

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A Net to Crack.  
There was an old woman who lived in a hut  
About the size of a hickory nut;  
The walls were thick and the ceiling low,  
And seldom out doors did the old woman go.  
She took no paper, and in no book  
Of any sort was she seen to look.  
Yet she imagined she knew much more  
Than man or woman had known before.  
They talked in her hearing of wondrous things,  
Of the dazzling splendor of Eastern kings,  
Of mountains covered with ice and snow  
When all the valley lay green below.  
They spoke of adventures by sea and land,  
Of oceans and seas by a cable spanned,  
Of buried treasures—but though she heard,  
She said she didn't believe one word!  
And still she lives in her little hut  
About the size of a hickory nut.  
At peace with herself, and quite content  
With the way in which her days are spent.  
Little it troubles her I suppose,  
Because so very little she knows,  
For keeping her doors and her windows shut,  
She has shivered up in her hickory nut.

How a Deer Went to Church.  
Tom (a young panther) was not out  
Only pet; and I liked Billy ever so much  
Better. He was a young deer, and he was  
Excited to see Tom watch to catch Billy,  
And Billy watch Tom, eat grass right in  
front of him, and look at his foe as if he  
said: "Don't you wish I would?"  
When Billy's horns came to be horns  
and not knobs, he made many a one of  
his admirers go up on a fence pretty  
nimbly, and that was good enough for  
them. But he frightened folks who did  
not deserve it, and still the people took  
his part. A strong, resolute boy, by  
taking hold of his horns, could make  
him behave. Sometimes, one would  
jump on his back for a ride and get a  
fine tumble. But there was no use to  
say a word against Billy, even the folks  
he made scamper did not want him shut  
up. There was not another deer in the  
country. He was very beautiful and  
graceful, and they liked to see such a  
beast creature bound over the fences,  
across the fields, and through the woods.  
He was sport to set dogs after him, to  
see him toss them with his horns, stamp  
them with his fore feet, send them flying  
with his hind feet, or skip off leaving  
them to wonder what had become of him.

All that summer he frolicked and  
visited, and all the next winter. The  
next spring his horns dropped off and he  
got another pair with a prong on each.  
No boy was ever so proud of a new pair  
of boots as Billy of his new horns. He  
was large and strong, too, a splendid  
fellow. I made him a new collar, red, with  
his name on it, to wear with his new  
horns; and there was not another such  
andy in that country.  
One Sabbath morning he found him-  
self three miles from home and conclud-  
ed he would go to church. I don't be-  
lieve he cared for a sermon and so sus-  
pect he went to show his shiny coat,  
bright red collar and branching horns.  
Indeed, I am certain it was nothing good  
look Billy to church that Sunday.  
He did not go to till the pews were  
rowded with people. It was a Metho-  
dist church, and that was quarterly  
meeting, so the whole neighborhood was  
resent to witness Billy's piety and ad-  
mire his finery. He waited outside for  
the presiding elder, who was a large  
man, very plump, rosy, grave and dig-  
nified, and much engaged that morning  
thinking of the sermon he was going to  
reach.  
The church door was open, and when  
he elder went in Billy went too, just be-  
hind him. There was a matting on the  
oor, which denuded the sounds of  
Billy's hoofs. So the elder walked slowly  
to the middle aisle, and Billy after him,  
taking motions with his head as if he  
anted him to hurry along to the pulpit  
and begin the sermon. The good man  
id walk very slowly on quarterly meet-  
ing days. It was no wonder then, if  
illy intended staying for the sermon,  
he should want to get it started. But  
ill he kept behind and only made  
ases, until the elder halted at the altar  
eps to put down his hat, which delay-  
illy concluded was rather too much for  
a patience of any worshiper of his dig-  
ty to endure, so gave the unlucky elder  
a knock as to send him into the pul-  
t in an oriental attitude of devotion.  
This exploit wound up Billy's career.  
o one would plead for him any more,  
e made very good venison, and the  
ler laughed while he ate a piece, and  
ought it a pity to have killed Billy for a  
ble which did no one any harm.—*Jane  
Swishelm in Wide Awake.*

A Kiss for a Blow.  
"I strike 'oo," cried a little boy, in a  
arp tone to his sister.  
"I kiss 'oo," said his sister, stretching  
her arms and putting up her rosy  
s in a sweet kiss.  
Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did  
little ears hear right? They did, for  
ere was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile  
oke over his angry face, like sunshine  
a black cloud.  
"I kiss 'oo," he then said; and the  
le brother and sister hugged and  
sed each other right heartily. A kiss  
a blow is better than tit for tat,  
is it?"

The following conversation took place  
ently in a hotel: "Waiter." "Yes."  
"What is this?" "It's bean  
p." "No matter what it has been;  
question is, what is it now?"

Catching an Adirondack Trout.

The following humorous "take off"  
on the extravagant descriptions of some  
writers is from the pen of Charles Dud-  
led Warner, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.  
At the very first cast I saw that the  
hour had come. Three trout leaped  
into the air. The danger of this man-  
oeuvre all fishermen understand; it is  
one of the commonest in the woods;  
three heavy trout taking hold at once,  
rushing in different directions, smash  
the tackle into flinders. I evaded this  
catch, and threw again. I recall the mo-  
ment. A hermit thrush on the tip of a  
balsam uttered his long, liquid, evening  
note. Happening to look over my  
shoulder, I saw the peak of Marcy gleam  
rosy in the sky (I can't help it that  
Marcy is fifty miles off, and cannot be  
seen from this region; these incidental  
touches are always used). The hundred  
feet of silk swished through the air, and  
the tail fly fell as lightly on the water as  
a three-cent piece (which no slamming  
will give the weight of a ten) drops upon  
the contribution plate. Instantly there  
was a rush, a whirl, I struck; and  
"Got him him by—!" Never mind  
what Luke said I got him by. "Out on  
the fly!" continued the irreverent guide,  
but I told him to back water and make  
for the center of the lake. The trout,  
as soon as he felt the prick of the hook,  
was off like a shot, and took out the  
whole of the line with a rapidity that  
made it smoke.

"Give him the butt!" shouted Luke.  
It is the usual remark in such an emer-  
gency. I gave him the butt, and, re-  
cognizing the fact and my spirit, the  
trout at once sunk to the bottom and  
sulked. It is the most dangerous mood  
of a trout, for you can't tell what he will  
do next. We reeled up a little, and wait-  
ed five minutes for him to reflect. A tight-  
ening of the line enraged him, and he  
soon developed his tactics. Coming to  
the surface, he made straight for the  
boat, faster than I could reel in, and  
evidently with hostile intentions.  
"Look out for him!" cried Luke as he  
came flying in the air. I evaded him by  
dropping flat in the bottom of the boat,  
and when I picked my traps up he was  
spinning across the lake as if he had a  
new idea; but the line was still fast.  
He did not run far.

I gave him the butt again, a thing he  
seemed to hate, even as a gift; in a  
moment the evil-minded fish, lacking  
the water in his rage, was coming back  
again, making straight for the boat as  
before. Luke, who was used to these  
encounters, having read of them in the  
writings of travelers he had accom-  
panied, raised his paddle in self-defence.  
The trout left the water about ten feet  
from the boat and came directly at me,  
with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flash-  
ing like a meteor. I dodged, as he  
whisked by with a vicious slap of his  
bifurcated tail, and nearly upset the  
boat. The line was of coarse slack, and  
the danger was that he would entangle  
it about me and carry away a leg. This  
was evidently his game. But I un-  
tangled it, and only lost a breast button  
or two by the swiftly moving string.  
The trout plunged into the water with a  
bissing sound, and went away again with  
all the line on the reel. More butt.  
More indignation on the part of the cap-  
tive.

The contest had now been going on for  
half an hour, and I was getting exhaust-  
ed. We had been back and forth  
across the lake, and round and round  
the lake; what I feared was that the  
trout would start up the inlet and wreck  
us in the bushes. But he had a new  
fancy, and began the execution of a  
manoeuvre which I had never read of.  
Instead of coming straight toward me  
he took a large circle, swimming rapidly,  
and gradually contracting his orbit. I  
reeled in, and kept my eye on him.  
Round and round he went, narrowing  
his circle. I began to suspect the game,  
which was to twist my head off. When  
he had reduced the radius of his circle  
to about twenty-five feet, he struck a  
tremendous pace through the water. It  
would be false modesty in a sportsman  
to say that I was not equal to the occa-  
sion. Instead of turning round with  
him as he expected, I stepped to the  
bow, braced myself and let the boat  
swing. Round went the fish, and round  
we went like a top. I saw a line of  
Mount Marcy's all round the horizon.  
The rosy tint in the west made a broad  
band of pink along the sky above the  
tree-tops. The evening star was a per-  
fect circle of light, a hoop of gold in the  
heavens. We reeled, and whirled, and  
reeled, and whirled. I was willing to  
give the malicious beast butt, and line,  
and all, if he would only go the other  
way for a change.

When I came to myself, Luke was  
gaffing the trout at the boat side. After  
we got him in and dressed him he  
weighed three-quarters of a pound.

Edison as a Printer.

In a lecture delivered in Philadelphia  
by Dr. Cleland he referred to the past  
career of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the  
inventor of the phonograph, as follows:  
He became a newsboy on the Grand  
Trunk Railroad, between Detroit and  
Port Huron, and while attending to his  
duties in that capacity was constantly  
reading and investigating, and at odd  
hours in the Detroit  
Free Press office he learned to set type.  
He erected a "case" in the luggage  
car of his train, and with a small supply  
of type which he had gathered together  
did the composition for a little paper  
which he published, and which soon at-  
tained a circulation of 500 copies.

Hunting Buffaloes on Snow Shoes.

The winter hunt for buffaloes in this  
territory, writes a correspondent in  
British America, is generally made by  
stalking the animals in the deep snow  
on snow-shoes. By this method of hunt-  
ing the stalker endeavors to approach  
within gunshot of his quarry by  
stealthily creeping upon them, taking  
advantage of every snow-drift, bush or  
depression in the prairie, which will  
screen his person from view. And it is  
a more difficult feat to approach a band  
of buffaloes than to approach a band  
of hunters. When feeding, the herd  
is more or less scattered, but at sight of  
the hunter it rounds and closes into a  
tolerably compact circular mass. If  
the stalker attempts an open advance on  
foot—concealment being impossible  
from the nature of the ground—the  
buffalo always keeps sheering off as soon  
as he gets within two hundred yards of  
the nearest. If he follows they merely  
repeat the movement and always man-  
age to preserve the same distance. Al-  
though there is not the slightest danger  
in approaching a herd, it requires in a  
novice an extraordinary amount of nerve.  
When he gets within three hundred  
yards the bulls on that side, with head  
erect, tail cocked in air, nostrils expand-  
ed, and eyes that seem to flash fire,  
walk unhesitatingly to the front, menac-  
ing the intruder by pawing the earth and  
tossing their huge heads. The hunter still  
approaching, some bull will face him,  
lower his head and start on a most furio-  
us charge. But also for brute courage!  
When he has gone thirty yards he looks  
better of it, stops, stares an instant,  
and then trots back to the herd. Another  
and another will try the same strategy,  
with the same result, and if, in spite of  
these ferocious demonstrations, the hun-  
ter still continues to advance, the whole  
herd will inconspicuously take to its heels.

By far the best method of stalking a  
herd in the snow is to cover oneself with  
a white blanket or sheet in the same  
manner as the Indians use the wolfskin.  
In this way the animals cannot easily  
get the hunter's wind, and are prevented  
from distinguishing him amidst the sur-  
rounding snow. The buffalo being the  
most stupid and sluggish of plain ani-  
mals, and endowed with the smallest  
possible amount of instinct, the little  
that he has seems adapted rather for  
getting him into difficulties than out of  
them. If not alarmed at sight or smell  
of the stalker, he will stand stupidly  
gazing at his companions in their death  
throes, until the whole band is shot  
down. I recall an incident illustrative  
of this peculiarity in my own experience.  
I started off one day after a large herd  
of buffalo, and, with the cover afforded  
by a point of timber, succeeded in get-  
ting within a few hundred yards of them.  
Covering myself with a blanket, I crept  
forward on hands and knees, until I  
came within shot. I continued creep-  
ing about and around the herd, singling  
out the best and fattest of the cows for  
more than an hour, and it was not until  
I had laid six of this number low that  
they took the alarm and bolted off un-  
animously, tossing their shaggy heads  
and plowing up the snow.

A Question of Identity.

There is at present in this city, says  
the *New York Evening Post*, a poor  
German woman named Mrs. Wackerle,  
who has exhibited remarkable energy  
and patience in endeavoring to obtain  
the insurance upon the life of her late  
husband. The facts of the case are  
briefly these. The whole case turns  
upon a question of identity. In 1872 a  
man was run over and killed on the  
Texas Pacific Railroad near Shreveport,  
La., and after a protracted inquest was  
buried. The man, Mrs. Wackerle, in-  
sured for \$3,000 in the Etna Insurance  
Company of Hartford, and for \$4,000  
in the Mutual Life Insurance Company  
of this city. The Etna Insurance Com-  
pany, however, maintained that the man  
killed was not Wackerle, but one Frank  
Eterner, and refused to pay the policy.  
The widow, who was without money or  
friends, then set to work to establish her  
husband's identity, and in her search for  
witnesses made three journeys between  
Hartford, St. Louis and different points  
in Texas. In her journeyings she was  
assisted by the railroad companies, who  
becoming convinced of her sincerity  
and pitying her forlorn condition, fur-  
nished her with free passes.

At last she induced Mr. R. J. Looney,  
a lawyer of Shreveport, La., to under-  
take her case against the Etna Insurance  
Company, and trial was had in the dis-  
trict court. After long argument a de-  
cision was given in favor of the plaintiff,  
whereupon the lawyers of the insurance  
companies appealed the case to the su-  
preme court. In the meantime Mrs.  
Wackerle has applied for the payment  
of the policy in the New York company,  
and the officers, she says, have agreed to  
pay it, if the Etna pays its policy.

Mrs. Wackerle proves the identity of  
the killed man with her husband by the  
evidence of the fellow-laborers, and of  
her superintendent and the fact that  
papers marked Wackerle were found on  
the dead body. The defendants, how-  
ever, assert that the name of the dead  
man was Eterner on the pay-rolls, and  
that there is no proof of his identity  
with Wackerle. Thus the case stands at  
present, and Mrs. Wackerle still con-  
tinues the struggle which she has so  
persistently maintained for six years.

"Passenger (in a hurry)—Is this  
train punctual?" Porter—"Yesir, gen-  
erally a quarter of an hour late to a  
minute."

Getting Even.

A young, newly-married gentleman of  
this city acts as chief counter-jumper in a  
certain large Woodward avenue dry goods  
house, and goes, among his acquaint-  
ances, by the name of Mac. A little  
more than two weeks ago Mac's wife  
went West for a month to visit her  
mother. Mac did not quite like it, but  
consoled himself with the thought that  
during her absence he would at least  
have the price of a month's board. What  
was his surprise, however, when he  
came to pay his first week's board bill  
some ten days ago, to find his landlady  
insisted on being paid board for two,  
she stating that it was customary, in  
such cases, to make no deduction on ac-  
count of the absence of either one of the  
two boarders occupying the same room.  
Mac settled and said nothing, but way  
down in the depths of his heart there  
rankled resentment at the gross injury  
that had been done him.

The next day at dinner there appeared  
a smooth-faced young man, a fellow clerk  
of Mac's, who was introduced to the  
landlady as Mrs. Mac pro tem. The  
landlady saw the point, and said nothing,  
but the look of silent fury that settled  
down over her face spoiled that day's  
dinner for all her boarders. The new-  
comer took three meals in the house and  
then disappeared. He could not stand  
the ferocious looks of Mrs. —, he  
said. Besides, he added, he never had  
a dish put before him but that he found  
a hair, a piece of yarn, a hair-pin, or a  
shoe-buckle in it, and, strange to say, it  
seemed that the same hair-pin and shoe-  
buckle turned up at each successive meal.

The next day at noon the landlady's  
face brightened as she noticed the vacant  
chair at Mac's right. At night, however,  
another shade of gloom overspread her  
countenance on being introduced across  
the supper-table to a red-headed crosby  
boy as pro tem. No. 2. The crosby-boy  
took supper and breakfast, and returned  
no more. He explained to another crosby-  
boy that "a big woman had threatened  
to chop off his ears and eat them," if he  
ever showed up there again.

Mac, however, was not to be beaten.  
He next applied to the store porter and  
got him for four meals, after which he  
left on account of sickness at the stom-  
ach, which took him shortly after leaving  
his last meal. The store expressman  
followed, but only for a meal or two.  
Now, Mac can no longer beg or hire a  
man in the store to go and take a meal  
with him, but stands for half an hour in  
front of his store before each meal, watch-  
ing and waiting for some one to come  
along to go to dinner with him. He has  
telegraphed for his wife to come home im-  
mediately, but until she does he declares  
his intention of never letting a meal go  
by without having a substitute for her at  
his landlady's table.—*Detroit News.*

Russian Remedy for Hydrophobia.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*  
(London) describes the following Rus-  
sian treatment of hydrophobia. In  
Saratov the inhabitants collect the larvae  
of the rose beetle (*Cetonia aurata*),  
which are chiefly found in the wood  
ants' nests. The grubs are gathered in  
the spring, placed in the earth, and their  
change or metamorphosis watched for.  
When this takes place, they kill the  
beetles and dry them. The powdered  
insect must be kept in hermetically  
sealed bottles, or the dried beetles may  
be kept in sealed pots and reduced to  
powder when wanted. Three beetles  
powdered are considered a dose for an  
adult, given immediately after the bite.  
The beetles caught on flowers are not so  
beneficial; they must be secured in the  
larval stage, and killed directly after they  
attain the imago. Some of the  
Russians give their dogs occasionally  
half a beetle as a preventive.

The Dutch as Flower Sellers.

Among the singular fancies of old, none  
were stranger than that form of gam-  
bling which in Holland so exalted the  
till until a single bulb was sold at a  
fabulous price. It seems now about to  
be revived, as the last price of the most  
highly prized root quoted is no less  
than \$5,200, a sum which any Hollander  
of the middle classes could put out at  
interest and live upon in health and  
prosperity all his life long. Of all the  
flower-sellers in the streets and markets  
of London and Paris, the 'prossies'  
Hollanders, funny as it may seem—  
contradictory, perhaps—occupy the  
very first rank. Neither the taste of  
the French, nor the wealth, and con-  
servativeness, and the hot-houses, and the  
extravagantly-paid gardeners of the  
English seem to be able to awake any  
successful competition with these dike-  
defended, nearly amphibious denizens  
of the Netherlands. They are appar-  
ently as fond of flowers and as success-  
ful in their cultivation as they are prone  
to tobacco, long pipes and ridiculously  
baggy small clothes. It is a strange co-  
mixture, but it exists and seems to  
prosper.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!!! Don't  
fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup  
for all diseases incident to the period of teeth-  
ing in children. It relieves the child from pain,  
cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and, by  
giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to  
the mother. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

Scientific News.

This is an issue of the *Scientific American*,  
published by S. H. WALKER & SONS,  
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Why is it?

The truths of science and progressive thought  
have always been compelled to batter down the  
bulwarks of prejudice and disbelief, or remain  
forever unknown. Why is it that people are so  
reluctant to receive facts that relate directly to  
the phenomena of their existence? Astro-  
nomers, upon discovering a star, assign it a place  
at once, and it is forever fixed. The rule by  
which a mathematical problem once solved  
becomes forever an axiom; but no matter how  
clearly the principles which govern health and  
sickness be demonstrated, some refuse to be-  
lieve. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine, which  
are now generally used, and deservedly popu-  
lar, were, in these early days, very reluctantly  
received by the people. To-day Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery has outstripped the  
old time sarsaparilla, his Pills are in general  
use in place of the coarse, huge, drastic pills  
formerly so much employed, while the sales of  
his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and his Favor-  
ite Prescription are enormous. Where the skin  
is sallow and covered with blotches and pim-  
ples, or where there are scrofulous swellings  
and affections of the glands, his Golden Medi-  
cal Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you  
feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color  
of face, yellowish-brown spots on face  
or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad  
taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alter-  
nating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy  
forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue  
coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or  
"Biliousness." In many cases of "Liver Com-  
plaint" one part of these symptoms are expe-  
rienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr.  
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no  
equal. It cures the perfect cures, leaving the  
liver strengthened and healthy. Debilitated  
females who have undergone all the tortures of  
menstrual difficulties, and yet suffer with those  
peculiar dragging-down sensations and weak-  
nesses, can have guaranteed to their prompt  
and positive relief by using Dr. Pierce's Favor-  
ite Prescription while constipation and torpid  
liver, or "biliousness" are promptly relieved  
by the Pleasant Purgative Pills. Sold by all  
druggists.

If You Have Never  
Used Dooley's Yeast Powder, get a package the  
next time you buy baking powder and test it.  
As to trials, we are confident you will  
give it the preference over all others. It is ab-  
solutely pure; every package is strictly full  
weight, and it never fails in making rolls,  
breads, cakes, corn bread, waffles, muffins,  
and all similar articles, deliciously light,  
good, and wholesome.

WORTH KNOWING.—One thirty-five cent bot-  
tle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will effec-  
tually cure bronchitis, inflammatory sore  
throat, sore lungs, bleeding at the lungs,  
chronic hoarseness, hacking cough, whooping  
cough and lame stomach.

How to Make Money.—Twenty-five cents  
worth of Sheridan's Caviar Condition Pow-  
ders, fed out sparingly to a coop of fifteen  
hens, will increase the product of eggs more  
than one dollar in value in thirty days.

The Markets.

Beef Cattle—Native.....	05 1/2 @ 10
Do—Texas and Cherokee.....	0 1/2 @ 0 5/8
Sheep—Native.....	0 1/2 @ 0 5/8
Do—Texas.....	0 1/2 @ 0 5/8
Hog—Native.....	0 1/2 @ 0 5/8
Do—Texas.....	0 1/2 @ 0 5/8
Flour—Western: Good to Choice.....	1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
Do—Middle.....	1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
Wheat: No. 2 Milwaukee.....	1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
Do—No. 3 Milwaukee.....	1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
Barley: State.....	75 @ 76
Do—Foreign.....	80 @ 81
Oats: Mixed Western.....	45 @ 46
Do—Mixed Eastern.....	45 @ 46
Straw: per cwt.....	35 @ 36
Hops: 1895-96.....	10 @ 12
Do—1896-97.....	10 @ 12
Do—1897-98.....	10 @ 12
Do—1898-99.....	10 @ 12
Do—1899-00.....	10 @ 12
Do—2000-01.....	10 @ 12
Do—2001-02.....	10 @ 12
Do—2002-03.....	10 @ 12
Do—2003-04.....	10 @ 12
Do—2004-05.....	10 @ 12
Do—2005-06.....	10 @ 12
Do—2006-07.....	10 @ 12
Do—2007-08.....	10 @ 12
Do—2008-09.....	10 @ 12
Do—2009-10.....	10 @ 12
Do—2010-11.....	10 @ 12
Do—2011-12.....	10 @ 12
Do—2012-13.....	10 @ 12
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Do—2110-11.....	10 @ 1