

**MARCH OF MEN.**  
 ...and cast away the pale,  
 ...and the tears,  
 ...and forgot the sighs  
 ...you would be as wise,  
 ...or as strong?  
 ...and lay the burden down  
 ...and let your head at white,  
 ...and everything that wears a frown  
 ...and a life of smiles,  
 ...and a child's eyes  
 ...and you appear to other men  
 ...and noble or more fair?  
 ...and a man should do his part  
 ...and every all his load,  
 ...and to share with every heart  
 ...and the cheerfulness of the road;  
 ...and to think overmuch  
 ...and to be in fullest touch  
 ...and with all his human kind.  
 ...and Harper's Weekly.

**AN ENGINEER.**

By C. Y. Maitland.



ERHAPS you might marry a worse man, Evelyn. Indeed, in my mind, you might go a long way before you found a better." Evelyn Archer tossed her head, and gave a long, sharp glance at the man of whom they were speaking. She showed meanwhile, a gleam of teeth, in a doubtful smile. She was standing on the platform of a railway station, dressed for a day in a neat, stylish, rich dress. A man indicated was Dick Harrison, and he was on a locomotive, smoke-begrimed suit, with a hat pulled up, to show brawny muscles, a hat tossed back, revealing his curling hair, and a strong, tanned, suntanned face; his head bent forward and his ears awaiting the signal for starting. A woman would have wondered then, a Evelyn Archer. She was so exquisitely dainty and beautiful; he so ruggedly coarse and dirty." And Dick, in his Sunday clothes, his face as clean as other men's, at Evelyn to marry him. She did not say "No" severely. She did not say "Dare" standing, so strong and handsome, before her, and his earnest eyes on her face. Dick told him, with all the gentleness of her nature, that she had checked him but a little while; that she was young, as yet, to think of love; that she was quite sure she made a mistake in caring for him, and many more such simple yet Statesman words, which made him understand that he was rejected. It was going home now with Kate's hum.

...Merrill, Kate's lover, who knew well, was pleading his cause. ...think that he is not good for you, Evelyn," said Will. ...precisely, but I am sure ...to find a husband a little ...in the social scale than an ...I can't get over it. I like ...I think him fine looking; but a ...who has pride or ambition will ...not along through life looking ...chancey-sweep. ...may you will find him out— ...he may do something to sur- ...he would only do something ...I might like him a lit- ...ughed Evelyn. ...at wait! You will not forget ...he told you?" ...the bell rang just then, and ...terred and took their seats, and ...the train left she had quite for- ...it. ...should she not? She could ...the heat of the locomotive, or ...at dust and cinders in her ...She was clean and cool, and ...not have a thought but of pleas- ...what then. ...In they rode, eating their dainty ...reading the clean-paged ...and they had brought along; buy- ...cluster of pond lilies at a ...pazing out on the varied, ...open country and shadowy for- ...who chatting, laughing and feel- ...should all who have youth and ...and not a care on earth—per- ...esceppy. ...if it journey ended in good time, ...fresh and unwearied the two ...pped out on the platform, and ...for the carriage which was to ...them to Kate's home. ...age was in the way, and as ...As they stepped aside, a voice said: ...from Miss Archer?" ...it glided down—for the sound ...by me up—and saw a small ...inside her, holding a bouquet of ...ist. ...voice, "I'm Miss Archer," she re- ...gignantly. ...to it men on the engine told me to ...blance you," said the boy. ...blanched, but there was no man ...in locomotive just then, so she ...o curran, and said: ...ts to him I thank him." ...nail, which he might make his appear- ...and thus compel her to speak to ...him). ...rm there was no danger. Dare was ...e- ...quite near enough to see ...e- ...fingers close over the flow- ...the smile upon her lips, and ...that nothing more. He was too ...t repeat her see him just then, so ...not have harbored a fear. ...over was of very little account ...rcher, for she had scores ...They were all sorts—good, ...ndifferent, she said—and ...ould be her but little trouble. ...ne—well, if he had been any- ...om the world, or she had ...om him dressed up and look- ...for by handsome, she would have ...ing about him, but as it was ...ed him, she would have ...be made her, to say the least, ...so comfortable. ...Evelyn." ...was what Kate said to Evelyn, ...ing, when Evelyn, hearing a ...and many and excited voices, ...the breakfast room. ...is it?" ...general on one of the ...d that had been such a dreadful ...and Dare Harrington—poor ...ngton."

Evelyn's lips parted and then the words froze upon her lips. "He stood by his engine to the last. They say he might have saved his own life if he would, but he stood at his post and died there." "No, he didn't!" put in Will Merrill. "He stood at his post like a hero, and he is jammed into a jelly, but he isn't dead." Then Evelyn found strength to gasp: "Where is he?"

In a little while, without clearly knowing how or why, she had crossed the long station, which had been transformed into a hospital, and was standing by wrecked and broken Dare Harrington. They said he would die; but, in spite of that, they lacked away at him and deprived him of one arm, and finally left him splintered and boned and bandaged from head to foot, and Evelyn took up her place beside him, and raved at everybody who proposed taking him away.

Then for days she heard of nothing but his death, which might at any moment be expected, and she lived in a state of horrible expectation. But he could not die; life was very strong and in high favor with him, and he clung to it, and fairly drove death back.

In the end, one day he woke to consciousness, and found Evelyn Archer sitting near him, reading, and looking almost as white as the one hand which lay helplessly on the coverlet before him. Then by degrees he came to know that she never left him, and that all the tender attentions which he received and which he so loved, were from her hands. After awhile he spoke to her, and had the supreme pleasure of seeing her turn white and burst into tears, and clasp her hands as though all the happiness on earth had suddenly fallen upon her. "I shall get well, after all," he said, one day. "Then what can I do?" "They say," she said, "that the company will do wonders for you, because you were so brave and true." "I cannot go on the engine again. Well, you did not like the engine, did you?" "No!"

And Evelyn looked ashamed of herself. "I would have left it, if I had thought it could have made any difference to you, but I knew you could not fancy me." "Dare!" "Evelyn!" "I suppose I have a right to change my own mind on a subject if I choose?" "Well, have you changed your mind toward me?" "Yes; you know I have." And he declared that he wouldn't mind being jammed up again, if the result could possibly be as satisfactory. And Evelyn would not mind if her husband worked in a coal-mine, or the blackest place on earth, for she learned how good and true a man he was, which is, or should be, a better knowledge than anything on earth to every true, sensible woman!

**Study of Character.**  
 "I always like to be on good terms with a subject for whom I am making a bust," said a prominent sculptor of Washington recently. "The fact is an artist, in order to secure the highest possibility in portraying the features of a subject, must study his character as well as the mere formation of his features. He should know the 'man' as well as the 'clay.' If the artist holds a subject in contempt, or despises him, his feeling will be sure to find expression in his work. If properly exercised the power of showing character on a face, which the casual observer would not see there, is justified and cannot be said to be untrue to nature. "For instance, I have found lines of character after conversing with a subject which I could not see when he at first entered my studio. A face is a very delicate thing to study, and its lines are no more or less than a reflex of the mind that controls it. Even the man who expresses pride in his own self-control and on the fact that his face tells no tales will show that phase of power, if he really possesses it, and his expression is very different from that of the man who is expressionless, because he has no emotion to conceal."—Washington Star.

**Soldier Life on a Transport.**  
 No effort is spared for the comfort of the soldiers on a transport. Each man has his own bunk, consisting of a canvas mattress, or sheet fastened to gas pipes, and so stretched that it is as comfortable as a spring bed. These bunks are put up in threes, one above another, and are so arranged that they can be taken down during the day and the canvas washed or aired, while the space can be used for exercise. There is one deck for eating and exercising. The meals are served upon swiveling tables, which are let down from the ceiling and drawn up between meals. In fact, not an inch of room is wasted, and the men have ample space for drill and play. Each ship has a reading room, which contains an organ and other musical instruments, and is supplied with books and papers, and especially with song books for use in religious services. The reading matter and music are not furnished by the Government, however, but are a gift of the ladies of the Army and Navy League of the United States. In the new transport Logan the reading room is walled with glass.—Frank G. Carpenter, in Washington Star.

**A Gentle Reminder.**  
 The up-to-date child has a way of entering into a conversation that is sometimes amusing and sometimes annoying. On a car not long ago the question of fare or no fare came up between the conductor and the mother of a little girl. "How old is she?" the conductor asked. "Five," was the answer. "Why, no, mamma, don't you remember Lam seven," the discussed one interposed. In that case it was both amusing and annoying, but not to the same persons.—New York Sun.

**Story With a Moral.**  
 A dray horse's awkwardness never amuses anybody as long as he sticks to pulling a dray.—Zaneville (Ohio) Courier.

**NEW YORK FASHIONS.**

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—There are a great many blue chevrot and serge costumes to be seen just now. They



LIGHT GRAY CLOTH.

more often too sombre or too pale. A ribbed cloth in cronstadt blue is trimmed with bands of velvet in a slightly deeper tone. The triple cape is in velvet, and the high, flaring collar is guipure over cronstadt blue satin, with a deep hem of sable all round. Periwinkle holds its own among all the new shades. It suits the fashionable hair, as no other color could, and almost invariably one finds that with marigold hair the floral trimming of hat or toque is shaded hydrangea, periwinkle, pale mauve and softest rhododendron pink, deftly shading into each other. Automobile red is shown in many woolen goods, and sometimes it is dotted over with pea-spots, sometimes with irregular squares in velvet of the same shade, and occasionally the velvet pattern is in black or brown on a ground of the automobile cloth.

**The New Brocades.**  
 Pastel colors appear in the brocades this season as well as in cloths. Last year the brocades were as flannily splendid as vivid colors could make them, but this season misty, faint, delicate tones predominate in the handsomest pieces. For example, a pale gray broadcloth silk has a design of ribbons, feathers and leaves all entwined to form a garland which is twisted into oval medallions at intervals. This garland is in satin a shade or two darker than the pale pearl ground. In the medallions flower tulips of palest lilac, rose and blue. The same design appears in a white brocade, the garland of pale rose and the tulips of yellow and mauve. The grounds of most of the handsomest brocades are white or palest gray, and the black satin design so much in favor last season is not seen in the new silks.

**Popular Sailor Jacket.**  
 There are few enthusiastic admirers of the shapeless box coat, where there are hundreds who prefer the new carefully fitted tailor jackets of cloth with stitched revers, Kaiser collar, and plain close sleeves.

**White Velvet as a Trimming.**  
 White velvet will be used for the crowns of fur-trimmed toques and turbans for the winter.

**Dainty Breakfast Jacket.**  
 One of the permanent fashions is



STREET GOWN. SILK AND LACE. —From Harper's Bazar.

either turned up or turned down, and that is faced with dark blue silk. A very odd and dainty touch is given to the garment by inside revers of blue velvet, trimmed with a fascinating braid of blue and silver. With this costume is worn a silk shirt waist of very dark blue with polka dots of white, or a heliotrope satin with white polka dots also. These costumes are supposed to be worn on mild days during the winter, and will undoubtedly be the smart thing for next spring. And a great variety of change can be made in them by substituting different revers.

**The Flannel Jacket calls for some very complicated neck dressing, creamy lace, chiffon, mousseline and Liberty satin holding first favor among fashion's votaries.**

**The Newest Street Gowns.**  
 The newest street gowns show revers that are faced with the velvet panne, as it is called, a most fascinatingly beautiful material, very much like the velvet antique, but figured with different designs. A great many of the new skirts now designed to wear with the coats that have these fancy revers are severely plain, excepting in the lines of machine stitching or in the bias bands of cloth. In the double-column illustration the dress on the left is a light gray cloth gown, with waistcoat of white lace fastened with rhinestone buttons. Revers are faced with white satin and edged with machine stitching. The only trimming on the gown are rows of machine stitching.

**The costume in the centre is a street gown of blue cloth trimmed with fancy braid. Collars, revers and cuffs are of black broadtail fur. The coat is fastened with hooks. On both coat and shirt are lines of machine stitching.**

**Cronstadt Blue and Automobile.**  
 Cronstadt blue is one of the most beautiful tones in which cloth dresses are being made. It is the tint of the sea when the sky is blue and the sun brilliant. A sapphire sometimes achieves this glorious color, but is

**Breakfast Jacket of French Flannel.**  
 women whose fad is extreme daintiness and freshness.

**HOME LIFE OF THE BOERS**

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE WOMEN OF THE VELDTS.

Life in the Transvaal is Patriarchically Simple—The Boer Women Are Good Shots—They Teach Their Children to Fear God and Hate the English.  
 To really know what a people are one must know their home life. The Boers are probably less understood than any other people who claim a national existence. This is partly due to their isolation in the great continent, Africa, a place far out of the beaten track of travel and unmolested by copy seeking journalists. It is also partly due to the character of the people themselves; there is nothing so much that the Boer desires as to be left alone.

The average Boer home is on a great farm where the homestead stands in the center of a tract of land often numbering a dozen miles. The nearest neighbors are miles away and the family may not see them for weeks at a time, except at the meeting house in town, where all go on Saturday to remain for the service on Sunday.

The Boer woman is very little like the trim, handsome Dutchwomen of her ancestral Holland. She is seldom pretty. Her complexion is her principal charm, and she guards this carefully whenever she goes out. She is never seen outdoors without a great peaked bonnet on her head, her visits to church being made behind an almost oriental seclusion of veils. This is necessary to preserve the pink and white of her skin, for the climate would otherwise soon tan it to the color of sole leather. Her eyes are small and set close together, and her features are irregular. Her cheeks are broad and flat, and her hair is naturally light in color, although time and weather soon bleach it from its early straw color. At a very early age she loses all her teeth, for she is constantly chewing sweet eak and confectionery. Her figure is thick and almost waistless. While still a young woman she begins to grow fat, and by the time middle life is reached she is often so unwieldy that the only exercise she is able to take is to waddle lumberingly from one armchair to another. She is clad in a loose, scantily made gown devoid of trimming and apparently waistless. The day garments of the Boers are also their nightclothes, so the gown is generally wrinkled.

The education of the women of the veldts is very simple. The older ones, or at any rate many of them, are unable to read and write, even among the better classes, but the younger people show an immense interest in letters. There are no free schools and only the children of the well-to-do are able to attend the academies in the towns, for heavy fees are charged all scholars. One reason why the Boer children are fond of their school and cry if they are compelled to stay at home is because it is a break in the monotony of the day. Life is dull in the Transvaal.

Life in the Dutch republic is patriarchally simple. The Boers until recently cared nothing about the gold or diamonds with which their rich provinces were teeming; they wished to live quietly and peacefully on their great farms, raising sheep and goats and enough produce to supply their family's simple wants. When the vrow wants a new gown or mynher a new pair of corduroy trousers or a high crowned hat, he gathers up some ostrich feathers from the birds in the camps, or drives to market a few of his cattle and comes back amply supplied with what clothing the family thinks it needs for the year.

The life of the Boer housewife of the better class is almost colorless. She rises with the rest of the family at daylight, and after a chapter from the Bible read by the male head of the house, a basin and towel are passed around to the members of the family by one of the Kaffir maidservants. Each one dips a corner of the towel into the water and carefully brushes it over his or her face. Then the hands are dipped in the water and dried and the basin and towel are passed on to the next one. After this breakfast is served.

When the meal is over, the housewife ensconces herself beside a little table in the window of the living room. A shining coffee urn stands on the table and from this the vrow now and then fortifies herself with deep drafts of strong coffee drunk from queer, handleless cups. Should a guest drop in during the day he will be served with coffee and sweet cakes, and between meals coffee will be given to any member of the family who may want it. The children play about the vrow and the servants come in and out to receive orders, but the housewife does not stir. At noon, when the sun shines down hot and bright on kopje and karroo, doors and windows are closed and the entire family retires for a noontime siesta. When the sun has gone down, every one goes to work again, although there is not much labor done by any of the white people, the Kaffirs, Hottentots and Zulus toiling while the Boer or his wife or daughter directs them. The story that President Kruger's wife does her own cooking is therefore a fiction. Like all people who live in southern latitudes, the Boers are lovers of their ease and consider it beneath their dignity to do anything that one of the black servants can do for them.

Only two meals a day are served. Dinner, which is put upon the table in the evening, is the principal one. In their gardens there are plenty of vegetables, such as cabbages, cauliflower, Indian corn, cucumbers, potatoes and carrots. In the orchards are all sorts of fruits and the vineyards are heavy with great bunches of luscious grapes. When the evening meal is over, the cattle are driven home to the kraals and for awhile the family may sit out on the "stoep" or around the door watching the night come on, the southern cross and the stars shining with wonderful brilliancy in the dark blue of the tropical sky. When bedtime comes, the watch dogs are turned loose and the family retires to its feather couches.

The houses are one-story, built of mud as a rule, and painted white or red. They are soon covered with luxuriant vines, and are, therefore, picturesque. They contain from four to six rooms, the voorhuis or parlor being or used only on state days. The

walls of all the rooms are painted green or blue or mauve, and the parlor is hung with pictures representing scenes from the Bible. In the parlors of houses in the large towns one may now and then hear a piano or organ, played by the daughters who have been away to school. The parlor is not remarkable for its luxury even in the best houses, wooden benches and tables and a gorgeous family Bible being about all it contains. Some very modern folks have a large photograph album, but photographers are, as a rule, but little patronized. A folding door generally divides the parlor from the dining room, which is just behind it.

On Sunday every family goes to church. If too far from town, worship is held in the parlor. All the Boers belong to the Dutch Reformed Church, and the minister, or predikant, as they call him, is a more important person even than the rector in an English village. He settles dogmatically all mooted questions of morals, and when any of his parishioners departs from the straight and narrow pathway, as it is understood in the Transvaal, he is hauled before the predikant and his elders and roundly lectured for his failing.

The great social events of the Boer woman's life are the days when the predikant comes to dine with her family at weddings, christenings, confirmations and the Naachtmaal. Those who cannot go to church every Sunday on account of the distance from town hitch up the six spans of oxen to the white covered wagon, and laden with presents from the farm to be presented to the predikant, go trundling over the karroos and mountains to the nearest town where they take communion on Sunday in the church and afterward partake of a feast at their town houses, for nearly all the well-to-do Boers have town houses and farm residences. The town houses are closed except at such times as they drive in to church. Sometimes they have two; country houses between which they divide their time, according to the plentifulness of grass in one place or the other. Women and children pile into the great ox wagons in which they sleep and live until the new home is reached. The food is cooked over an open fire which is kept lighted all night, for, while the days are warm, the nights on the karroos are very cold. Beside this there is danger from the wild beasts that roam over the lonely plains and from wandering bands of black banditti. To sleep thus under the stars with the wail of the plover and the howl of the jackal in one's ears and the danger of death always at hand would try the nerves of a man, but the Boer woman has no nerves. Indeed, she sleeps as soundly under the sky as in her feather bed under the tin roof at home. She can shoot as well as the men, and if there were a night attack would probably shoulder her own gun and help drive back the marauders. Not alone uttering shots, but fine horsewomen as well, in the old days when there was strife between the blacks and the whites, parties of Boer women have often alone and unaided defended the larger, or fort, from the savages who expected to find them easy prey. Intensely patriotic, they teach their children to love freedom, fear God and hate the English. "This is about their creed. Schooled in a rough school and with Dutch obstinacy in their blood, the Boer women will be dangerous enemies to the all conquering Britains, for they will, like the Spartans of old, send their husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts out to repel the invaders with the injunction, "With your shield or on it."—Trenton (N. J.) American.

**A Good Parrot Story.**  
 The dreadful story of the city merchant's housekeeper who boiled the priceless Dutch tulip bulb for the table has its modern parallel in this tragedy of the roasted parrot which was enacted the other day. The wife of a poor Government clerk, says a publication called Mainly about People, had long been yearning for the possession of a green parrot. At last a fine specimen was obtained for the sum of fifteen dollars. It was to be delivered during the morning, the purchaser requested. And it came to pass that a new servant lass, from the depths of the country, opened the door to the parrot-delivering youth. She knew a barn-door fowl when she saw it, but parrots had not yet appeared on her horizon.

Her mistress was out; there was not a soul to instruct her in the code of ethics as applied to parrots. "Is it for the table?" the "general" asked. "Without a doubt," was the wicked reply. Whereupon the parrot was at once dispatched, plucked, trussed and put into the oven. He was just turning a beautiful brown when the mistress of the establishment returned, and the same evening the little servant from the country was back among the ducks and drakes of her own village green, a sadder and wiser girl.

**Longest Flight of Cannon Shot.**  
 The longest distance ever covered by a cannon shot is said to be fifteen miles, but that probably was several miles within the possible limit, according to Captain E. E. Zalinski, the retired army officer, who ranks among the highest authorities in the world on munitions of war. On the point of possible range, Captain Zalinski says: "Under existing conditions, and with the guns, powder and projectiles available, I believe it possible to fire a shot to a distance of eighteen miles. The distance will be greater when a powder is produced that will exert a uniform pressure on the gas throughout the course of the projectile from breech to muzzle."

**Legends in India run that if a woman strikes with leprosy suffers her self to be buried alive the disease will not descend to her children.** There was in the Northwest Provinces of India the wife of a gardener on whom the loathsome malady had fallen. Children were born to her. The disease grew worse, she implored her husband to bury her alive. He at last, yielding to her prayers, summoned her son. The two dug the grave, and four neighbors assisted at the repulture. So the woman died. These facts were investigated in a magistrate's court and were proved.

**THE KLEPTOMANIACS.**

HOW THEY OPERATE IN SELECT SOCIETY.

Parlor Articles of Value from the Homes of the Wealthy—Familiar Conditions Noted in Official Circles at the National Capital.

One of the leading jewelers of the capital was somewhat taken aback the other day by receiving from the wife of a high official an order for half a dozen gold nails with a jewel in the head of each and a dozen small gold chains. He inquired the uses to which the nails were to be put, when his patron said: "You see, I have a number of very valuable objects of art, which, although they are very expensive, are very small and easily handled. As the wife of an official of the government I am obliged to open my house during the season to the constituents of my husband and the Washington curiosity seeking public in general. On my reception day, therefore, my house is crowded with all sorts of people, and last winter I suffered the loss of several of my most valuable treasures. I have long been trying to devise some plan by which I can keep my objects of art outside of my cabinets and yet not have them stolen, for that is the only word I can use in regard to the loss of my treasures. I have concluded that I must either nail down some of the bric-a-brac or chain it securely to the table, and hence I am going to try this remedy. That is why I want these nails and chains." This woman's predilection is not an unusual one in Washington official circles. The kleptomaniacs who commit the most aggravating depredations are for the most part well known leaders in society. Last winter social circles in Washington were greatly bewildered and shocked by the doings of one of the best-known women in official circles. A number of hostesses began to miss valuable dollies from their dinner tables after they had given lunches or dinners, and finally several of them got together and compared notes, and suspicion fell upon one of the women who had been the guest at luncheons given by those gathered at the conference. Finally the wife of a prominent diplomat determined to stop the raid upon the dollies, and at the next luncheon she seated the suspected kleptomaniac next to her. When the dollies were brought on she watched her guest and discovered that the latter laid her dolly on the table, and, carelessly dropping her handkerchief over it, picked up both. The hostess, in a most charming manner, turned to her guest and said: "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. —, but I am afraid you have my most exquisite dolly in your handkerchief. It is so fine I am afraid it will be crushed, and therefore call your attention to your inadvertence in taking it up with your handkerchief." The guest was not in the least abashed, and, with a laugh, she shook out her handkerchief, and the dolly fell back on the table, whereupon she exclaimed: "Why, dear me, so I have! How very careless of me!" There were significant glances all around the table, but no more dollies were lost during that season.

Milan intends to have a world's fair in 1904 by way of celebrating the completion of the Simplon tunnel. One plan is to have the exposition in four cities, giving the industrial section to Milan, the agricultural to Florence, modern art to Venice, and ancient and ecclesiastic art to Roma.

**MARKETS.**

BALTIMORE	
GRAIN ETC.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	47 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 White	47 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3	47 1/2
OATS—No. 1	28 1/2
OATS—No. 2	28 1/2
OATS—No. 3	28 1/2
RYE—No. 1	14 1/2
RYE—No. 2	14 1/2
RYE—No. 3	14 1/2
BARLEY—No. 1	12 1/2
BARLEY—No. 2	12 1/2
BARLEY—No. 3	12 1/2
BUCKWHEAT	8 1/2
CORN—No. 1	35
CORN—No. 2	35
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CORN—No. 84	35
CORN—No. 85	35
CORN—No. 86	35
CORN—No. 87	35
CORN—No. 88	35
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CORN—No. 90	35
CORN—No. 91	35
CORN—No. 92	35
CORN—No. 93	35
CORN—No. 94	35
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CORN—No. 97	35
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CORN—No. 99	35
CORN—No. 100	35

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