

# White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Coqualla blushed and hung down her head when she saw the people gazing upon her, and her companion trembled violently. But they were not left long in suspense. Stung Serpent was absent; but the Great Sun stepped down from the elevated seat that he occupied, and from one of the attendants he took a bow and an arrow, and a crown of feathers, to which was affixed an oak twig. The latter he placed upon White Hand's head, and the weapons he placed in his hand. Then to Coqualla the old chief gave a laurel twig and an ear of corn.

"My son," then spoke the Great Sun, in a solemn and impressive tone, "I, as the eldest male relative of the bride, do now bestow her upon thee. Thou hast been crowned with the plumage of the soaring bird, which signifieth the power of command you shall exercise in the household. The twig of oak tells us that from the depth of no forest can prevent thee from procuring food in times of need; while the bow and arrow in thy hand signifieth that even unto death thou wilt protect her who is now given unto thee for a wife." Then the Great Sun turned to the bride; "Coqualla, in thy hand thou holdest the twig of laurel—the emblem of purity. So wilt thou ever remain pure and unsoiled, that the green laurel may be no more pure than art thou. The ear of corn thou hast also assumed. Never let thy household want for food whilst thou art thus provided."

Then the chieftain resumed his seat, and the same old man who had led White Hand to the temple stepped forward and delivered a sort of sermon, after which the couple were hailed as man and wife. In the midst of these rejoicings, the entrance to the house was darkened, and in a moment more Stung Serpent stood within the place. He looked upon White Hand, and his brow darkened, but a close observer could have seen that the look was assumed.

"Who hath done this?" he demanded, in a loud tone.

"I, my brother," answered the Great Sun. "They loved each other well, and I gave thy child away."

Stung Serpent bowed his head a few moments, and when he looked up again his brow was clear.

"Then my promise is made void," he said; "for no man can harm the husband of his child. White Hand, thou art safe with us; but remember thine oath!"

"The husband of thy child will not break his promise," spoke the White Hand, solemnly.

"It is well. I am in season for the festivities."

And thereupon the festivities commenced, and they were kept up till late in the evening, and then the newly married couple were conducted to a dwelling that the king himself gave them. It was just back of the house of Stung Serpent, and was within the line of the great circle of dwellings, but its post of honor was marked by its nearness to the abode of the Great Sun.

After the newly married pair had been conducted to their dwelling, the youth felt a hand upon his arm, and on turning he saw the Great Sun.

"White Hand," he said, "follow me, for the Great Sun of the Natchez has much to say to thee."

Full of wonder, the youth followed the king from the place, but he did not fear, for there was only kindness in the tones of the monarch. On they went until they reached a gigantic oak that stood in the very center of the village, and here the Great Sun stopped.

"White Hand," he said, in a low, solemn tone, "thou hast sworn to my brother that thou wilt not betray thyself to thy countrymen, nor leave the village of the White Apple without our consent. Only six miles from here is the fort and village of the white man; so thou seest how great is the trust we repose in thee."

"Yet I will not break my word," said the youth, while a spirit of awe crept over him. There was something grand and sublime in the scene about him, and he could not shake off the impression that a sort of mystic fate was being worked out in all this. The heavens were without a cloud, and the myriad stars were twinkling like tiny eyes of fire away off in the dark vault. The broad, smooth plain stretched off like a mystic lake, while the huts of the Natchez were dimly visible in the great circle.

"White Hand," resumed the dark monarch, "I do not think that the Great Spirit of our people is the same God that made the white man. The country away beyond the great salt lake, they tell me, is full of white men, and your God has given them laws not like our laws. They pray to their God for vengeance on the Natchez, and the dread vengeance comes. Like the swift storm at night, and like the bound of the beast of prey, it comes upon us. My son, thou canst pray?"

"Yes," murmured the youth.

"Then wilt thou not pray for the Natchez? Wilt thou not pray that He will send no more calamities upon us? Thou art good, and true, and noble. What sayest thou?"

A strange truth now flashed upon the youth's mind. The Indians, in their simple dread of the white man's God, had believed that if they could possess one of the true worshippers of that God, and persuade him to intercede for them, the calamities that resulted from the prayers of their enemies might be averted. Yet White Hand did not wonder, for he knew how simple were the ideas that the red men entertained of their own Deity. And, moreover, he knew that the Indians had often heard the monks praying, and when he remembered how direct and common were the appeals thus made, he did not question the influence it must have upon those who were wont to regard Deity as being to be propitiated with gifts and outer show. The youth's first thought was to try and correct the error into which the chief had fallen; but when he came to reflect that in such a work he should have to uproot the prejudices of a lifetime, he resolved to do as was asked of him.

"Great and mighty king," said the youth, in a tone that gave evidence of his truth, "I think God will answer my prayers as quickly as those of any of my people, and so far as the Natchez are in the right, will I pray for them."

"And thou wilt tell him all the wrongs we suffer, and all the indignities that are heaped upon us?"

"I will," replied White Hand.

"Then thou shalt be the well-beloved of the Natchez. Let us return now, and as we go, I will tell thee more. The white chief at Rosalie is called Chopart. He is a bad man, and a liar. I dare not tell thee all the evil he has done. But he has robbed us of our cattle, and we can have no redress. He has encroached upon our lands, and we cannot drive him off. But O! the day of reckoning must come. Beware, my son, that thou lettest not thy sympathy run with these bad men, for the hour is nigh at hand—the hour of vengeance and retribution!"

The king spoke no more, only to bid White Hand good-night when they reached the dwelling, and soon the youth was with his princess. Truly his situation was a strange one, and that night he prayed long and fervently, but he dared not let his wife know all his prayer.

## CHAPTER XII.

On the very evening that White Hand reached the village of the White Apple a party of Chickasaws stepped upon the northern shore of Lake Pontchartrain. They were ten in number, and with them was a prisoner, who now reclined against a small hickory tree. Her silk gown is torn and soiled by the thorns and bushes through which she has been led, and the thin shoes are worn through till the feet have become sore and bleeding; for the way she has come has been a hard one, and many sharp brambles have beset the path. But she rests now. The flames dart up from a fire near at hand. Sick and faint, she sinks down upon the soft mossy bed at the foot of the tree, and ere long all her dangers and troubles are forgotten in sleep.

The fair prisoner ever and anon starts up with frightful dreams, until at length, when the night is far spent, she is aroused by strange sounds near at hand, amid which she can distinguish the clash of arms and the hum of angry voices. The idea of escape breaks upon her mind. A moment she gazes around, and she sees men in conference about her, with weapons drawn, and voices raised as if in anger. She moves only a step, and a hand is laid upon her shoulder. A stout Chickasaw holds her fast and tells her she cannot escape. In a moment more the Chickasaw is pushed rudely aside, and Louise looks up into the moon-lit face of Simon Lobo!

"Ha!" he cries, with well-assumed astonishment, "and was my suspicion correct? Have I found my beloved thus dragged away by ruthless savages? Early this morning a runner brought the news to New Orleans that a white girl was being carried off by the Chickasaws, and that their trail bent towards the great lake. A mystic voice whispered thy name in my ear. Why it was I know not; but I started, and I have found thee. Look up, sweet Louise, for thou art safe. Thou art rescued!"

The maiden's first emotion seemed to be to shrink from the white man, but in a moment more she gave him her hand. "And am I free from these savages?" she asked, gazing first into Simon's face and then upon the motley crew about her. "Ay, thou art, Louise. Do you not see that they are all quailed? Heaven must have directed me to this spot. Fear no more, for thou shalt be safe with me."

Under any other circumstances, Louise might have been frantic with joy at such salutation, but now she was moved by so many conflicting doubts that the coming of the rescuers seemed to move her but little. By the bright moonlight she could see the crew about her, and they did not look like deadly enemies. No one was wounded, nor did any one appear to be hurt. To be sure, there had been the sound of strife, but it may have only been a mock battle after all. At any rate, so ran the maiden's thoughts, though she kept them to herself.

"Come," continued Simon, after waiting some moments for an answer that he did not receive—"come with me now. The savages will not dare to harm you more, nor will they dare molest me."

Louise suffered herself to be led to the shore of the lake, and there she found two boats in waiting. She had been seated in one of them when the chief of the Chickasaw party came down and called Simon back. A bitter smile stole over the maiden's face as she saw this, and her suspicions were well confirmed when she saw Lobo follow the red man up the bank. But the cousin returned in a few moments, and having seated himself by the side of Louise, the boats were manned and shoved off.

"The red dog wanted me to promise that I would not expose his crime to the Governor," said Simon, after the boats had got well into the lake. "I would have made them all prisoners, only that I feared you might be harmed in the melee. You did not notice how we came upon them, and what first occurred, did you?" Simon gazed sharply into his companion's face as he thus spoke, as though he would read any suspicion she might hold.

"I saw nothing until I was grasped by the shoulder," she truthfully replied, "for I was sound asleep when you came."

"So I thought. But I will explain: One of the men who accompanied me knew the various trails that lead to the lake, and he guided us here. We landed, and we found the Indians asleep, all save one; but they were upon their feet by the time we were up with them, and I saw that some of them had guns. At that moment I espied you asleep upon the ground. In an instant I forbade my men to fire, for I feared you might be hit. I told the leader of the Indians that he was discovered, and that if he did not give up his prisoner, I would have the whole French force down upon his people before another sun had set. And I furthermore told him that if he would quietly deliver up the maiden, we would not harm him. A scuffle ensued between some of the red men and two of my companions, but we quickly stopped it, and the Indians agreed to give you up if we would let them depart in peace. I consented, and—you know the rest. Was it not fortunate that I heard the report this morning?—and was it not very fortunate that heaven whispered to me that you might be the prisoner?"

"It was very fortunate," returned Louise.

"And perhaps you think it was strange," added Simon. "But yet I had some ground for the fear. The runner

told me that the Indians were on the Tickfah trail, and I could think of no place from whence they could have brought a young white maiden captive in that direction save from the estate of our father. I say our father, for surely he has been a father to me. The more I thought of the matter, the more confirmed my fears became. A French ship lay in the river, and I easily hired some of her men to come with me. O, Louise, do you realize how great is the blessing thus fallen upon you? What must have been your fate had I not found you as I did?"

But the maiden did not reply. She was thinking how flimsy and improbable was the story her companion had told, and she wondered if he thought her such a simpleton as to believe all he said.

"Do you realize what a fate must have been yours?" Simon urged. "A death of torture, or a life of misery."

"I know the Indians are sometimes revengeful, but I do not think they would have murdered a defenseless girl," said Louise.

"Ah, you do not know them. You do not know these Chickasaws. They are monsters of cruelty!"

"And yet they have been very kind to me."

"Kind, Louise? Then why are you so pale and wan?—and why so feeble?"

"Because I am not well. I am sick. Last night I had a severe fever, but my captors prepared some medicine from roots that they found in the earth, and it relieved me at once."

"Ah, that was but to hold you up on your journey. But you are sick, even now. Let me fix a place for repose."

Simon spread a blanket upon the boat's bottom in the stern sheets, and fixed it so that Louise could lay her head upon one of the thwart, and when this was fixed, she availed herself of the opportunity for rest thus afforded, for she was in truth sick and faint, and her head ached. It was not all the result of mere fatigue or fright, but disease had absolutely fastened upon her—a slight cold, perhaps, at first, but now verging to a fever.

Yet Louise slept, and when she awoke, she found the sun shining down full upon her, and the boat had reached the southern shore. She was assisted to land, but she could not walk. However, horses were at hand, and when she was seated in the saddle, the party started across the land towards New Orleans, which they reached before noon. The place contained not more than a hundred dwellings, and those were humble and primitive in form. The territory of the town had been laid out into squares, sixty-six in number, of three hundred feet each. These squares were eleven in number upon the river, and six in depth; so that with all the obstacles of the natural state of the land, its geographical position had marked it out in the mind of its founder as the nucleus of a mighty city. His quick and comprehensive mind understood the advantages of the position in a commercial point of view, for he saw that here was the natural point between ocean and inland navigation.

To a low, wooden house on Bourbon street was Louise conducted, and at her own request she was at once shown to a bed, and a physician sent for. An old negro woman, named Loppa, came to wait upon her, and in a little while the physician came. He was an old man, and well skilled in drugs. He examined the patient's pulse, her tongue, and asked numerous questions, and then announced that with care she might be well in a very few days.

During the rest of that day and the following night, Louise saw no more of Simon Lobo. Her head ached much, but finally the old doctor's potions quieted the nervous action, and late in the evening she sank into a gentle slumber. On the following morning she felt much better, so that the doctor smiled when he came. In three days from that time she was fairly recovered from her disease, though she was very weak, partly from the severe shock she had received, and partly from the effects of the medicines she had taken. At all events, the physician deemed it not necessary to call again, and only ordered now that his patient's diet should be strictly attended to.

As Louise thus began to regain her strength, she wondered when Simon Lobo would take her home. She had asked him once, but had gained no direct answer.

(To be continued.)

"Hit Me; I'm Big Enough." He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. I learned afterward that he was supporting a crippled mother and an invalid sister who had been left helpless in the world by the death of her father. He might have run away from home and evaded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold papers.

At the loop on 15th street a crowd was gathered, waiting for the evening cars. A ragged little girl was selling flowers at the 15th street end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to catch his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him, defiantly.

"Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough." The man paused in surprise, and then glanced around. He saw the flower girl peeping up her wares, and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her money enough to make her eyes sparkle with joy, and said:

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see." Then, turning to the boy, he continued: "You said you were big enough, young man, but you're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of self-respect."

Then he caught his car and the boy and the girl stood there wondering what he meant.—Denver Times.

## Memory.

From 123 answers to questions published two or three years ago, Messrs. V. and C. Henri find that a person's first memory may be of an extent occurring as early as the age of 6 months or as late as 8 years—2 to 4 years being the usual age.

## WHEN THE SWEET SAP BEGINS TO DRIP.



ONCE more they're making ready for the drip, drip, drip. Of the sugary sap that trickles from the bare-limbed maple trees;

Ere long the farmer boys'll turn the buckets up and sip. The nectar Nature gives to them she wishes most to please;

I can see the wood smoke curling. I can hear the brook that's purring. Past the sugar house that's standing on the little grassy knoll;

In my fancy I can hear The first robin singing near. And an old, delightful longing takes possession of my soul.

Ah, those were happy mornings when the old mare dragged the sled, With the barrel standing on it, where the leaves lay thick and wet, When the clear drops fell from branches lightly swaying overhead.

And I whistled out so loudly that the tunes may echo yet: How I slopped the sap around On myself and on the ground. How the barrel used to teeter as the old sled bumped along!

Oh, I wonder where the mare is, And I wonder if out there is Still some boy who gathers sap and makes the woods ring with his song?

## WHERE HOPE IS DEAD.

Russia's Great Penal Colony of Sakhalin Island a Living Tomb.

No word is more feared in Russia than Sakhalin, the name of the Czar's penal settlement along the northern coast of Asia. It stands for a living tomb and is perhaps one of the most desolate and dreary islands in all the world. The island is nearly 700 miles long and varies in breadth at different points from 15 to 80 miles. A range of mountains forms the backbone, individual peaks rising to the height of nearly 5,000 feet. Dense forests of spruce and fir cover the lower slopes of the range, but, owing to the latitude, the timber line is low, and the lack of transportation renders the forest useless. Chilly rains throughout the summer, days, sometimes weeks, of steady snowfall during the winter, a leaden sky, a cheerless shore, a gray, wind-lashed sea, these are the characteristics of the "accursed island."

Formerly the unhappy wretches condemned to imprisonment on Sakhalin marched overland on foot to their destination. The sign post at Alexandrovsk shows 10,180 versts, nearly 7,000 miles, from St. Petersburg. Three to four years of constant tramping required to make the terrible journey.

The strings of prisoners, manacled to a long chain, were passed from one provincial government to another. Relays of soldiers took turns in guarding them through the different provinces, and so frightful were the hardships of the journey that often not half of the convoy remained at the last half on the shore of Okhotsk. Instances have been known, not a few it is whispered in Russia, of an entire convict gang perishing one after another during the long tramp, nearly one-third of the distance around the world, and of those who started, not one surviving to cross the narrow strait separating Sakhalin from the continent.

Now the convicts are sent by steam. Twice a year a jail-clearing day occurs in every prison in Russia. All over the empire bands of convicts are in motion, the rattle of the chain, the shuffling of convict feet, the heavy tramp of soldier guards are heard in every town. From all parts of Russia these criminal rivulets converge toward Odessa. A convict ship awaits there. Between decks the vessel is fitted with iron cages like those of savage animals. From 1,800 to 3,000 miserable criminals are packed into a cargo, and the long voyage begins. A revolt on board is of frequent occurrence, but is always promptly subdued, for connected with the ship's

bolters there are special hose appliances by which scalding steam can be turned into any cage and the occupants parboiled.

Once at Sakhalin, the doors of hope are closed to the convict. Theoretically, when his term of service is ended he is set at liberty, spends six years on the island as an "exile settler," six years more in Siberia as a "penitent settler," and is then permitted to return to Russia. Some do so. Practically nine-tenths, perhaps, even a larger proportion of the convicts, after crossing the strait never return. Russian officialdom is forgetful. Sakhalin is almost on the other side of the world from St. Petersburg. A convict once committed to prison is released only by special order, and unless the unhappy man has wealthy and influential friends at home willing to use argument, and, if necessary, bribery, in his behalf, he is never heard of again.

How many convicts are on "the island of cursing," perhaps not even the officials know. Charles H. Hawes, an Englishman, who recently visited the island, says that there are over 8,000 murderers, and that aside from the guards and a few scattered bands of Alnus, the entire population is made up of criminals. During the term of imprisonment the convicts are confined in stockades. Later they are released, and as escape from the island is practically impossible, they are under a limited surveillance. Crime is rampant in Alexandrovsk and the other penal settlements. Murder, robbery, almost every form of violence, prevails among the released prisoners, apparently unchecked by the officials, who, from all accounts, as richly deserve imprisonment as their charges.

There is one other convict prison in the far east almost as much dreaded as Sakhalin. It is the settlement at Shredni-Kolymsk. Five hundred miles intervene between this colony and the nearest town. In summer the entire country is an almost impassable marsh; in winter the average temperature is said to be 50 degrees below freezing point, while a fall of 80 degrees below is not uncommon. The duties of the police are confined simply to keeping the prisoners in order, for escape is impossible. There are no stockades, the prisoners are housed in huts, go mad by dozens, fight among themselves and make murderous assaults upon the police, so that the office is no secure.

The Women of New Guinea. The women and girls in many parts of New Guinea wear a skirt of native grass, which hangs down from the waist to the knee, each piece of grass being plaited into a strong encircling belt at the top. The material may also be cocoanut or banana leaves, the former finely shredded with a shell. Sometimes the grass used is laid in the mud and stained black, or reddened by the juice of a root, and the three colors, red, black and light brown, are blended very harmoniously. The effect of wearing the skirt, especially when composed of banana leaves, is to make the girl's walk approach more closely to a waddle, and when some ducks were introduced lately at the headquarters of the Anglican Mission, the boys ungallantly exclaimed, "They walk like the girls."

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