

# The Big Line Fence.

Miss Euphemia Anderson sat down upon a fallen log and wiped her face with her blue checked apron.

"Jemima!" she called to a pink sun-bonnet displayed above the raspberry bushes.

"Jemima Hume! Ain't you ever goin' to stop pickin'?" My pail's full an' shook down, and not another berry would I pick this day, if I had to wade in 'em knee deep. Come over here in the shade, and let's eat our lunch!"

The pink sunbonnet moved and its owner came slowly from the woods, her portly form tearing an ample path-way in the bushes.

"Well Euphemia Anderson!" she said, as she sank panting in the cool shade of the maples and fanned her round countenance, "If you'd lived for the last twenty years on the prairie, and in a town at that, you'd go on pickin' raspberries all summer, and winter too for that matter, an' be glad. This here's brought back my younger days more than anything. I've gone round in a reg'lar dream all afternoon, sayin' to myself 'Jemima Hume, you're home again; you're in Ontario and you're under a tree pickin' raspberries after twenty years!'"

"Well, well," said her hostess, smiling, "you'll be easy entertained Jemima, if that's all you need. I'm sure it makes me young again just to see you round. Somehow I never felt the same after you an' Peter went to Manitoba. Now help yourself to that chicken jelly, and try some of the short-cake. There's no hurry home, as long as I get there to help Sarah Ellen put away the milk."

Thus the women sat and talked for some-time.

"Look now; ain't that a prettier sight than you'll ever see in the north west?" said Miss Euphemia at length.

They were seated at the edge of a little wooded hill, known as "The Slab," which overlooked the surrounding farms.

Mrs. Hume looked down across the sunny fields that sloped in gentle undulations down to the blue and silver expanse of Lake Huron.

Here and there farm-houses nestled cozily in their orchards, and past them ran a picturesque little gien that divided Miss Anderson's home from the neighbouring farm.

A little stream gurgled through its green depths, slipping lazily over the white stones, for the thirsty sun had almost dried it, lingering in the cool hollow called "The Spring," where the willows were reflected in its clear pools, rolling out a little swifter under the bridge, where the white dusty road crossed it, and finally flinging its joyous self into the waters of Lake Huron, as they came rushing up in welcome, all blue and white and smiling. It was indeed a beautiful picture, with the warm afternoon sunlight flooding all; but the visitor's attention had been caught by a huge board fence that ran parallel to the little stream. It was remarkably high and was topped with iron spikes (worthy of the wall of a mediaeval castle).

"Deary me, Euphemia!" she said, adjusting her spectacles, "What on earth possessed your brother to put up a barricade like that between you and the Martineses?"

A shadow passed over Miss Euphemia's wrinkled face.

"You may well ask, Jemima. That fence is the disgrace of the countryside. I s'pose there weren't two better friends in Ontario than Steve Martin and our Andrew, when you folks moved away. But they got into a row about fencin' the farms off, nothin' much to begin with, but it ended up awful bad. I never quite got the rights of the story, because it started before my time, when Andrew's wife was livin', but there was a good deal of trouble about payin' for a fence, and for a long spell there was no fence at all, both of 'em bein' that stubborn. An' Steve's cattle used to get into Andrew's grain; some said he kept that field for pasture purpose even after it was all wore out. I never liked to ask Andrew about it because he's got a temper, even if he is my brother, an' the name of Martin in him, is just like showin' a red rag to a mad bull; but as far as I can make out they went on rowin' an' rowin' for a whole year, till it came to Steve havin' the law on Andrew, an' that's a thing he couldn't never forgive; none of our family ever bein' in a law-court in their lives before. I don't blame Andrew much but I do say it's an awful way to live with your neighbors. It's just eighteen years, come next Thanksgiving, since poor Maria died, an' I came to keep house for Andrew; and that big fence had just been finished. An' since the day I set foot in that house the Martineses an' us ain't had no more to do with each other than if we was both scared the others had small-pox. An' Mrs. Martin seems a pleasant spoken body too. Bob was just five then, an' ain't the youngest he hadn't much idea of what was goin' on; and I mind when he started to school his father gave him a reg'lar trimmin' one night for haulin' little Maggie Martin home on his sleigh. An' they say Maggie caught it from her father too when



A velvet fancy waist, cut with surplice and yoke. The back is full at equally appropriate for flannel or the waist line, with yoke cut straight velvet.

she got home. "Ain't it just a terrible way to live, Jemima?"

"Dear, dear!" sighed her friend sympathetically. "It's a great pity to hold malice like that. It is indeed, and do the young folks keep it up?"

Miss Euphemia's voice dropped to a frightened whisper.

"That's the worst of it. There never was no trouble in that quarter to speak of, but now I'm clean worried to death. You see, there was just the two Martin children, a boy and a girl. You'll remember the boy, Jim. He was just the same age as our Archie an' they fought like two young bears at school. Well, Jim turned out an awful worthless fellow and left home when he was quite young. He went off to Australia or Africa or Greenland or some such out-o-the-way place, an' they ain't never heard of him for years. Some say old Steve Martin ain't never got over it, and that's what makes him so hard. He thought the sun just rose an' set on that boy an' his mother just the same. But it's the girl I started to tell you about. I don't know what sort of a girl she is, but I tell you she's most awful good-lookin'.

She's the neatest slip of a thing, as straight as that stick, an' with fair, curly hair like her mother, an' the biggest an' softest eyes. She's a Williams all over, whether she's like the Martins in our house; but Sylvia Morrison couldn't keep it. You mind what a gossip Sylvia used to be? Well, she's ten times worse now, for she does the sewin' for all the folks on this line, and she's just chuck full o' news all the time. Last week I had her to help make over my black silk, soon as I heard you was comin' an' right in the middle of stitchin' a piece on the machine, she stops up sudden an' says, as perk as you please.

"So Bob's keepin' company with Maggie Martin?"

"Well, I just felt for a minute as if all the breath had been knocked out of my body. I couldn't say a word. She pretended to be most awful surprised because I didn't know. She said it had been goin' on all last winter and she'd seen them herself comin' home from the picnic on the Queen's Birthday, arm-in-arm, walkin' dreadful slow. I've been that worried ever since thinkin' what his pa would do to that boy if he was to find out, that I can't sleep nights. I know Andrew ain't got wind of it yet, for him an' Bob is just the biggest chums, Bob bein' the baby you know, an' the only one at home now, besides havin' his mother's black eyes. But I can't bear to think what he'd do if he was to find out."

"Well, well," said her friend, soothingly, "I wouldn't let it worry me, now Euphemia. I just wouldn't. There mayn't be anything in it after all. Young folks change so now. Our Tom is just hereaway, thereway, with a new girl every week. Boys is like that," she added, reassuringly.

"Yes, but Bob ain't," replied Miss Euphemia, with mournful conviction.

"If he takes a notion for anything he never changes. He's like Maria's people that way. Now the Andersons were all flirts in their day."

"Yes, and you were one of the worst yourself, Euphie!" laughed her friend.

A twinkle came into Miss Euphemia's blue eyes and for a moment her wrinkled face, that still showed signs of a past beauty, looked almost young.

"I'm afraid, I was," she admitted with quite a coquetish glance. "I'd better have been like you, Jemima, for see what came of it all," and she sighed.

"But Bob's different. He's such a jolly sort of a fellow you'd think he didn't care for a thing except to be up to some mischief. But my goodness! he's that set when he does take a thing into his head there's no turnin' him. I mind the time his father gave him the thrashin' I was tellin' you about. I went up to his room

after Andrew had gone to the barn, because it just always went through me to see Bobby touched. He never shed a tear until I took him into my lap, an' then the poor little darling put his arms around my neck till I thought he'd choke me, an' we had a good cry together. But, oh, my! Wasn't my little man mad! His big black eyes were blazin' and he tightened his little fist an' he says:

"Aunt Euphie, I'll marry little Maggie when I get big, just to spite him, see if I don't!" An' I sometimes think maybe he's kept that in his mind all his life. It would just be like him."

There was a sympathetic silence between the two old friends for a time. They leaned against the tree trunk and looked down over the tranquil valley. The sun was sinking into Lake Huron, now a sea of gold, and sending its resplendent glow over the hills and the tree-tops. The stalwart beeches on the shore stood black against the shining water, the woods in the hollows were growing purple. From the farm houses came faint, peaceful sounds of life; a line of lazy cattle wandered slowly up the white road, the leader's bell tinkling softly; the little river caught the radiance of the sun and responded with a gay sparkle. But the big line fence followed the stream's bright course, winding down the hillside dark and sinister like the serpent in the garden of Eden.

Miss Euphemia's sharp eyes had been taking in the details of the scene and had espied two figures moving in the deep violet shadows by the spring. Suddenly she sprang to her feet.

"Jemima, oh land of liberty! what's that?"

"For the love of goodness, Euphie Anderson," gasped Mrs. Hume, "is it a bear or what?"

"A bear! I wish it was. It's our Bob! Yes, it is so our Bob!" she cried climbing upon the fence to get a better view. "Oh, my stars above, it's true!"

Mrs. Hume clutched her friend's trembling form.

"Euphemia Anderson, what's the matter? Are you gone daft?"

For answer Miss Euphemia pointed through the trees to the little willow grove beneath them, and there, standing against the big line fence, as though it had been erected for the express purpose of sheltering Andersons and Martins, while they madly love to each other, stood the stalwart form of the son of the Anderson household, and very near him shone the golden head of the Martin's daughter.

Miss Anderson seized her friend's arm and dragged her across the field, over the summer-fallow and into the lane beyond. Neither spoke until the barn-yard was reached and then Mrs. Euphemia dropped her pail and leaned against the gate.

"Jemima Hume, don't tell me that he kissed her!" she commanded.

But Mrs. Hume was quite beyond telling anything. She pointed mechanically to a figure that was crossing the summer fallow quickly, and making straight for the spring. Poor Miss Euphemia upset her berries and trampled them ruthlessly in her eagerness to see who it was.

"It's Andrew!" she screamed. "It's his father! He's seen Bob goin' an' he's followin'. May the Lord have mercy!"

"Come away in Euphie," said her friend, soothingly. "Come now, don't take on so; don't cry now. Maybe Andrew won't mind so much as you think."

"Mind! He'd mind murder far less. A Martin, Jemima! I'll drive him mad, Oh, my poor Bobby, my lamb, you'll be driven from your home this night. His father'll never forgive him, never! Oh dear! Oh, dear! There I am Jemima bardenin' you with all my troubles and you my visitor. Deary me, what a dreadful thing, and to happen when you're here, too. Come, we might as well go in; they'll be home soon an' we'll know what's happened."

What had happened was soon apparent, for it could be read in the

lowering face of the old farmer as he entered the house. The fourth meal of the day was spread in the big, breezy kitchen, for it was the rule in the Anderson household to have the table set at all hours. Sarah Ellen was bringing in the fried chicken from the cook-house, and the two women were seated awaiting the others, when the elder Anderson entered.

"Ye needn't wait for Bob," he said shortly, throwing his hat into the corner and seating himself. "An' just go on without me, I don't want any supper to-night."

To be Continued.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE TALL BUILDINGS.

Of course all men in tall buildings, whether possessed of creative genius or of intelligence enough only to run one of the elevators, are alike philistines, to those persons who find nothing romantic or interesting in the modern, much maligned skyscrapers, which have also been called "monuments of modern materialism" and even worse names, no doubt, because they are unprecedented and unacademic probably, as much as because ugly and unrestrained. To many, however, these down town streets are fascinating enough for what they are to-day, even if they had no past to make them all the more charming; and these erect, jubilant young buildings, whether beautiful or not, seem quite interesting—from their bright tops, where, far above the turmoil and confusion, Mrs. Janitor sits sewing in the sun while the children play hide and seek behind water-butts, and air-shafts, there is no danger, of falling off, it is a relief to know, because the roof is walled in like a garden, down to the dark bottom where are the safe-deposit vaults, and the trusty old watchmen and the oblong boxes with great fortunes in them, alongside of wills that may cause family fights a few years later, and add to the affluence of certain lawyers in the offices overhead. Deep down, thirty or forty feet under the crowded sidewalk, the stokers shovel coal under big boilers all day, and electricians do interesting tricks with switch-boards, somewhat as in the hold of a modern battleship. In the many tiers of floors overhead are the men with the minds that make these high buildings necessary and make dream-town what it is, with their dreams and schemes, their courage and imagination, their trust and distrust in the knowledge and ignorance of other human beings which are the means by which they bring about great successes and great failures, and have all the fun of playing a game with the peace of conscience and self-satisfaction which come from hard work and manly sweat.

## SHIPS WILL GROW.

The tendency is to increase the size and speed of all steamers nowadays, and the rule holds good in regard to self-trimmers. Many of them will carry 7,000 tons of coal as cargo, at 11 knots, and there is sufficient evidence to support the view that the larger the vessel the more economical in proportion, is the coal consumption. A return in which are given the results of a large number of voyages by different ships, shows that a 9,000-ton steamer, running 267 miles a day, had a consumption of .036 pound of coal per ton displacement per mile. An 8,000-ton steamer, running 265 miles a day, used .038 pound, while a 7,000-ton vessel, steaming 234 miles a day, burned .048 pound. A 6,000-ton steamer, going 237 miles a day, used .051 pound of coal per ton displacement, and a 5,000-ton steamer, traveling 200 miles a day, .067 pound; while a 4,000-ton steamer, going 209 miles a day, consumed .081 pound. These figures show in each case speed of close about 11 knots, and they also show that the cost of the 9,000-ton steamer for coal was less than half that of the 4,000-ton boat, per mile per ton displacement, showing that the larger the steamer the less the coal consumption per rate.

## CHILD PUNISHMENT.

The punishment should be proportioned to the offense and grow out of it as a natural consequence. A child who is lazy in the morning and persistently late for breakfast, should be deprived, not of a proper amount of food, but of something he particularly likes and might have had if he had been in time, as sugar on the oatmeal, or syrup on the griddle cakes. If he has been promised that he should go for a drive or a walk, or some expedition, and is not ready at the time for starting he should be left behind. The bitter disappointment will teach him, as nothing else can do as effectually, the value of punctuality. If he is sent on an errand and does not return promptly he should not be allowed to taste the nice things made with the sugar or eggs he was so long in bringing. If his errand were of some other nature he should be made to stay alone in his own room for as long a time as he has kept his mother, or any

## INUNDATION OF THE SAHARA.

Sudden and heavy rain showers occur from time to time in the Sahara but they never attained such proportions as did the rainspout which occurred on April 12 in Wadi Urirli. Urirli, situated between Berrian and Ghardaya, belongs to the Wadi Mia system, and is so flat that the excavations of an artesian well recently bored form the only elevation in the whole district. A French contemporary states that, according to a report of General Pedoya, commander of the Algerian Division, a body of 90 soldiers arrived on April 12 in Wadi Urirli. The weather, the paper continues, was beautiful. In the afternoon, at about half-past five, a thin rain came down. At half-past eight a cry was heard: "The water comes!" Within a few seconds an area of more than 3,000 feet in diameter was filled with water to a man's height, and six soldiers perished. The report of General Pedoya says that a formidable thunderstorm accompanied by a terrible rainspout in the Wadi district was the cause of the inundation. The bodies of the drowned soldiers were found at a distance of a few miles from the camp. The rest of the soldiers were only saved by hurrying to the above mentioned artificial hill. Such rain showers in the Sahara, even if they last from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, have not the slightest influence upon the vegetation.

## ISLAND FOR SALE.

W. L. Drinkwater Carey, the new owner of the Gulf of Man, has arrived in Manxland, to enter up his little kingdom. It is hardly an exaggeration to call it a little kingdom, although it is smaller than the Principality of Monaco and considerably smaller than the Isle of Man, from which it is separated by a narrow channel.

Mr. Carey's rights as owner transcend those of the ordinary landlord, for he is not a tenant of the "Lady of Man," Queen Victoria, and he even claims the minerals that may lie beneath the surface without payment of royalty. This last is not an unimportant point, as it is believed that a rich silver lode passes through the substratum of his little islet.

The new owner inherits the little domain on the death of his father and elder brother. He was born in the Isle of Man, and spent his first school days at King William's College.

The Gulf Island is a very desirable possession. There is only one inhabited house, and that is a substantial building surrounded by 120 acres of cultivated land. The whole island swarms with rabbits and thousands are exported yearly. Hares are also in evidence, and the rock fishing is excellent. A little harbor has been cut out of the rocks for the accommodation of the small boats that occasionally visit the place. Mr. Carey says he is prepared either to sell or let the Gulf Island, and he thinks it is worth £10,000.

## A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

"Seeing one's self is a great surprise," said the amateur philosopher. "You think you do that every day in your looking glass, but you don't. What you see there is a conventional image, a symbol. It stands for you just as certain arbitrary ink scratches stand for your name, and it is handy in showing you where to part your hair and how to tie your cravat; but it doesn't give you any idea of how you would look if you were to meet your self here on King street. It is only by the rarest accident, happening maybe twice or thrice in a lifetime, that one gets a glimpse of one's real self. An unsuspected mirror or a chance reflection in a window pane is usually the agency. You see somebody approaching, somebody you know perfectly well you have never seen before in life, yet who startles you by a poignant, inexplicable sense of familiarity. In half a heart beat the trick discovers itself and the illusion vanishes, but you had a glimpse of the real thing, and the experience is almost always accompanied by a sensation of pleasure. Ten to one the stranger seemed quite attractive. The first time I ever saw myself was in a large pier glass at the head of a staircase. I was bewildered, but I remembered distinctly that the gentleman who advanced on me out of space struck me as being rather a distinguished-looking person. I felt proud of him after I discovered his identity and asked him to have a drink on it.

Without exception, everybody I have ever spoke to on the subject has admitted to me that he was pleased by the appearance of his double, so there's a hard metaphysical nut to crack—why is it that we generally look better than we had supposed?"

## A PRETTY CUSTOM.

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched until the marriage day of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down, and a skillful cabinet maker transforms the wood into furniture, which is considered by the young people as the most beautiful ornaments of the house.

## AN ANCIENT GAME.

Polo, Popular in Japan, India, Persia and Greece Was introduced to Us by Army Officers.

Just when and where the first game of polo was played is not definitely known, but it is well known that in the early part of the tenth century the game was played in parts of Asia, principally in Persia, India, and Japan. In the latter country, where it was undoubtedly played in the sixth century, there is a tradition that the game was known to the people 600 years before Christ.

Many old Eastern writings make reference to the game under the Persian name of chaugan, and, although spiced will not admit of a very elaborate account of these allusions, they are too interesting to be omitted altogether.

Firdusi, a Persian poet, speaks of Gushasp, a mythical hero, whom he describes as being so powerful that when he played chaugan he struck the ball so hard that it disappeared among the clouds. A Persian historian of the tenth century tells us that Alexander the Great, having refused to pay tribute to Darius, the Persian commander and having expressed his determination to fight rather than yield to the demand, was taunted by Darius, who sent him a chaugan stick and ball, with a message to the effect that these were fitter implements than swords and spears for one so young and inexperienced.

Alexander's reply was short, but to this point: "The chaugan ball is the earth, and I am the stick."

Omar Sheikh Mirza, a great-grand-grandson of the Emperor of Timour, in describing one of his father's officers, says: "He was a man of courage, an excellent archer, and remarkable for his skill in playing the games of chaugan and leap frog."

The game has also been made the subject for metaphor among the Persians, as is shown by numerous allegories and sayings, such as: "Man is a ball tossed into the field of existence, driven hither and thither by the chaugan stick of destiny, wielded by the hand of Providence," and "May the heads of your enemies be your chaugan balls."

Among the early patrons of the game some of the more distinguished were Haroun-al-Raschid, the Amir Mansur of Ghazni, the Emperor Akbar, and the Shah Abbas, the Persian monarch. The latter, a great patron of the game, evidently found it a great relief from mental labor to gallop about on a wild little pony and endeavor to hit the chaugan ball harder and oftener than any of his courtiers.

The plans of Agra furnished a great polo ground for the Emperor Akbar, where three centuries ago he might have been seen within a quadrangle formed by howdah elephants and squadrons of horsemen, playing chaugan with his courtiers on the present site of Taj. The sticks they played with were topped with gold and silver, and when a stick broke the pieces became the property of those who picked them up. The Emperor must have been quite an enthusiast on the game, for it is recorded that frequently on dark nights he went out upon the plain and played for hours, using blazing wooden balls that seethed and spluttered as they bounded over the ground.

Polo was probably first played in Europe by the Greeks in the twelfth century, for a Byzantine Comnenus took a "cropper" while playing a chaugan match.

In India chaugan was played for ages in Munnipore and the valleys of Tibet before it was taken up by the English. It is probably from this place that the game derived the name of polo, for it is probably a corruption of pulu, the Tibetan name for the game. In 1859 J. F. Sherer, a Lieutenant in the English army, having become interested in the game, from seeing it played by the Munniporees, organized a European polo club in Cachar, and by playing exhibition matches soon started the game among the young officers and merchants of his acquaintance. It was largely through the efforts of Sherer that polo became popular in Calcutta, where in 1864 he was tendered a great dinner in recognition of his services. He has since been justly called "the father of polo." The game has since spread throughout all India and is played from the Himalayas to Ceylon, and the great tournaments held yearly at Murat and Umballa, which are attended by large and appreciative throngs, are strong evidence of its popularity. Nor is its popularity confined to India alone, for polo is played to-day in almost every civilized country in the world.

## DEMONS AS DEBT COLLECTORS.

In China if a merchant is derelict in paying his debts his creditor on New Year's day—the Chinaman's New Year's day—carries away the door of his shop, thus permitting all the demons and evil spirits of the universe to enter and disturb his equanimity as long as the poor tradesman lives.

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