

# FATHER AND SON:

## A Tale of Country Life.

BY R. B. MOORE.

### Chapter VII.

There comes a respite for Eve—not illness for herself, as she has been half expecting, but for another. The week after her meeting in the lane with Tolver, Sam, who was ailing for some days before, falls ill of malignant scarlet fever; and on the twenty-second of July, which day was to have seen Eve a bride, he lies in extremity. There are several more cases now in the neighborhood, all of the same virulent nature. The cottage on the hillside is almost deserted when the news is known, for the people are becoming terrified at the ravages made by the destroyer, which has carried off several victims since the little daughter of the town-clerk fell a first prey to it.

Farmer Gerard fears nothing; but if he comes to the cottage he cannot attend to his business, on account of the danger of spreading the infection amongst his men and their families, so he stays away, very unwillingly, and contents himself with sending them a good nurse from the hospital in the town. No gift could be more welcome than the services of the strong skilled woman to relieve the two watchers, almost worn out with what they have already gone through. Everything looks brighter from the day she came, for a while. The boy wants for nothing that love or money can procure.

Mr. Gerard sends daily every delicacy that his land affords, and many another that he gets from the town; and besides these other baskets arrived mysteriously from time to time, a low knock at the door intimating a caller, but, when the door is opened, no one is there—only a basket stands on the steps, with no name or address, and within are found hot-house fruit and flowers, and other luxuries to tempt a sick appetite or relieve a weary frame. Mrs. Thirkfeld pretends to think that these anonymous gifts come from some rich person in the neighborhood who has heard of their troubles and pities and wishes to help; and all the while she knows that they are from no one but Tolver Gerard.

Notwithstanding all the attentions lavished upon him, the patient makes but little headway against the disease. It seems to have a fast hold of him; at night he is violently delirious, and it takes all the strength of Eve and the nurse together at such times to keep him from doing himself an injury; all the day he tosses and moans in pain and weariness. He rarely seems to know them, and seldom speaks except when the delirium is on him. Mrs. Thirkfeld bears up well and takes her share of the nursing bravely, to Eve's fear, for she thinks that her mother is doing too much, and will take the fever in consequence; and thus her anxieties are doubled.

Several times the farmer steals up to the cottage after dark, when no one is abroad to see him and to fancy him a sort of infection afterwards, and Eve or Mrs. Thirkfeld speaks to him from an upper window. They will not open the door to him, the doctor having declared it a particularly contagious species of fever, and impressed upon them the importance of complete isolation; so it is in vain that Farmer Gerard stoutly protests against the restriction. The second of these stolen visits is made on the twenty-second day of the month.

"Do you remember what to-day is, my dear, or was to have been?" he inquires of Eve at her bed-room window, having apprised her of his arrival by a gentle knock at the door, agreed upon beforehand.

Eve tells him soberly that she does. She is very quiet and sad. She longed for something to intervene between her fate, and something has intervened; and a new fear and sorrow hang over her life.

"Ah, well," sighs the farmer, "we can never tell one day what may happen the next! And how's the poor little chap to-night?"

"No better," she answers. "Worse, if anything."

"Poor boy, poor boy! You must be all broken up! Now, if you were to let me in to sit up with him just for one night, I'd have a bath and change all my clothes before I went near a soul in the morning."

"You are very kind," she almost sobs, feeling sorrowfully and passionately that she has blamed him too much, that he is kinder than she deserves; "but I must not—I dare not. You might take it yourself."

"Oh, I'm not afraid—it's those that are afraid that take it!"

She will not be persuaded, however, and the farmer has to go away at last, grumbling and pitying and sympathizing all in the same sentence.

"He's the best friend we've got!" the widow declares emphatically, when Eve tells her of his anxiety to help them.

"He is a very good friend," Eve is fain to admit.

The next morning, when a low signal at the door apprises them of an arrival which they have learned to expect, Eve runs quickly to answer it, hoping to catch a glimpse of the bearer of the mysterious basket. The basket is standing on the step with its wonted air of having come there of its own accord, but somebody is beside it to-day—a girl dressed in fresh mourning, with a round, pleasant face and kind brown eyes. Eve knows her slightly. She is the miller's eldest daughter, Lottie Hill, whose sister was one of the first to take the fever.

"Oh, Lottie!" Eve, in surprise at first, but then she smiles. "Good morning," she instantly adds. "But do you know we have got the fever here? I dare not ask you."

"But what is the matter?"

The girl smiles as she speaks, but the tears suddenly fill her eyes. Eve looks down at her mourning dress.

"Your sister—is she—?" Nobody told us," she finishes, reading her answer in the face before her.

"No? I dare say those whom you see would not tell you bad news just now; you have enough trouble of your own."

"When was it?" inquired Eve, her own eyes brimming in sympathy.

"Saturday week. She was buried on Monday; the doctor advised it. Since then all our time has been occupied with Molly, but she has taken the turn at last, and you see you need not be afraid to let me in."

Eve draws her in as she speaks, and into the little parlor, and there the two girls mingle their tears. They have hardly exchanged half a dozen sentences up to now, but mutual grief brings them together at once and makes them friends.

"Mother sent me," Lottie says presently, when she is calmer again; "she says we who have the fever ought to help one another all we can, if only to avoid calling in the assistance of those who have not got it. How is your brother?"

Eve tells her sorrowfully that there is no improvement; and they compare notes together of the progress of the disease in their families, and Eve confesses to her her fear of her mother's taking it.

"And what about yourself?" inquires Miss Hill.

"Oh, I don't mind about myself! I don't suppose anything will happen to me."

Lottie Hill opens her eyes a little at Eve's tone. Nobody in the neighborhood imagines but that Eve is a good match for her brother. Those who have guessed anything of Tolver's frequent journeys up to the cottage on the hill side put it down as a mere flirtation, and assume, as a matter of course, that she must needs prefer the solid advantages of a marriage with his well-to-do father. What version has reached Miss Hill Eve cannot tell, but she sees her look of surprise and changes her tone.

"Those who are not frightened are not apt to take it, I think," she says. "Not that mother is frightened. I don't mean that; she thinks of nothing but Sam—but the anxiety and the watching are weakening for her."

"I had it some years ago," Lottie tells her; "there is no danger for me. You must let me take my turn at sitting up; I have had a great deal of experience of late."

"The very reason for your needing rest now—not more sitting up," Eve says.

She remains firm on that point, despite Miss Hill's persuasion; but she takes her upstairs to see the patient, at her request, since the doctor gave her leave to come. Lottie says so little after they have come out of the room again that Eve guesses she thinks the worst.

"What does he seem like to you?" she whispers, as they descend the narrow flight of stairs.

"Like any other scarlet-fever patient, dear."

Eve feels the evasion in the reply.

"Like your sister," she says fearfully—"the one that died?"

"It must run a certain course in every one, you know. It is the same kind as hers; but then so was Molly's, and Molly is getting on now."

She has brought a jug of some delicate preparation of milk that her sister can take when every thing else fails.

"But there is something better than that waiting for you there, if I don't mistake," she says as the front door is opened and the basket standing there still is disclosed.

"Oh, I forgot it!" says Eve, going out and bringing it in. "Miss Hill, do you know—did you see the person who brought this?"

She tries to speak indifferently, but the color rushes up all over her face.

"It was standing here alone when I came," Lottie answers. "I knocked, and you opened the door and found me, and it together."

"Then it was your knock I heard? I thought it was the knock that always comes when this basket is left. They must have knocked before, and we failed to hear it."

The two girls part warmly, Lottie promising to call again.

"Mother will come when she can leave Molly," she says, "but that won't be just yet; she is so very weak."

About half-past eight that evening, just as she was beginning to get dusk, Eve, released from the sick-room for a space, is standing at her bed-room window, looking wistfully across at the entrance to the long green lane down which she went her last walk with Tolver not so many nights since, when she sees two heads—human heads—one with a tweed cap on and the other in something black—appear above a gap in the line of high green hedge. The cap is Tolver's—she knows it well even in the dusk—and she has a shrewd guess at what face is to be seen under the other head-gear. She waits and watches with quickened pulses. They have disappeared in a moment; but soon afterwards Lottie Hill emerges from the lane alone and comes over to the cottage.

Eve goes down to the door with sensations curiously mingled. Their confusion is not lessened when time passes on and Lottie says not one word of her companion in her walk there. She has come to stay the night, whether they are willing or not, and is very anxious to sit up alone, that they may all have a good rest for once; but Eve shares the watch with her, the nurse having had the chief of it for the past two nights. Sam is very ill; his mother can hardly be persuaded to lie down for awhile and leave him to the others. Eve hates herself for thinking of any one or anything but him at such a time; but a thought will sometimes fit across her brain, and she will look over at Lottie, noting the pleasant charm and kindness of her face.

No doubt Tolver was lingering in the lane only on the chance of a glimpse of herself, or of some stray news of them; but he would not be by any means the first who went in search of one thing and found another. Yet can she be cruel enough not to wish him to be comforted? On the other hand, the very idea is absurd when she comes to consider that Tolver is almost broken-hearted for her sake. Still, why did Lottie come by the lane? The road is by far the most direct way from the mill to the cottage. She must have had some reason for coming by the lane. Her silence about it may be caused by the knowledge of some previous love affair between Tolver and Eve; but yet nobody can think it was anything serious since she is now engaged to his father. That silence might be caused by something else—a consciousness of a feeling towards Tolver warmer than her feelings towards ordinary persons.

Once having tortured herself into this conclusion, Eve is restlessly wretched. She had troubled enough before, with her own loveless marriage coming fast upon her, delayed only by the danger of one of the two dear ones for whom she has struggled and sacrificed herself—without the miserable pang of jealousy being added to it. Such shameful pangs, too! She ought to be thankful at the possible prospect of Tolver's being finally consoled; but, argue with herself as she will, the thought of another loving him of drawing him by that love to love her, a man so gall and warlike to her.

They have a very trying time with their charge, but still at intervals, Eve's errand thoughts fly away from the sick room and the flushed tossing face on the pillows to a green summer lane and a young man lying on the ground with his face hidden among the long grass, and then return to busy themselves with the round pleasant face opposite to her, with its kind soft eyes and wistful look of recent grief. Lottie proves herself a capital nurse; and the boy, now the fever is running high, knows no difference between her and Eve.

The next night the nurse takes her turn; the night after, Lottie and Eve have arranged to share another vigil. Lottie is to come at sundown as before. Towards that time Eve is at her window looking over the lane, catching the faint light on some mending. She is not watching, she says to herself, oh, no! She must get the piece of darning finished, and it is lighter up-stairs.

Presently, past the gap in the tall hedge, the two heads are seen again—the one in tweed, the other, lower down, in black. Two minutes more, and a black robed form is visible at the top of the lane, a hand from which extended—it is to be supposed to meet another hand that does not appear. Evidently Tolver is not afraid of catching the fever. Eve descends to the door, her heart beating painfully. Lottie enters, with her affectionate kiss and instant inquiry after Sam. She says nothing about her friend in the lane, with the tweed cap; but when the lamp is lighted, and they sit down to supper together before going up-stairs for the night, Eve sees that Lottie's face is unduly flushed. When Sam's symptoms have been discussed, and the doctor's last report has been repeated, Eve says carelessly:

"That must have been you I saw in the road just before I came down to open the door to you. But then you were speaking to somebody else."

"Oh, yes," Lottie blushes all over her round face, and Eve crimson's too, not in sympathy, but in sudden sharp anger and pain. "I was speaking to— you would never guess who it was that I was speaking to, Eve."

"Shouldn't I?"—indifferently.

"It was Tolver Gerard. I—I met him. He was very anxious to know how your little brother was getting on; but I think it was very imprudent of him to speak to me, coming, as I do, straight from a house full of infection. Mr. Gerard stays away, we all know, with the best of motives, and then his son runs the risk of undoing it all by stopping me to ask after you!"

But she does not show any great displeasure at Tolver's rebellion against the quarantine, and Eve knows now that she must come that way on purpose to meet him. She thinks that Lottie Hill must be somewhat selfish. There are plenty of ways of avoiding him, if she wished it; and she ought to be anxious to avoid any uninfected person, not to mention the man she can blush for as she blushed for Tolver Gerard just now. But selfishness seems to have no abiding-place in that kind fresh face—only sweet girlish wisdom looks out of the brown eyes; there is only tender thoughtfulness in the set of the round firm lips. Eve defers forming her opinion.

She has little more opportunity of concerning herself with Tolver and her new friend. Before they are obliged to call the nurse up to him, and for the rest of the night they all three have their hands full with him. Mrs. Thirkfeld has fallen asleep, unconscious of what is passing; but when, towards dawn, Sam becomes calm and seems to slumber, the nurse says that his mother had better be called. They know then what is coming, and that the shadow of death is over the house. Eve calls her very gently, striving to hide the truth until the boy's face shall tell it her. But she seems to guess at once. They have never called her up before, and perhaps that in itself is enough. She does not cry, but hurries on a few things in silence, her pale face, worn with watching and anxiety, all quivering. They go into the room together, and together stand at his bedside while the fluttering breath comes fainter and fainter. He opens his eyes at last.

"Mother!"—Here, my darling—I am here!

But they never know whether he heard and recognized her. The next moment he is gone, with hardly a sigh,

and the widow and her daughter are left to be all in all to each other.

Chapter VIII.

The harvest is over; November winds are whistling through the bare fields, and Eve's wedding has not been spoken of again. She little thought what a long respite hers was to be, and at what cost! The cottage is so quiet without the boisterous boy-voice and boy ways breaking in upon the feminine order, there seems nothing to do, nothing to live for. Nobody wants piles of bread and butter cut to satisfy a ravenous appetite; nobody suggests, half-coarsingly, gooseberry jam for tea; nobody wants a torn jacket mended, or a coat buttoned. It is in the common things of every-day life that they miss their lost one so sadly.

Mrs. Thirkfeld did not take the fever, but she pined and fretted so that Eve feared the worst at one time. There was one remedy, and Eve applied it, thereby placing herself entirely at Mr. Gerard's mercy. The doctor said that change of air and scene was the only thing for her, and Eve used money recklessly from their dwindling store to save her mother's life. She took her to the seaside—not to the place where they were to have gone all together, with Eve as bride, but farther north, to a rough sea and a bracing climate—where no sad or bitter memories linked themselves with every spot. Mr. Gerard offered the use of his cheque-book freely, but Eve preferred not to touch his money until they should have none of their own. That time must come, she knows, there is nothing else to look to now that they have used their little capital, even if she would have drawn back from the compact now that there was no longer Sam's future to live for and save for, but, while they are alone, they will be independent.

Two of the Hills join them in the retreat. Mrs. Hill and Molly, the conventional, pale, thin, overgrown girl of sixteen. Lottie does not come, she can not be spared from home during her mother's absence, and sometimes Eve will wonder wistfully if she is very often with Tolver. There is no one to watch them now if they choose to walk in the lane, no longer green, and talk, ostensibly, perhaps, of common friends and local events.

Whatever Lottie may become to Tolver in the future, she must always remain Eve's friend. The ties of gratitude and affection, and mutual grief formed during that sad time four months ago are too strong for jealousy to break, rather do they overpower jealousy. Eve is learning a lesson that most find hard to receive in the prospect of renewed happiness for the best-loved one, even though it come through another. And, if it keeps her very pale and wistful-eyed, what wonder? The soul generally grows at the expense of the body. And she loves Lottie Hill—she can say it with all her heart.

Farmer Gerard drove Eve and her mother to the station and saw them off on their journey, bidding Eve farewell with another of his bluff fatherly kisses upon her cheek. He meets them on their return and greets her in like manner. He is kinder than ever and much quieter. There has been mourning in the village many lost their dear ones that summer with the fever. Tryphie Hill and poor Sam were among the first victims; after that the fever reached such a height that people looked round in terror on one another, wondering if they should meet again after the greeting at noon or eve. It has had a sobering effect upon most, and those who are left with their family circle unbroken rejoice temperately, in sympathy for the sorrowing ones all around them.

The farmer says nothing about marriage; but he comes to see them oftener than he ever did before, and Eve likes him better than she ever did, though her feelings are in no way altered or weakened. But she does not forget her duty to him, and that he has been very patient and exceedingly kind. She would like to claim a full year of freedom—she could make the money last so long, with care; but she determines, with a final wrench from self and its suggestions, to give ungrudgingly if she is going to give at all. It is not as if he were a young man, and he has waited six months very patiently, heaping every kindness on them meanwhile, and never saying a word of his own disappointment, or hinting, now they are at home again, at fixing another day. He has been very generous—it is her turn now.

So one day when they have been together to see Sam's grave, and have found on it a beautiful cross of white flowers which the farmer denies all knowledge of, and which Eve therefore puts down to the Hills, though a fleeting thought of another possible person sends the nervous blood to her cheek for a minute, she tells him frankly that, if he still wishes it, she will marry him as soon after Christmas as he likes.

"That's very kind of you, my dear," he returns; "but I don't want you to go against your feelings. There's no hurry for a little while, if—I'm anxious to have you settled at Fairfield, but you mustn't do it just to please me, so soon after— Poor little chap! He'd have made a first-rate farmer. We should all have been proud of him some day." He stops to mop his face with his large handkerchief, though the weather is quite wintry and he can not be hot. "When you feel quite right about that," he resumes, "you come—the sooner the better, as far as I'm concerned. But don't force it on yourself."

"Oh, you are very good!" Eve says sadly. "You have been so good to us always. But I don't think I can ever feel different about—about anything. And dear Sam—we shan't forget him because of the change in our life; and so—whenever you like, Mr. Gerard."

The farmer was looking at her oddly. He was half crying himself just now,

so why should he think it strange if she can hardly restrain her tears?

"Very well," he answers. "You and your mother come to spend Christmas at Fairfield—shall that be a settled thing? and we will fix the day among us then."

She acquiesces, and they go home together. As they pass the mill, they see Lottie Hill standing in the yard in earnest conversation with a man, who stands with a gun under one arm and the other hand thrust in the pocket of his rough shooting-coat. His back is to them, but there is no mistaking him. It is Tolver Gerard.

The days pass on quietly from November into December. There are not many preparations to make—they were nearly all made early in the summer.

Eve seldom goes to the mill. They often ask her, but she has a secret dread of meeting Tolver there. She pays her rare visits at hours when she knows he is likely to be occupied on the farm, and gets Lottie to come of-ten to the cottage instead. When she comes one day in December with an invitation from her mother for Mrs. Thirkfeld and Eve to spend Christmas with them, Eve tells her of their pre-arrangement, and also of what is to be decided upon on that day.

"Do you think it very soon?" she inquires of her friend, with that wistful look from out large dark-ringed eyes that goes to more than one heart, though she never guesses it. "Mother feels it so lonely here without Sam I want to get her away to something fresh. And, since it is to be—"

There she breaks off and falls into unconscious melancholy reverie, with her head catching the wintry sunlight as she sits in the window. Lottie contemplates her in silence until presently she seems to revive.

"And now I have told you this, Lottie," she goes on, "I want something in return. I want the confidence not to be all on one side. Do you understand?"

She tries to speak gaily. Lottie blushes to the tips of her ears, and, in spite of all her brave resolves, Eve's heart sinks at the sight. She has almost brought herself to believe that she is anxious for Tolver to love this girl and find consolation for his sorrows in her love. But, oh, how hard a thing it is to look on at!

"Well, Lottie?" she questions presently, as the other does not speak.

"I don't quite understand," Lottie says then, raising her head and looking very pretty in her confusion. "I didn't know you knew; I can't think who has said anything to you. I don't mean," she adds hastily, "that I was anxious to keep it from you. I think I have told you everything, Eve, but this, and I often longed to tell you this too, only, in the circumstances, and everything being so uncertain too— Dear Eve, you are not vexed with me, I hope?"

"Vexed!" repeats Eve, with a strained smile. "Of course not! There needed no telling either; I have known it all along almost as well as if you had told me."

Lottie looks puzzled again.

"Some one must have been talking," she says. "Was it Molly?"

"I have seen you with him," declares Eve.

Lottie starts.

"Did you think Tolver and I—?" Lottie begins to recover herself and to attempt explanations. "How could you, when— Well, I see you don't know, after all, and I see everything to tell you, it was Gregory Skene I was speaking of. Have you ever heard that name before?" Eve mutely shakes her head.

"I couldn't understand it, for out of our own family there was no one to tell you. More than a year ago I met him in Manchester, where I went on a visit to some friends. We—I suppose we fell in love with each other almost at first sight; but father would not hear of even an engagement between us, because he was poor, and his mother was a widow and he had the family to keep, so there wasn't much prospect of things improving with him; but I was willing to wait, and we neither of us ever meant to have anybody else. You know, I have money of my own, if only father would let me have it; but he was angry, because he— he wanted just what you imagined was the case, Eve—with a fresh blush, which aids in opening Eve's eyes to the fallacy of being guided to any conclusion by Lottie's continual blushes. "He and Mr. Gerard had settled it between themselves, I believe, but neither Tolver nor I would have anything to say to it, you see, I had already met Greg when that came on the carpet, and Tolver—"

"He never told me about it," Eve observes involuntarily.

Lottie looks at her with a sudden smile, which fades away at the expression which crosses the other's face as she recollects herself.


"No, dear, there was nothing to tell," she says gently. "Tolver and I have known each other ever since we were little children together, and we could never be more than brother and sister; it would seem against nature to us. We used to tell each other everything until about up to that time. I didn't tell him about Greg then, and he did not tell me about you until the fever came, and Sam was ill, and he thought you would take it, and— and then he told me all—though, of course, I had heard a good deal before in the way of gossip. I kept him acquainted with the state of your health, and about poor little Sam—and how things were going on altogether."

Eve sits in silent amazement. Then those meetings in the lane—that impudence which she so bitterly condemned—were all on her own account.

Soon after that Lottie goes and Eve sits idle, staring into the fire, not knowing whether she is relieved to find that, after all, Tolver and Lottie are not lovers, and never will be; or sorry, because in that fact she also receives her sentence. Tolver will certainly go away now, when she is married; there is nothing to keep him in Nutfield, since

there is no love for him at home. She will go away, and she will never see him again. Her life stretches before her, dark, dreary, hopeless.

(To be continued)



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1215 and 1220 and 1225 and 1230 and 1235 and 1240 and 1245 and 1250 and 1255 and 1260 and 1265 and 1270 and 1275 and 1280 and 1285 and 1290 and 1295 and 1300 and 1305 and 1310 and 1315 and 1320 and 1325 and 1330 and 1335 and 1340 and 1345 and 1350 and 1355 and 1360 and 1365 and 1370 and 1375 and 1380 and 1385 and 1390 and 1395 and 1400 and 1405 and 1410 and 1415 and 1420 and 1425 and 1430 and 1435 and 1440 and 1445 and 1450 and 1455 and 1460 and 1465 and 1470 and 1475 and 1480 and 1485 and 1490 and 1495 and 1500 and 1505 and 1510 and 1515 and 1520 and 1525 and 1530 and 1535 and 1540 and 1545 and 1550 and 1555 and 1560 and 1565 and 1570 and 1575 and 1580 and 1585 and 1590 and 1595 and 1600 and 1605 and 1610 and 1615 and 1620 and 1625 and 1630 and 1635 and 1640 and 1645 and 1650 and 1655 and 1660 and 1665 and 1670 and 1675 and 1680 and 1685 and 1690 and 1695 and 1700 and 1705 and 1710 and 1715 and 1720 and 1725 and 1730 and 1735 and 1740 and 1745 and 1750 and 1755 and 1760 and 1765 and 1770 and 1775 and 1780 and 1785 and 1790 and 1795 and 1800 and 1805 and 1810 and 1815 and 1820 and 1825 and 1830 and 1835 and 1840 and 1845 and 1850 and 1855 and 1860 and 1865 and 1870 and 1875 and 1880 and 1885 and 1890 and 1895 and 1900 and 1905 and 1910 and 1915 and 1920 and 1925 and 1930 and 1935 and 1940 and 1945 and 1950 and 1955 and 1960 and 1965 and 1970 and 1975 and 1980 and 1985 and 1990 and 1995 and 2000 and 2005 and 2010 and 2015 and 2020 and 2025 and 2030 and 2035 and 2040 and 2045 and 2050 and 2055 and 2060 and 2065 and 2070 and 2075 and 2080 and 2085 and 2090 and 2095 and 2100 and 2105 and 2110 and 2115 and 2120 and 2125 and 2130 and 2135 and 2140 and 2145 and 2150 and 2155 and 2160 and 2165 and 2170 and 2175 and 2180 and 2185 and 2190 and 2195 and 2200 and 2205 and 2210 and 2215 and 2220 and 2225 and 2230 and 2235 and 2240 and 2245 and 2250 and 2255 and 2260 and 2265 and 2270 and 2275 and 2280 and 2285 and 2290 and 2295 and 2300 and 2305 and 2310 and 2315 and 2320 and 2325 and 2330 and 2335 and 2340 and 2345 and 2350 and 2355 and 2360 and 2365 and 2370 and 2375 and 2380 and 2385 and 2390 and 2395 and 2400 and 2405 and 2410 and 2415 and 2420 and 2425 and 2430 and 2435 and 2440 and 2445 and 2450 and 2455 and 2460 and 2465 and 2470 and 2475 and 2480 and 2485 and 2490 and 2495 and 2500 and 2505 and 2510 and 2515 and 2520 and 2525 and 2530 and 2535 and 2540 and 2545 and 2550 and 2555 and 2560 and 2565 and 2570 and 2575 and 2580 and 2585 and 2590 and 2595 and 2600 and 2605 and 2610 and 2615 and 2620 and 2625 and 2630 and 2635 and 2640 and 2645 and 2650 and 2655 and 2660 and 2665 and 2670 and 2675 and 2680 and 2685 and 2690 and 2695 and 2700 and 2705 and 2710 and 2715 and 2720 and 2725 and 2730 and 2735 and 2740 and 2745 and 2750 and 2755 and 2760 and 2765 and 2770 and 2775 and 2780 and 2785 and 2790 and 2795 and 2800 and 2805 and 2810 and 2815 and 2820 and 2825 and 2830 and 2835 and 2840 and 2845 and 2850 and 2855 and 2860 and 2865 and 2870 and 2875 and 2880 and 2885 and 2890 and 2895 and 2900 and 2905 and 2910 and 2915 and 2920 and 2925 and 2930 and 2935 and 2940 and 2945 and 2950 and 2955 and 2960 and 2965 and 2970 and 2975 and 2980 and 2985 and 2990 and 2995 and 3000 and 3005 and 3010 and 3015 and 3020 and 3025 and 3030 and 3035 and 3040 and 3045 and 3050 and 3055 and 3060 and 3065 and 3070 and 3075 and 3080 and 3085 and 3090 and 3095 and 3100 and 3105 and 3110 and 3115 and 3120 and 3125 and 3130 and 3135 and 3140 and 3145 and 3150 and 3155 and 3160 and 3165 and 3170 and 3175 and 3180 and 3185 and 3190 and 3195 and 3200 and 3205 and 3210 and 3215 and 3220 and 3225 and 3230 and 3235 and 3240 and 3245 and 3250 and 3255 and 3260 and 3265 and 3270 and 3275 and 3280 and 3285 and 3290 and 3295 and 3300 and 3305 and 3310 and 3315 and 3320 and 3325 and 3330 and 3335 and 3340 and 3345 and 3350 and 3355 and 3360 and 3365 and 3370 and 3375 and 3380 and 3385 and 3390 and 3395 and 3400 and 3405 and