79.00; 80.00; 81.00; 82.00; 83.00; 84.00; 85.00; 86.00; 87.00; 88.00; 89.00; 90.00; 91.00; 92.00; 93.00; 94.00; 95.00; 96.00; 97.00; 98.00; 99.00; 100.00; 101.00; 102.00; 103.00; 104.00; 105.00; 106.00; 107.00; 108.00; 109.00; 110.00; 111.00; 112.00; 113.00; 114.00; 115.00; 116.00; 117.00; 118.00; 119.00; 120.00; 121.00; 122.00; 123.00; 124.00; 125.00; 126.00; 127.00; 128.00; 129.00; 130.00; 131.00; 132.00; 133.00; 134.00; 135.00; 136.00; 137.00; 138.00; 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514.00; 515.00; 516.00; 517.00; 518.00; 519.00; 520.00; 521.00; 522.00; 523.00; 524.00; 525.00; 526.00; 527.00; 528.00; 529.00; 530.00; 531.00; 532.00; 533.00; 534.00; 535.00; 536.00; 537.00; 538.00; 539.00; 540.00; 541.00; 542.00; 543.00; 544.00; 545.00; 546.00; 547.00; 548.00; 549.00; 550.00; 551.00; 552.00; 553.00; 554.00; 555.00; 556.00; 557.00; 558.00; 559.00; 560.00; 561.00; 562.00; 563.00; 564.00; 565.00; 566.00; 567.00; 568.00; 569.00; 570.00; 571.00; 572.00; 573.00; 574.00; 575.00; 576.00; 577.00; 578.00; 579.00; 580.00; 581.00; 582.00; 583.00; 584.00; 585.00; 586.00; 587.00; 588.00; 589.00; 590.00; 591.00; 592.00; 593.00; 594.00; 595.00; 596.00; 597.00; 598.00; 599.00; 600.00; 601.00; 602.00; 603.00; 604.00; 605.00; 606.00; 607.00; 608.00; 609.00; 610.00; 611.00; 612.00; 613.00; 614.00; 615.00; 616.00; 617.00; 618.00; 619.00; 620.00; 621.00; 622.00; 623.00; 624.00; 625.00; 626.00; 627.00; 628.00; 629.00; 630.00; 631.00; 632.00; 633.00; 634.00; 635.00; 636.00; 637.00; 638.00; 639.00; 640.00; 641.00; 642.00; 643.00; 644.00; 645.00; 646.00; 647.00; 648.00; 649.00; 650.00; 651.00; 652.00; 653.00; 654.00; 655.00; 656.00; 657.00; 658.00; 659.00; 660.00; 661.00; 662.00; 663.00; 664.00; 665.00; 666.00; 667.00; 668.00; 669.00; 670.00; 671.00; 672.00; 673.00; 674.00; 675.00; 676.00; 677.00; 678.00; 679.00; 680.00; 681.00; 682.00; 683.00; 684.00