DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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TURNING THE TABLES.

Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bedroom, crying and sobbing her very whatever. And yet she had been never only six months, and to such a "nice, handsome man," as all the young ladies declared, that surely she ought to have been happy with him. And so she had been, until—well, to tell the truth, Mr. Bob Palmer, forgetting or seeming to forget that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with those very young ladies at all the parties in Midland, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any wife sensitive with cry—especially one so sensitive as Nellie.

"Hallo! been crying again, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Palmer, suddenly coming his little whistle as he entered the room on returning from his office. What's the matter now, Nellie? Canary refused to sing or Mrs. Vigilant not put flowers enough in your bonnet?"

"Oh, Bob! how can you?" asked Nellie, beginning afresh.

"Look here, Ellen," said her husband, sitting down upon the lounge and speaking more seriously, "I don't like this at all. I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about, I should like to know? It's as much as I can do to get you to show the household this fashion, and moping away in corners, looking sullen and miserable, as you did last night at Mrs. Hawkins's. Why, people will think you a perfect domestic tyrant!"

"Ah, Bob, don't speak so! I can't help it, indeed. I do feel so miserable. You make me so. Bob—"

"I! Well, that is rather! Perhaps you'll be good enough to let me know of what necessity I've been guilty that her turned you into a modern Niobe?"

"Nothing really wrong, dear; but, oh! if you knew how much a wife thinks of her husband's love, and"— Here poor Nellie broke down again. Mr. Palmer's eyes softened very well.

"Lovey!" whispered he, "if this isn't really absurd. So she's jealous!"

"Indeed, no, dear Bob! But—but"—she really spoke for the first time without her throat—"you can't understand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection and respectfulness everywhere, or how it hamlets or mortifies her to be neglected by him, and have other women consider themselves rivals—like Isabel Baden."

Mr. Bob Palmer laughed outright and then he grew angry.

"You're an absurd little fool, Nellie," he said. "As if Isabel Baden were anything to me beyond a pleasant and agreeable young woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense!"

"She don't think so," said Nellie, sadly—and the others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has won one, and is trying to let people see it."

"Pillikins!" said Bob, rising impatiently from the lounge. "I'm sorry I spoke at you, Nellie, and feel really given you credit for more sense as well as temper," he added severely. "I wish you'd amuse yourself in society, as I do, instead of going moping about in this fashion. You can't expect to have me tied to your apron strings, and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself than skulking away in holes and corners like a spider, watching your husband as a husband, to see if you can detect him in doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you, I declare."

Mr. Palmer took his hat and walked out of the room with an air of wounded dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears, and mused a while with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with wounded and indignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he has requested it I will amuse myself as he does and see how he likes it! Ashamed of me, is he? And he did not need to be so when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how I loved you!"

And once more, during her resolutely closing her eyes and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would come.

There was to be, that very evening, a party at Colonel Johnson's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point, and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval, and his remark that that pink silk was becoming to her. In consequence, her eyes and cheeks were brighter, and her spirits more buoyant, as she entered Mrs. Johnson's crowded drawing-rooms.

Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess when Mr. Palmer accosted, or rather was accosted, by Miss Baden, a brilliant, resolute girl, who had been to remain his before his marriage, and at the same moment a gentleman addressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention entirely from her husband and his companion, until, seeing something in Miss Baden's glance as herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke and she turned, as with a dim determination, to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer in the town—very pleasant and handsome—and Nellie Palmer determined begun to try and make herself agreeable to him. He had no objection. And was himself so agreeable that it soon cost her an effort to converse, and then her old lively spirits returned, and, to her surprise, she found that she was enjoying herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did, and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer took much of its charm, now that his wife did not appear neglected and jealous, and that people couldn't see that she was so.

Therefore Miss Baden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer bethought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over the photographs albums, nor talking to old old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

At that instant a little laugh at his elbow startled him, and turning he saw Nellie, bright and flushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared to be quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer scanned a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the deuce!" was his thought. "What on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" They evidently meeting his wife's eye he smiled and whispered, "Enjoying themselves, eh?"

"Oh, yes, dear, delightfully! Don't trouble yourself about me, pray."

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly or danced more gracefully than she did this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you've danced enough for one night?" said her husband, towards the close of the evening. "Is a married woman?" he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered, cheerfully; "but I've enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost regret that I was a married woman, and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening? he inquired, as they walked down stairs.

"That remarkably handsome man with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was at all handsome," he answered stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Captain Lovell, of the Artillery. And how he is—just as amusing and—quite forgot."

And Nellie broke into words to the captain, in jeering, of which her husband could distinguish only something about "old Brown."

When Robert Palmer came home next day he found his wife not crying, as before, in her bedroom, but in the parlour practising a new song.

"Captain Lovell called this morning," she said, "and I have promised to sing this for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah!" he answered with an expression of indifference and as his wife struck up with the first line, she was startled to hear, "Confound Captain Lovell!"

At Mrs. Campbell's Captain Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer, and that other gentleman discovered for attractions, her piquancy and spontaneous and fitfulness, and so, in a very few weeks, Mr. Bob Palmer was to be old no seen to the feet to care who her husband was attending upon, and indeed he could scarcely get a word with her at all when at the gay assemblies which they constantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was "no longer a girl," and that he was her husband, but she only laughed and said there was no harm done, and that she was enjoying herself so delightfully, and felt herself more a girl than ever, and—as a girl—which was true, because she had not flirted then, let alone absorbed, heart and soul, in Bob Palmer, and now it was Captain Lovell who appeared ready to occupy her thoughts, as well as a good part of her time. She sang and danced with him; she read the books he sent, and so frequent were his visits, so constant his attentions, that at last Mr. Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

"Ellen," he said, as he one day closed the door on the departing captain, "I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most unexpected—most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow Lovell. He is constantly in my house, and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood for two hours the centre of a group of chattering admiring coxcombs, like himself."

"Why, Bob, you yourself blamed me for playing wallflower and 'spider,' and said you were ashamed of me."

"I am much more ashamed of you now," he returned severely.

"Now, dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself, and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie, expostulatingly, "and now that I am, adopting you, you get jealous."

"Jealous! no! But I am offended and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell"—

"Similar to those that I heard in regard to you and Miss Baden, I presume!" said his wife.

"What is Miss Baden to me?" he demanded sharply.

"And what is Captain Lovell to me?"

"You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him."

"As you do with Isabel Baden."

"I care not do what is not permissible in a woman."

"Ah, that is it!" said Nellie with her old sigh. "You men may acquire, like himself, a wife, or at least her heart and life with anguish—may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintance by showing devotion to another—and she, poor slave, must not remonstrate in turn, as may even the trampled worm, but must bear all in meek silence—never even implying mutiny, lest she offend her lord. But I have had enough of this, Bob, and now as you do upon will I do to you. If you go on flirting, as will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Baden than I do for Captain Lovell; but I will not be neglected and humbled in the sight of the whole world. I am not a slave, but a wife, and demand the honor due to me."

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face, with bright, clear eyes, to whose depths he could still read great tenderness, and he at once comprehended the whole matter. He looked at her a moment, as steadily as she at him, and then he rose and took a seat by her side.

"And you really care nothing for this Lovell, Nellie?"

"So sure than I might to do for my cousin Louis's affianced husband," she replied.

"Affianced!"

"Three six months before I met him; and I would have told you of it, but"—

she stopped, and looked half archly in his face. He understood her, and taking her in his arms, kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Bob! how could you ever have doubted me?"

"I will do so no more, love?"

"Never But say more!"

"Never!"—New York World.

Why the Waits.

He—Why hasn't she married? Is she waiting for her beau ideal?

She—No. She is waiting for her beau mal.—Harper's Bazar.

Dirt Refuse for Cattle.

An important fact in the beet sugar industry is that the refuse pulp makes a valuable fodder for cattle. The tops are also available for the same use. The refuse is stored in mounds, and will remain in good condition for six months. Wherever beet sugar factories have been established there has been an immense improvement in the agriculture of the surrounding country. It is found that although three tons of the pulp are equal in nutriment value only to one ton of the best hay, yet when fed in connection with coarse provender it possesses a value of its own in keeping animals in a sleek, growthy condition, and, strange to say, one not indicated by its chemical analysis.—Philadelphia Press.

He Was a Boomer.

He stopped in front of the door and looked up at the sign. He mused a while. Then he went in.

What he saw surprised him. It was a cigar factory. He said to the man in charge, "I want to go to the Cherokee strip, and I thought you were advertising for men to go there."

"Mistake. You must be dreaming."

"Then why that sign?"

"Which one?"

"This, over the door. Strippers wanted." It isn't no way to hight a man's tapes. None whatever."

And he went away disconsolate.—St. Joseph News.

An object of some little interest has been brought to the notice of museums by a Lieutenant M. P. This is an English one pound bank note bearing the date Feb. 1, 1797. The note was one of the first ever issued, and has been four round the world.

The Cook or You?

"I think that man has no understanding with the waiters," said a little man with a big cook in front of him, as two men sat at the next table got up and left the restaurant.

"What do you mean?" asked his companion.

"Notice the big man at the head of the table?"

"Yes."

"Notice he didn't pay the check? Of course he did. He never does, and I'll tell you why. He comes in with a companion every night—seldom the same man. He is the other man order the dinner, and then takes the same. When the order is served the waiter quietly asks: 'One check or two, sir?' and he invariably addresses the gray to the big man's companion.

"Now the result of this great American trait is that one hesitates to say 'Two' under those circumstances, although there was no expectation of a double check when he came in. But the remark is addressed to him and he has to answer, especially as the big man becomes deeply interested in a newspaper about that time. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are afraid of appearing niggardly and will answer 'One check.'

"I've seen that played here a good many times, and, as I say, I have never seen the big man pay a check, nor have I ever heard the question, 'One check or two?' put to him. That's why I say I think he has an understanding with the waiter. Perhaps others have also.

"Why should the question be put, anyway? Let the waiter bring two checks, and if one man wants to grab both off he has all the opportunity necessary."—Chicago Herald.

It Was a Great Invention.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells about a crazy inventor of a westerner who thought that horses are worked too hard. It was a carriage that ran on four very high wheels. The driver sat in front of the passengers on each side, like those on an Irish jaunting car. The horse was underneath the affair, and wiggled along with only his head sticking out like a turtle's. The beauty of the arrangement was a 4-foot belly band that went underneath the horse, and when the runners started down the hill the driver turned a crank and lifted the horse off the ground, and the whole business, horse and all, rolled on together till a level road was reached, when the crank was again turned, the horse lowered till his feet touched the ground, when business was resumed in the usual way.

The advantage of the invention was that it enabled the horse to ride down hill; the disadvantage was that it could not force and follow the windings of the road. There is no knowing how much might have come of it had it not happened that the machine ran off the track one day when going down a wading hill, ran into a gulch, killed the horse, smashed the whole contrivance to pieces and hurt the man so badly that when he got well he declined to undertake the construction of another.

His Shining Virtue.

"I have got a boy," said the proud father, "who is dedicated one day to shine brilliantly in the political firmament."

"Phenomenal aspirate for statesmen, does he?"

"No, but he can't write a letter."—St. Joseph News.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often leads on the dangerous road from Cold to Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"I SLEPT WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

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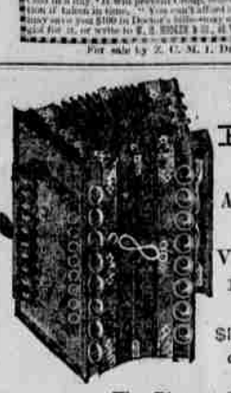

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The $31,500 worth of GOODS that was kept in reserve in the basement. I have now placed on the main floor along with the rest of the stock, and I will on

Monday Morning, March 23rd, 1891,

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This Stock comprises some of the very Finest Goods eve brought to Utah. Merchants and other large buyers wishing to buy a $100.00 worth and upwards, I will give a special discount to. Buy Goods now and lay them bye until you need them, for, MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED. I have engaged nine additional clerks so as to give all a chance to thoroughly investigate the goods and prices and avoid confusion.

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J. M. I. Foster.

407 Kearney St., San Francisco, Cal. April 26, 1890.

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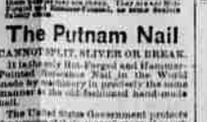

A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Putnam Nail Co. in this Show seriously limited the horse-shoe nails which it was recently taken to Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail was cut in the proper place for clinching, and so deceived the blacksmith who shod the horse. The other point was in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot called the "quick," from which arises the most painful and dangerous lameness. The Putnam nails for use nearly two weeks.

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The United States Government protects the process of their manufacture through patents, so other firms can make or advertise a Horseshoe Nail as have described, for fear of infringement and damages by the Public.

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For sale by all dealers in Horseshoe Nails. Beware of imitations. Genuine Nails have Trade Mark on each box. Mention this Paper.

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Warner's Jersey Corsets (as advertised by others as being worth $1.25) our price 49c. pair.
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" " " Extra Large and heavy, 25c.; worth 40c.
12 " Hope Bleached for $1.00.
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75 Child's Sailor Suits at $1.00; worth $1.50.
40 " Blue Flannel Sailor Suits at $1.85; worth $2.50.
47 " Suits at $1.20; worth $2.00.
Home Made All Wool Socks 17½c. pair, or 6 pairs for $1.00; regular price 25c. to 30c. pair.
Adamantine Pins, 12 Papers for 25c.; worth 40c.
25 doz. Men's Extra Heavy Seamless Socks, at 10c.
50 " " Fancy Overshirts, 50c.; worth 75c.
30 Bars Laundry Soap for $1.00.
25 " Toilet " " 1.00.
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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, State of Utah, on the 6th day of February, 1891, in the matter of the estate of Henry Sprague, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, offered at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, belonging to said estate, to wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 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346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 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1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 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