

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00.

VOL. XV. New Series--Vol. 4.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1899.

NO. 37

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

The general report from all parts of Eastern Carolina is that the crops throughout this region sustained much greater injury from the storm than was at first thought. Cotton, it is said, has made no development at all since the great storm, and some conservative farmers have estimated that the crop has been cut short one-third. The growth of the weed was cut off on the highlands and the crop opened rapidly last week under the hot and blistering sun.

Charity and Children think that the word "taken" for "took" is about the most grating mistake that one hears. Well, there are so many words that well informed people, even college graduates, misuse, it would seem a hopeless job to persuade them better. We know several well informed ladies who invariably use the word "sat" for "sat." They use it as if there were no past tense to the verb at all. For instance, one speaking of another lady said, "I know she was at church last Sunday, for she *sit* right by me."

It is gratifying to observe from the newspaper reports that the schools and colleges that have thus far opened have enrolled more than the usual number of students. There seems to be a growing interest in education throughout the State. This is as it should be; but for the young men and young women who are thus showing themselves anxious to become educated remember that the true idea of education is not that they may be prepared to make an easy living. As we have often written, this is the lowest idea of an education. We need to be educated that we may be prepared for better citizenship and for doing more in the world and giving better service to our day and generation.

President Winston has set a pace at the Agricultural and Mechanical college at Raleigh which ought to be followed by all high grade colleges in the State. It has been stated that twenty-five students who made application for entrance were refused because they could not stand the examination. President Winston proposes to have no preparatory department at that institution, and in this THE COMMONWEALTH thinks him wise. Indeed we have long believed that preparatory departments ought to be abolished at all our colleges. There are many arguments in favor of this position. To allow preparatory departments in colleges brings these institutions in direct competition with the teachers whom such institutions send out to prepare young men for college work. Then the very fact that a college maintains a preparatory department sets it down as no very high grade institution, but as a bidder for any and all who will come.

But one of the strongest reasons for abolishing such preparatory departments is, that the young men who go out to teach may have a chance at the paragon for training the young men and boys who have heretofore been taken into preparatory classes at the colleges.

President Winston's action in abolishing the preparatory department will commend the plaudits of those who have the true idea of academy, high school and college work.

BAD BLOOD—CURE FREE!

Bad Blood causes Blood and Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Pimples, Scrofula, Eczema, Sores, Ulcers, Cancer, Eczema, Skin Scabs, Eruptions and Sores on Children, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Itching Humors, etc. For these troubles a positive specific cure is found in B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the most wonderful blood purifier of the age. It has been thoroughly tested for the past thirty years and has always cured even the most deep-seated, persistent cases, after doctors and patent medicines had all failed. B. B. B. cures by driving out of the blood the poisons and humors which cause all these troubles, and a cure is thus made that is permanent. Contagious Blood Poison, producing Eruptions, Swollen Glands, Ulcerated Throat and Mouth, etc., cured by B. B. B., the only remedy that can actually cure this trouble. At druggists, \$1 per bottle; six bottles (full treatment) \$5. B. B. B. is an honest remedy that makes real cures. Send 2 stamps to pay postage on Free Trial Bottle. Medical advice FREE. Address, BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA.

WILL NEVER BE FRIENDSHIP.

Mastiffs and Foxes do Not Run Together.

BY G. GROSVENOR DAWE.

Written For The Commonwealth.

A glance over South America—It is safe to predict that, though there is an uninterrupted stretch of land from Arctic to Antarctic in the American continent, there will never be a strong sense of unity between the two halves of the continent. As time goes on and as wars of conquest as well as wars of commerce, grow into more disfavor with the human family, there will undoubtedly be many attempts, like that of Baline's reciprocity treaty, to bring to pass a vital union between North and South America. It will be found too that the approaches in relation to such treaties of the future will nearly all take their origin in a candid expression of brotherly feeling on the part of North Americans. As an example, look for a moment at the generous, almost Quixotic, way in which the United States took up the Venezuelan dispute, and with how little regard or gratitude her noble self-forgetfulness is viewed by the Little Venice of South America. This is typical of what will always be our experience in dealing with the countries on the mainland, south of the Tropic of Cancer.

Distrest of the people of their own country and of the greatest republic on the American continent is the keynote of the policy of the republics of South America. Viewed from our more enlightened standpoint, these fiery and disputatious neighbors of ours do not understand what human liberty means and their republics are tyrannies, in many cases, tempered by assassination and revolution. They regard their own people with suspicion, then they entertain the same feeling for each other and are constantly bickering among themselves over arbitrary boundary lines that might well be swept away in one vast South American federation. The unreasonableness of their enmities is seen in the fact that practically all of the South American republics belong to what are called the Latin races, and hence have in large measure a common history, a common literature, and a racial tie.

Yet their common origin is the very thing that explains their internal restlessness, their continual disputes, and their attitude toward ourselves. The Latin races as we now know them, and even as they were in the days when Venice was in its glory, could not understand what it means to give freedom of political choice, and freedom of religious view to the least as well as to the greatest of their members. Even so advanced, so artistic, and so powerful a nation as France, may be used as the strongest possible illustration of what a Republic is under Latin management. The common people are regarded by the rulers as mere children who need watching and whose most simple acts are constantly under the eye of the government, by means of the spy system. What is bred in the bone will come out in the life, and though South America has entirely freed itself from Spanish and Portuguese domination, the setting up of governments—some of them closely modeled upon that of the United States—has neither made for quietude among themselves nor for progress that at all keeps pace with the rest of the world. This amount of justice, however, must be done to the rulers of all Latin republics—they know the characteristics of their people for plotting and unrest, and undoubtedly have to watch them closely in order to produce anything of a permanent character in the way of government. See how the dregs of humanity asserted themselves in the Reign of Reason and the Commune in France. These two occurrences illustrate the very dangers that are always possible in a Latin republic, and hence explain why it satisfies a Latin Republic to give freedom to the people in word only.

It may seem daring to prophesy so far ahead, and yet one is almost tempted to say that, though "Never is a long day," there never will be a friendship of a vital character between ourselves and our southern neighbors. Mastiffs and foxes do not run together. Our ideals are so different and our leading men so keenly in touch with all classes

of society, that we cannot understand and sympathize with the swaddling clothes that bind and confine the voting unit in a South American Republic. Our constant struggle, expressed in the reform movements of all grades, is to secure for the humblest voter a voice equal in influence to that of every other voter, no matter how superior in wealth, or education, or opportunity. And furthermore the whole people accepts without any violence, election after election, the verdict of the majority. In the southern republics, almost without exception—and particularly in the Central American Republics, the voting machinery is so thoroughly in the hands of the reigning government and the army, that revolution becomes almost the only way of voicing dissatisfaction.

Destiny would seem to indicate that the future of South America will scarcely be influenced by ideals other than those now there. And therefore, one can scarcely look upon it as likely to experience a broad and rapid development. Brazil, the greatest and the latest of southern republics, is practically closed to American and British enterprise by reason of restrictions on machinery and what-not. Its vast commercial possibilities will wait long before the non-inventive and somewhat lazy Latin come abreast of them. So also of much else of the southern territory. Its uncertainties render it a doubtful field for investment; as the frightful failure of the Baring Bros. a few years ago will testify. What it is gaining in the way of trade comes from the daring of foreigners, and yet the sentiment of the country is so evidently hostile to foreigners that there is no intention on the part of many of them to throw in their lives and their energies as citizens, but to simply get all they can out of the prolific opportunities of the country and then leave.

DRILL THE TONGUE DAILY.

"Upon all those who are ambitious to make the world happier and better rests the obligation of drilling the tongue into lustrous kindness, purity and refinement," writes Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., of "The Diffusion of Happiness Through Conversation," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. "Not by spasmodic efforts, not with occasional hints and words of good cheer, are men to use the tongue in the interests of happiness. The daily drill of the tongue as an instrument of happiness and influence is to enter into the fundamental conception of living. Nor is law binding only upon those happy persons who are said to be good entertainers. Some there are who are so fortunately organized that they exhale benefactions upon any company into which they enter. Unconsciously, and without any set purpose, they oil the bearings of life, lessen friction, provoke laughter and good cheer, as naturally as flowers that do not struggle to throw off sweetness, as the cedar wood that without thinking gives off fragrance. But the law of happiness-making is not confined to the few gifted individuals. It is binding upon all of every rank, station and temperament.

"On high festal days in Athens, when processions formed at stated intervals, in the processions marched men with instruments of music, and also incense-bearers. When one group of musicians had marched by and the sound of music was dying out of the air, another group took up the sweet strain. When distance had removed far the incense-bearers, another group came on to fill the air with clouds of smoke from the sweet aromatic shrubs. Too oft our world marches forward to the sound of sad notes and requiems. Happy are those whose sweet and gentle speech fills the common life with sweetness and light as did the ancient ministers of joy and music. For their wholesome tongues are indeed 'trees of life' and their words 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE.

Would quickly leave you if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25cts. Money back if not cured. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co. Druggists.

God never ceased to be the one true aim of all right human aspirations.—Vinet.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE LIFE AND Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero, by Murat Halsted, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches; nearly 100 pages half-tone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Carlton Bldg., Chicago.

THE SILENT DEACON.

TALKED TOO FREELY ONCE.

Guarded Against it Afterwards.

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day watted upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the preacher. The deacon came in to meet the visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion and to inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for two or three years past.

"Now what is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and after a little thought frankly answered:

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the church is alive to the work before it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage he asked:

"Do you think his sermon on 'their eyes were holden' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold after this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked:

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow and in a louder tone than his wont, shouted:

"No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man rising to his feet, "for six praying christians. Thirty-six years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I have walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them."

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the man hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked:

"What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand, if thereby my ears could be tickled with more flowery words and the pews filled with those turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his work ended in B—, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticizing and crushing instead of upholding by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hands we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as dead weights to the wheel; he had not the power or the spirit and could not convert men, so we hunted him like a deer till worn and bleeding he fled to a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us by His Spirit to show us that he had blessed the labors of His dear rejected servant.

"Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long buried seed had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of His servants, touches the apple of His eye. I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my eldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which

any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and the words were arrows to my soul, 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish.' 'Had it come to this,' I said to myself, 'that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, till designing men alienated us, been to me as a brother—that man could not die in peace with my face before him? God pity me,' I cried 'what have I done?' I confessed my sin to that weak woman and I implored her for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before His dying servant and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes and said, 'Brother Lee, Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out my story. Then raising his white hand he said in a deep impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!' I spoke tenderly to him, calling my son to tell how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow and told him how dear he had been to me. I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones, but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'"

"I stayed by him all night and at day-break closed his eyes. I offered the widow a house to remain in the remainder of her days, but like a heroine she said, 'I freely forgive you. But my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us with his covenant God, and He will take care of us.'"

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and that grave.

"When I slept Christ stood before my dream saying, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those who have given up all for His sake, even if they are not perfect.

"And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor even if he is not 'a very extraordinary man.' My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare put us under what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe that God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with those who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's efforts to get a minister who could make more stir, and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word "No," but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.

ROBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cts., guaranteed, at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store.

No man has any better religion than that which he is able to show up in his daily life.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Mother of children affected with croup or a severe cold need not hesitate to administer Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It contains no opiate nor narcotic in any form and may be given as confidently to the babe as to an adult. The great success that has attended its use in the treatment of croup and colds has won for it the approval and praise it has received throughout the United States and in many foreign lands. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

A FRIGATAFUL BLUNDER.

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain, and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Bolls, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co. Druggists.

IF YOU ARE HUSTLER
YOU WILL
—ADVERTISE—
YOUR
Business.

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN NOW.

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND

Pain-Killer

There is no kind of pain or ache, internal or external, that Pain-Killer will not relieve.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME.

PERRY DAVIS & SON.

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R. AND BRANCHES.

AND ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD COMPANY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

| DATED | July 31, 1899. | Aug. 7, 1899. | Aug. 14, 1899. | Aug. 21, 1899. | Aug. 28, 1899. | Sept. 4, 1899. | Sept. 11, 1899. | Sept. 18, 1899. | Sept. 25, 1899. | Oct. 2, 1899. | Oct. 9, 1899. | Oct. 16, 1899. | Oct. 23, 1899. | Oct. 30, 1899. | Nov. 6, 1899. | Nov. 13, 1899. | Nov. 20, 1899. | Nov. 27, 1899. | Dec. 4, 1899. | Dec. 11, 1899. | Dec. 18, 1899. | Dec. 25, 1899. | Jan. 1, 1900. | Jan. 8, 1900. | Jan. 15, 1900. | Jan. 22, 1900. | Jan. 29, 1900. | Feb. 5, 1900. | Feb. 12, 1900. | Feb. 19, 1900. | Feb. 26, 1900. | Mar. 5, 1900. | Mar. 12, 1900. | Mar. 19, 1900. | Mar. 26, 1900. | Apr. 2, 1900. | Apr. 9, 1900. | Apr. 16, 1900. | Apr. 23, 1900. | Apr. 30, 1900. | May 7, 1900. | May 14, 1900. | May 21, 1900. | May 28, 1900. | Jun 4, 1900. | Jun 11, 1900. | Jun 18, 1900. | Jun 25, 1900. | Jul 2, 1900. | Jul 9, 1900. | Jul 16, 1900. | Jul 23, 1900. | Jul 30, 1900. | Aug 6, 1900. | Aug 13, 1900. | Aug 20, 1900. | Aug 27, 1900. | Sep 3, 1900. | Sep 10, 1900. | Sep 17, 1900. | Sep 24, 1900. | Oct 1, 1900. | Oct 8, 1900. | Oct 15, 1900. | Oct 22, 1900. | Oct 29, 1900. | Nov 5, 1900. | Nov 12, 1900. | Nov 19, 1900. | Nov 26, 1900. | Dec 3, 1900. | Dec 10, 1900. | Dec 17, 1900. | Dec 24, 1900. | Dec 31, 1900. | Jan 7, 1901. | Jan 14, 1901. | Jan 21, 1901. | Jan 28, 1901. | Feb 4, 1901. | Feb 11, 1901. | Feb 18, 1901. | Feb 25, 1901. | Mar 4, 1901. | Mar 11, 1901. | Mar 18, 1901. | Mar 25, 1901. | Apr 1, 1901. | Apr 8, 1901. | Apr 15, 1901. | Apr 22, 1901. | Apr 29, 1901. | May 6, 1901. | May 13, 1901. | May 20, 1901. | May 27, 1901. | Jun 3, 1901. | Jun 10, 1901. | Jun 17, 1901. | Jun 24, 1901. | Jul 1, 1901. | Jul 8, 1901. | Jul 15, 1901. | Jul 22, 1901. | Jul 29, 1901. | Aug 5, 1901. | Aug 12, 1901. | Aug 19, 1901. | Aug 26, 1901. | Sep 2, 1901. | Sep 9, 1901. | Sep 16, 1901. | Sep 23, 1901. | Sep 30, 1901. | Oct 7, 1901. | Oct 14, 1901. | Oct 21, 1901. | Oct 28, 1901. | Nov 4, 1901. | Nov 11, 1901. | Nov 18, 1901. | Nov 25, 1901. | Dec 2, 1901. | Dec 9, 1901. | Dec 16, 1901. | Dec 23, 1901. | Dec 30, 1901. | Jan 6, 1902. | Jan 13, 1902. | Jan 20, 1902. | Jan 27, 1902. | Feb 3, 1902. | Feb 10, 1902. | Feb 17, 1902. | Feb 24, 1902. | Mar 2, 1902. | Mar 9, 1902. | Mar 16, 1902. | Mar 23, 1902. | Mar 30, 1902. | Apr 6, 1902. | Apr 13, 1902. | Apr 20, 1902. | Apr 27, 1902. | May 4, 1902. | May 11, 1902. | May 18, 1902. | May 25, 1902. | Jun 1, 1902. | Jun 8, 1902. | Jun 15, 1902. | Jun 22, 1902. | Jun 29, 1902. | Jul 6, 1902. | Jul 13, 1902. | Jul 20, 1902. | Jul 27, 1902. | Aug 3, 1902. | Aug 10, 1902. | Aug 17, 1902. | Aug 24, 1902. | Aug 31, 1902. | Sep 7, 1902. | Sep 14, 1902. | Sep 21, 1902. | Sep 28, 1902. | Oct 5, 1902. | Oct 12, 1902. | Oct 19, 1902. | Oct 26, 1902. | Nov 2, 1902. | Nov 9, 1902. | Nov 16, 1902. | Nov 23, 1902. | Nov 30, 1902. | Dec 7, 1902. | Dec 14, 1902. | Dec 21, 1902. | Dec 28, 1902. | Jan 4, 1903. | Jan 11, 1903. | Jan 18, 1903. | Jan 25, 1903. | Feb 1, 1903. | Feb 8, 1903. | Feb 15, 1903. | Feb 22, 1903. | Feb 29, 1903. | Mar 6, 1903. | Mar 13, 1903. | Mar 20, 1903. | Mar 27, 1903. | Apr 3, 1903. | Apr 10, 1903. | Apr 17, 1903. | Apr 24, 1903. | Apr 30, 1903. | May 7, 1903. | May 14, 1903. | May 21, 1903. | May 28, 1903. | Jun 4, 1903. | Jun 11, 1903. | Jun 18, 1903. | Jun 25, 1903. | Jul 2, 1903. | Jul 9, 1903. | Jul 16, 1903. | Jul 23, 1903. | Jul 30, 1903. | Aug 6, 1903. | Aug 13, 1903. | Aug 20, 1903. | Aug 27, 1903. | Sep 3, 1903. | Sep 10, 1903. | Sep 17, 1903. | Sep 24, 1903. | Sep 30, 1903. | Oct 7, 1903. | Oct 14, 1903. | Oct 21, 1903. | Oct 28, 1903. | Nov 4, 1903. | Nov 11, 1903. | Nov 18, 1903. | Nov 25, 1903. | Dec 2, 1903. | Dec 9, 1903. | Dec 16, 1903. | Dec 23, 1903. | Dec 30, 1903. | Jan 6, 1904. | Jan 13, 1904. | Jan 20, 1904. | Jan 27, 1904. | Feb 3, 1904. | Feb 10, 1904. | Feb 17, 1904. | Feb 24, 1904. | Mar 2, 1904. | Mar 9, 1904. | Mar 16, 1904. | Mar 23, 1904. | Mar 30, 1904. | Apr 6, 1904. | Apr 13, 1904. | Apr 20, 1904. | Apr 27, 1904. | May 4, 1904. | May 11, 1904. | May 18, 1904. | May 25, 1904. | Jun 1, 1904. | Jun 8, 1904. | Jun 15, 1904. | Jun 22, 1904. | Jun 29, 1904. | Jul 6, 1904. | Jul 13, 1904. | Jul 20, 1904. | Jul 27, 1904. | Aug 3, 1904. | Aug 10, 1904. | Aug 17, 1904. | Aug 24, 1904. | Aug 31, 1904. | Sep 7, 1904. | Sep 14, 1904. | Sep 21, 1904. | Sep 28, 1904. | Oct 5, 1904. | Oct 12, 1904. | Oct 19, 1904. | Oct 26, 1904. | Nov 2, 1904. | Nov 9, 1904. | Nov 16, 1904. | Nov 23, 1904. | Nov 30, 1904. | Dec 7, 1904. | Dec 14, 1904. | Dec 21, 1904. | Dec 28, 1904. | Jan 4, 1905. | Jan 11, 1905. | Jan 18, 1905. | Jan 25, 1905. | Feb 1, 1905. | Feb 8, 1905. | Feb 15, 1905. | Feb 22, 1905. | Feb 29, 1905. | Mar 6, 1905. | Mar 13, 1905. | Mar 20, 1905. | Mar 27, 1905. | Apr 3, 1905. | Apr 10, 1905. | Apr 17, 1905. | Apr 24, 1905. | Apr 30, 1905. | May 7, 1905. | May 14, 1905. | May 21, 1905. | May 28, 1905. | Jun 4, 1905. | Jun 11, 1905. | Jun 18, 1905. | Jun 25, 1905. | Jul 2, 1905. | Jul 9, 1905. | Jul 16, 1905. | Jul 23, 1905. | Jul 30, 1905. | Aug 6, 1905. | Aug 13, 1905. | Aug 20, 1905. | Aug 27, 1905. | Sep 3, 1905. | Sep 10, 1905. | Sep 17, 1905. | Sep 24, 1905. | Sep 30, 1905. | Oct 7, 1905. | Oct 14, 1905. | Oct 21, 1905. | Oct 28, 1905. | Nov 4, 1905. | Nov 11, 1905. | Nov 18, 1905. | Nov 25, 1905. | Dec 2, 1905. | Dec 9, 1905. | Dec 16, 1905. | Dec 23, 1905. | Dec 30, 1905. | Jan 6, 1906. | Jan 13, 1906. | Jan 20, 1906. | Jan 27, 1906. | Feb 3, 1906. | Feb 10, 1906. | Feb 17, 1906. | Feb 24, 1906. | Mar 2, 1906. | Mar 9, 1906. | Mar 16, 1906. | Mar 23, 1906. | Mar 30, 1906. | Apr 6, 1906. | Apr 13, 1906. | Apr 20, 1906. | Apr 27, 1906. | May 4, 1906. | May 11, 1906. | |
|-------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|--|
|-------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|--|