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Human Nature.

Two little children five years old,
Muriel the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angie's both, in their mother's eyes.
But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the mature art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.
One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.
All day long the children made love
To these dear little pets—their treasure-drove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the comers a glad regret.
Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away.
One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.
The living and dead lay side by side,
And still like as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly
To view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night
through.
First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with glancing eyes;
However, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead!"
Later came Muriel, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last,
Found voice to say, while her young heart
bled,
"I'm so sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead!"
—Harper's Magazine.

A PUMPKIN SHELL.

Poor Patty hadn't been used to it—the confinement, the routine, the continual dust in her throat, the bluish eyes, the phantasmagoria of floating colors, of different costumes and faces; a one minute a face made up of such a straight, lovely Grecian nose, such pink rounded cheeks, such bright laughing eyes, such a dimple in the chin! As that face would bend over the counter, and the sweet breath of its mouth reach Patty's bewildered senses, she would gather the idea of its beauty to her brain, and then it would suddenly vanish, and that nice little minute would be gone, taking with it the lovely face, and all at once another would take its place, with a nose up crooked, a cheek so cadaverous, eyes so askew, and chin so retreating that the heart of our English girl was broken with it all. She would grow confused over the change; the difference in the currency was perplexing. Then would follow severe reprimands, scowls and sneers from her superiors, and mockery from her fellow-clerks.

On the morning that Peter Robinson went into the store to buy a pair of gloves Patty Burr stood there, as usual, behind the counter, and to an usual observer she was her plump, round, sonny, apple-cheeked little self; but if her aunt Martha ever across the seas could have seen her, she'd have scanned her with a critical eye, then immediately whisked her off to bed, and made many a posset for her within the hour; for the poor girl's eyes were somewhat glassy in their brightness, the color in her cheeks had deepened to a flame, and constantly she drew her hot lips within her white teeth to moisten them, so parched were they and dry. Peter Robinson knew there was a pretty girl waiting on him, with a trip of the dear old mother-tongue in her accent that somehow warmed his heart. But he was not a man to give way to any such beguiling, else had he long ago fallen a victim to its snares. In New York city there were plenty of pretty-shop girls, and foreign accents of any kind were to be had for the seeking. Peter Robinson had some conceits and bigotry and narrow-mindedness in his composition, but was a splendid fellow in the main. He had mapped out his life when he was scarce out of his killed skirts, and determined to get over to America, not with the idea that he could pick up gold in her streets, or delve it out of her bowels, but that he could perhaps gather it together by hard-fisted toil and shrewd contrivance; then he would spend it in the place where he was born and reared, which was, to Peter's mind, a rare place to live and die in—particularly she'd better. Every time he got out of the way of a line of carriages that rattled down to the ferry in a terrible hurry, because the cemetery was so far away, and folks wanted to be home before dark, Peter thought of the low ivy-covered kirk, only a stone's-throw from his father's door, and of how much to be envied were they, who could be carried thither upon the shoulders of men who had a bit of time to spare. In the mean while Peter was hard to be suited in the way of gloves, because he wanted so much for his money, and it seemed to him there was a fault in the showing up of the goods.

"Poof, woman!" he said, testily; don't be showing me your shoddy wares. What I want is a stout bit of wool to suit this beastly climate, where one is first roasting and then freezing.
"That's true, Sir," said poor Patty. "I'm all in a shiver now, and a minute ago I was burning up."
"You're not well, young woman," said Peter, looking at her gravely, and lowering his voice to a gentler tone.
"You'd better get home and to bed at once. Never mind the gloves. I'll take this pair I have in my hand, and let them be the last goods you sell to-day, won't you?"
"It must be near noon," said Patty, the tears starting to her eyes, as they always did at the touch of tenderness.
"There's a place down below here where I can get a cup of tea. I don't like to risk my place by leaving it in the middle of the day."
"Better risk that than something more precious," said Peter, suddenly feeling a greater interest in the health of this strange young woman than that of any one he knew.
He went out of the store with the gloves in his hand, and walked rapidly in the direction of one of the ferries, but had gone but a block or two when, upon a sign at the door of a bakery, he read that coffee and tea could be had within five cents a cup. He went in and sat down at one of the marble tables, calling for some tea, as he went along, not at all cheated into the idea it was a thing he would have done on any other occasion. He looked upon confectioneries and cakes of all kinds as concoctions of the devil of indigestion; a marble table was an abomination to his sight and touch, sending as it did a cold glare to his eye and a chill to his stomach, and tea he never tasted when he could get a glass of beer; but this must be the place where that little woman had said she could get a cup of tea, and Peter could not put aside for the life of him this sudden but absorbing interest in that little woman's health. Sure enough, in she came, with a faltering step and so strangely bewildered a manner that a patron of the establishment at the same table with Peter blinked knowingly at one of the waiters, and whispered something which the waiter indignantly denied.

"Nothing of the kind, Sir," he said. "She never takes a drop, Sir; she's an honest young woman, but hasn't been well of late."
Peter felt an inclination to reach out his arm and knock the slanderer to the floor; but at that moment somebody else also fell on the floor, and Peter was soon leaning over her, loosening her bonnet strings, bathing her forehead with water, and fanning her with a newspaper he had pulled from his pocket.
As there seemed to be considerable difficulty in restoring her to consciousness, the now penitent slanderer ran off for a doctor, and when the doctor ordered her to be taken home at once and put to bed or he would not answer for the consequences, he ran off to the store where his expiator ran off to the store where Patty was employed, and tried to find out her name and address. Every one knew she was Patty Burr, and a dear, kind, good, obliging girl, and that she lived somewhere in Blank street, just at what number they couldn't tell. There were a good many houses and people in Blank street—it was densely populated—and the young man went back from his abortive errand to the bakery, where they awaited him in great impatience.
"She'll have to be taken to the hospital," said the doctor.
But Peter said, "No," and lifting her into the carriage, he gave the driver his address; then he wrote it upon a plain card for the doctor, and for the young man who had at first been so obnoxious to him.

"My name is Shangles," said this young man. "If I can be of any service, please let me know. I'll look through Blank street again."
"It's hardly necessary," said Peter, for it was plain to be seen this poor young creature was upon the verge of some dangerous fever, and not in a condition to be hustled about from one place to another. Peter knew he could count upon the motherly heart of his landlady, who was a country-woman of his own, and in whose house he had lodged since he had been in America, and anyway Peter's heart was set upon the poor young woman's welfare and comfort. He was always in earnest in any thing he undertook, and Peter was never so much in earnest in his life as in this sudden interest in the fate of poor Patty Burr.
The landlady's heart melted to her at once.
"I'll do what I can for you, Mr. Robinson," said good Mrs. M'Gloosky;

"but let us hope it's not an infectious fever that'll drive all the folks from the house."

The better to insure quiet and a place apart, they put Patty into one of the garret-rooms; but it was as comfortable in its way as any in the house, and had a cozy home look, with its dimity curtains and patchwork quilt, and a picture of Prince Charlie on one of the slanting walls.
The doctor declared the fever free from infection, but none the less dangerous on that account, so that the boarders could give full vent to their pity and concern without a qualm for their own safety. Mrs. M'Gloosky was a master-hand at beef tea, broths and gruels of various kinds, and had a magical knack in shaking up pillows, and was the more liberal with her own time and toil as these were her sole expenditure in Patty's behalf. The hard cash came from Peter's pocket so readily and plentifully that when Patty was getting better, and Mrs. M'Gloosky found heart to smile, her comely face took many a wrinkle of merriment, and she shook her head knowingly over this sudden recklessness of generosity upon the part of the heretofore canny and prudent Scot.

In truth, Patty's sickness made a big hole in Peter's board; but he found one treasure increase as another depleted, and never having known the nature of true happiness, he held it now far above gold, the charm of novelty being added to all other ecstasies. Upon one day his head was in the clouds, and it seemed to him that he was walking upon air. He could scarcely keep the tears from welling up into his eyes, like those of the foolish child he had left yonder, sitting up for the first time in a stuffed chair of Mrs. M'Gloosky's. They had said she was all dressed now, and he could go up and see her; and he went up the stairs, his heart getting higher and higher into his throat at every step, till at last, when he reached her open door, and she held out her thin little hands, and faltered out some words that were quite inaudible, the speech he had counted upon for so long, his heart choked it, and he could only stand there and look at her, and then go forward and kneel by her side, and hold her two little hands close in his own.
"Oh, my best benefactor!" faltered Patty—"my savior!"
"Tut! tut!" said Peter. "And then he'd get no further."
For months he had seen her pretty head only upon the pillow, with its shorn locks all tangled about her fevered face, and the folks about her house had said she'd never live to see the spring, and here she was up and dressed and out of danger before the first tender buds had fully sprouted on the sumac-tree at the window. How he thanked God for the sweetness of her voice, as she went to tell him all about it! The quality and quantity of a voice were more to Peter than to most folks, he having been cursed or blessed, as the case might be, with a harkening after music from his infancy, and seldom had he heard upon the sweet stage (his one extravagance) so musical a cadence. She told him of her home in dear old Surrey, where she had been reared by her mother's sister, who kept a long low red-roofed hostelry there, and how the days went by as like one another as two peas in a pod, until a fine lady came traveling by, and took a notion that Patty would make a nice companion for her, and tempted her off from one place to another, till they reached America, where a change of fortune for the fine lady threw Patty upon her own resources, and after a time she fell into a clerkship in the big store where Peter found her a prey to helplessness and fever.

"And had it not been for you," said poor Patty, in conclusion, "I should have been carried off to a hospital, to die and be buried among the paupers; and here her head drooped, and what words he said he never could remember. But what was the dross of gold, or plans for the future, compared to this treasure he had found? He went out from her presence with his head in the clouds, and meeting Shangles (who had, by the way, been very solicitous about Patty's welfare all along), he began to hold forth in a most incoherent and surprising manner, till at last Shangles asked if he might go in and see her, upon which Peter looked rather amazed. Peter demurred, but Shangles insisted.
"The fact is," said Shangles—"I may as well tell you, Robinson" (for they had grown quite intimate during Patty's sickness)—"that I don't know what serious consequences may come of our little adventure with Miss Burr. I've never been able to get her sweet face from my mind and memory, and your touching details of her during her sickness have won my heart. I believe I

shall be tempted to marry her if this sort of thing goes on."

Peter stood still and looked at him from head to foot, a gathering expression of scorn upon his face.
"You're a greater fool than you are to be, Shangles," he said.
"If I love a woman," said Shangles, getting very red, "I don't care anything about her condition in life; no obstacle of that kind has any weight with me."
"Suppose it's a more formidable obstacle," said Peter; "suppose somebody else loves her, your blockhead, and is going to marry her himself?"
"Oh, that, indeed!" said Shangles, sulkily. "Why in thunder didn't you say so before?"
Peter didn't tell him that he had only lately made up his mind to the audacity; but he immediately took Mrs. M'Gloosky into his confidence, and they patched up the matter between them, Peter's natural prudence and forethought finding sole vent in his doleful singing:
"Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her."
To which he shortly added a more cheerful refrain:
"He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well."

So, one day, when Patty was well enough to go out and hunt up her old boarding-place, where they hailed her as a resurrected ghost, she found in the old hiding-place her bankbook as good as new, and as good luck would have it, the bank hadn't even broken during her sickness, but the big door opened to her touch, in she went, drew out her money, and though it was a small sum for a wedding trousseau, according to popular opinion, it was more than sufficed for Patty, who hated to be beholden to Peter for even this necessity.

They had quite a wedding, after all, for the boarders each and all took a personal interest in the affair, and Shangles, who was Peter's best man, never took his eyes off the beautiful blushing Patty. Mrs. M'Gloosky gave them a room on the lower floor, but Patty brought with her the picture of Prince Charlie, which she declared was as good as a photograph of Peter, it was so like him. Nobody else could see the slightest assimilation in the stumpy and irregular features of Peter to those of the young Pretender, but Patty stuck to her opinion. Everything went merry as a marriage-bell, and as the months went by the only thing wanting to Patty's full felicity was a little home of her own. Boarding was all very nice in its way, and Mrs. M'Gloosky was like a mother to her, but the time was passing when Patty coveted seclusion, and shrank from the presence of strangers. Besides, there was so little for her hands to do, sometimes they lay folded in her lap for hours together, and this she thought was a sin. It seemed so strangely out of place to Patty to have her food not only prepared for her, but almost put into her mouth, and some one at her back to pull away her chair.
"If one were a cripple, Peter," she said, "one couldn't be more helpless."
Peter said it was too bad; that he wished he could go to housekeeping, but money was so hard to get; and then he would draw his mouth dolefully, and sing:
"Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her."
Patty would be remorseful, and promise never to speak of housekeeping again, until Mrs. M'Gloosky would tell her what a bad way it was for a young wife to be, and then Mrs. M'Gloosky would sing in a wheezy voice:
"She wadna bide and she wadna brew,
For the spoiling of her comely hue;
She wadna wash and she wadna wring,
For the spoiling of her gowden ring."

Poor Patty's eyes would fill with tears and her lips tremble, and she would declare to Mrs. M'Gloosky that she'd be only too glad to do her own work if Peter could afford to go to housekeeping; and Mrs. M'Gloosky would relent, and tell her there was a good time coming.
The golden days of Indian summer went by, sharp autumn winds whistled through the branches of the sumac-tree, and Christmas was at hand. One frosty night Peter came home early, and after supper proposed a little walk. The boarders all seemed preparing for some little jollity of their own, and the parlors were deserted. Patty had been a little down-hearted all day, and was glad enough to put on her rose-colored hood and warm cloak, and, leaning on Peter's stalwart arm, go out into the keen brisk air. They had only gone a block or two when Peter stopped before a two-story brick house, and proposed that they should go in and make a call.
"Oh, Peter!" begged Patty. "I don't want to see any strangers."
"Nonsense," said Peter. "They're plain folks like ourselves, and have just gone to housekeeping upon the second

floor here. I'd like you to see their rooms."

Patty obeyed reluctantly; and when she found the rooms furnished just as she'd told Peter time and again she'd like to have her own—plainly, but oh so comfortably, with gay chints covering up the parlor furniture, pretty pictures upon the walls, curtains of Turkey red, and a glowing fire in the grate; and when they went through to the kitchen everything was so complete, with hot and cold water [at the house-keeper's hand, and copper saucepans by the half dozen that Patty could see her pretty face in, decanters and glasses upon the table, and the kettle boiling away upon the shining range, Patty's heart was filled with envy.
"Where is this happy creature?" she said, for nobody came to welcome them.
"Come over here," said Peter, pulling Patty to the mantel. "Here she is." And Patty saw her own face in the looking-glass. Over it, in a gorgeous frame, was this inscription in illuminated letters, "A Pumpkin Shell." And all at once Peter began to sing, in his finest barytone:
"Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her."
Then, outside in the corridor, a mad, merry chorus took up the refrain:
"He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well."

And all the boarders, headed by Mrs. M'Gloosky herself, with the picture of Prince Charlie in her hand, came trooping in, and took possession of the second floor. They stopped till the clock round the corner rang out the hour of twelve. Then they left Patty in her little home, where she and Peter lived to this day, the happiest couple in that quarter of the universe.—Harper's Weekly.

A Remarkable Heroine.

In the year 1337 the English laid siege to the Castle of Dunbar, a strong fortress placed on some rocky heights overlooking the German ocean, and approachable by land only at one point. At the time the castle was held by the Countess of March, whose lord had embraced the cause of Robert Bruce. The countess was the daughter of Randolph, Earl of Moray, and a high-spirited and courageous woman. From her complexion she was usually known by the familiar title of Black Agnes. The castle of which Agnes was now mistress had been well fortified; and in her hands it held out bravely against Montague, Earl of Salisbury, with all the power he could direct against it. Cannon not having been yet invented, it was customary to attack forts of this kind with engines constructed to throw huge stones, and accordingly the English general employed this species of force to attack the castle. Agnes, confident of withstanding such attempts, is said to have treated them with contempt. While the English engineers were throwing stones into the fort, she went about with her maidens, and in sight of the enemy, wiped with a clean towel the spots where the masses of stone had fallen. Enraged at this apparent unconcern, the earl commanded his men to bring forward a large engine called the *sow*. This was a strong shed, rolled on wheels, underneath which the walls could be safely undermined with pick-axes. When Black Agnes observed this movement she leant over the castle wall, and derisively addressed the earl in the following rude rhyme:
Beware Montague,
For farrow shall they sow.
On uttering this admonitory hint she caused a huge fragment of rock to be hurled down on the back of the *sow*, which crushed it in pieces, killing the men beneath, and scattering all who were near it. "Said I not so?—Behold the litter of pigs!" was the ready jibe of the brave commandress of the castle. The siege was ultimately abandoned, after being invested for nineteen weeks.

Beautifying Villages.
At Brunswick, Me., the students and villagers recently united in forming a village improvement association, and after a lecture on the subject by Hon. B. G. Northrop, of Connecticut, the people of Montclair, N. J., organized for a similar purpose. Of course it is trite to say that we learn beauty by seeing it, but it does not seem to be understood by people who send children into dirty yards to play or into dismal school-rooms to study. Example is everything, and when the village adorns the public ways, and grades and turfs the school grounds, and perchance adds a fountain or two on the square, the citizen will be sure to enjoy the general atmosphere of refinement, and will set to work on his dilapidated lilac bushes, sage-beds and unpainted fences. Filthy streets, gnarled, neglected apple trees, and a want of house paint, will nigh neutralize the culture of the school-room and justify the most persistent efforts of these village improvement associations.—New York Observer.

Items of Interest.

The rag-picker's story—the cellar.
Best shoe for summer—"Shoo fly."
Brigham Young's widow is gradually remarrying.

The hen becomes the rooster when the sun goes down.
No bird is actually on the wing. The wings are on the bird.

"Troublesome" is the official designation of a Colorado post-office.

The most prosperous dentists lead hand-to-mouth existence.

It is said that a little kerosene mixed with starch will give linen a nice gloss.

How to be contented—look at the hole in Jones's coat sleeve and then at the neat patch on your own.

Why are country girls' cheeks like well-printed cotton? Because they are warranted to wash and keep their color.

Prof.—"Miss Q., tell me what is the instrument called by which we ascertain musical pitch?" Miss Q. (hesitating)—"A pitch-fork." Audible giggling the class.

A Western editor throws up the sponge with the remark that "it does pay to run a paper in a town where business men read almanacs and put their teeth with the tail of a herring."

Vegetation purifies the air—first because it absorbs carbonic acid; secondly, because under the influence of sunlight it exhales an equivalent oxygen; and lastly, because it produces ozone.

Of ninety-two persons killed at Ash Grove, the Lake Shore road has settled for eighty-three at a cost of \$453,000, a little over \$5,400 for each person. The sum is about the average allowance for the human life.

A bat about a farmer's room.
Not long ago I knew
To fly. He caught a fly, and then
Flew up the chimney fine,
But such a scene was never seen,
(I am quite sure of that),
As when with sticks all hands essayed
To hit the bat!
—Hood.

In a recent case for assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

Mrs. Carruthers' house was infected by rats. Somebody told Mrs. Carruthers that if she would catch a rat and soak it benzine, touch a match to it and let it go, all the rats would be driven from the house. Mrs. Carruthers acted on the suggestion: the rats disappeared so did the house, and Mr. Carruthers was obliged to retain a lawyer to recover his fire insurance.

One of the most successful counterfeiting schemes is to issue a small quantity of notes on a certain bank with the name of the place, president, or cash misapplied. Upon discovery the bank sends a warning through the count pointing out the error. Then the counterfeiters make a second issue with the name, or names spelled correctly to circulate them boldly, knowing the merchants and storekeepers will be only for the indicated "catch."

The principal characters by which steel may be distinguished from iron are as follows: After being polished steel appears of a whiter, lighter gray hue, without the blue cast exhibited by iron; it also takes a higher polish. When steeped in acids, the harder steel is, of a darker hue is its surface. Steel is ignited sooner, and fuses with a less degree of heat than malleable iron, which can scarcely be made to fuse without the addition of powdered charcoal, by which it is converted into steel, and afterwards into crude iron. In its vitriolic, nitrous and other acids, steel is violently attacked, but is longer dissolving than iron. After mechanical according as it is softer or harder, it wears of a lighter or darker gray color while iron, on the other hand, is white.

Fumigated Letters.

Complaint was made to the post-department in Washington last January that letters received from Persia had been perforated by some sharp insect. Inquiry was made at once of Persian postal authorities as to the cause to which a reply was received at the post-office department recently, dated Teheran, to the effect that the perforations complained of were made during the fumigation at the Russian front to which all letters from Persia were subjected during the existence of plague in that country, and the establishment of quarantine regulations. A letter from the Persian postal department concludes: "I am happy to inform you that the plague has disappeared, and the quarantine has been removed."

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