

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 7, 1902.

Tells How He Killed Rice.

Jones, the Valet, Calmly Gives the Entire Story of His Crime. Dramatic Narrative Holds All Spellbound. Patrick, the Alleged Instigator of the Murder, Braces Himself to Hear It.

Charles F. Jones, the valet who says he murdered his master, William M. Rice, of New York, reached the climax in his confession on Thursday, the making of which he expects will eventually set him free as his reward for turning state's evidence against Albert T. Patrick, now on trial before Recorder Goff charged with being the principal in conspiracy to kill Rice and to get his millions.

This confession on the witness stand would have been a sufficiently hair-raising tale if Jones had been describing the crime of another person. The fact that he was telling, without the least show of emotion or excitement, all the minute details of his own killing of his aged benefactor, furnished two hours of the most intense excitement for his listeners.

Jones, the murderer, and Recorder Goff were the only two who seemed to take the ghastly story as a matter of course. The court room was crowded with men and women, but there was no sound from any one during the two hours that Jones was telling of the murder. The effect upon the audience of that two hours' story was the physical exhaustion. One man discovered at the end of the session that the palms of his hands were wet with perspiration.

Patrick, the prisoner, whose name Jones mentioned in nearly every sentence as that of the man who planned this or that detail of the crime stood the test with remarkable nerve so far as the audience could see, but even Patrick braced himself for the ordeal. As soon as Jones stopped talking about wills and signatures and checks and began on chloroform and murder and death, Patrick twisted a foot around each of the front legs of his chair and braced his knees hard against the chair seat. He sat that way for the two hours.

Jones identified a letter written by Rice on September 17th, 1900, to the Merchants & Planters' Oil Company. The date on the letter was changed, he said, to September 25th, at Patrick's suggestion, "in order to show that Rice was in normal condition just before his death."

"Some time in August," Jones continued, "Patrick asked me if I did not think that Mr. Rice was living too long for our own welfare. He thought it would be a good thing if we would put him out of the way. He said if I'd tell him some night when Mr. Rice was sleeping soundly he'd come up and do it if I would not. I asked why Dr. Curry drew the line there. He would do anything that was wanted if it was not actually a crime."

Patrick, said the witness, suggested chloroform and Jones said he would get some. The idea of chloroform as a means was suggested by a magazine article. It was determined on after Jones talked with a physician, who said a person whose heart was affected, as was Mr. Rice's, could be most easily killed with it, and that little trace of the drug would be left. Jones got a two-ounce vial of it by writing to his brother, in Texas.

Jones then branched off into the alleged plan adopted to weaken the already sick old man. This was by giving him mercury and iron pills. The pills brought on debility and diarrhoea.

Jones told of the visit of Mrs. Vannalsteyne, a friend of Mr. Rice. She brought him some bananas, and he ate nine of them. They made him very ill, and Dr. Curry was called in. That was about 10 days before his death.

"On the Wednesday or Thursday before his death," the witness went on, "he took another mercurial pill. The next day he was very sick and, on Saturday he was delirious.

Dr. Curry visited him and gave him some medicine. I told Patrick over the telephone all that occurred, and at his invitation he went in a restaurant in Sixth avenue, where we had lunch.

I told him a draft of \$25,000 had arrived from the oil mill. Patrick told me to get back to the house, and if I wanted him later, to call up at the Y. M. C. A., on Fifty-seventh street. I returned to the house. Dr. Curry was there, and Mr. Rice was still asleep. That she had her eye intently on those I had not yet touched, and she was holding her heart. I took up each remaining egg till I came to one which as soon as I held it I knew to be much lighter than the rest. That there was something wrong with that egg was evident. I have always had the faculty of keeping equal matters to myself till it is time to make them known, and I did so in this case.

"Here, corporal," I said, "are some eggs. Try what you can do to cook them." Then I spoke to the girl. "Now show me where you live."

I walked with her down the road till I came to a turn where we would be concealed from the men. Then taking up the light egg, I broke the shell. Instead of the contents of an egg, I took out a roll of paper and enough sand to make the whole weight about that of an egg. Had not my sense of touch been very delicate I would not have discovered the difference. Unrolling the paper, I was astonished to read that different parts of the Union army were concentrating at Gettysburg. The several corps were given under the name of their commanders, and I have since learned that the information was tolerably correct, though at the time, being a mere lieutenant in one of these corps, I knew nothing except what I read.

It had evidently been compiled by some person or persons well fitted for the work, possibly secret service scouts in the employ of General Lee, and they had endeavored to get it through the lines by using this girl. I glanced from the message to its bearer. Instead of being crushed at the discovery of her ruse, she was pointing with angry disappointment at the girl.

"Do you know the penalty attached to this sort of business?" I asked.

She made no reply, only flashing a defiant look at me.

"If I were to report you and you were to be treated as other people who do these things, you would be hanged."

The information did not seem to strike her with the terror one would have supposed. She turned away from me and, seeing a wild flower in a nook near by, plucked it covetously, the pleasure she derived from it taking the place of her discomfort.

The most sensible thing I ever did—so it strikes me now—was to put the message in my pocket and take the girl to her home, which was a short distance down the road, as she had said. I doubtless saved our general serious embarrassment by keeping the matter secret, for what could be done with a little mild-eyed vixen of fifteen?

Several years later, while visiting the

he intended to say that to deceive Dr. Curry. The doctor said he would need an undertaker, and Patrick said: "Yes; and a death certificate." Dr. Curry made out the certificate, and the undertaker was sent for. Patrick visited the room where Mr. Rice's papers were kept and took away with him all the papers he could find.

Patrick talked to me in Dr. Curry's presence, and gave me hints of anything wrong. Jones told of the happenings the day after Mr. Rice's death. He said Patrick called him on the phone and told him he had made a mistake in the Swenson check.

"If they call you on the phone," Jones said Patrick told him, "tell them the check is all right. They did call and I did as he directed. Later Patrick told me the wire that if any more inquiries were made to say that Rice was dead."

Jones told how he made the towel cone by turning the towel in his hand and pinning over the overlapping end. Then he said he placed a sponge in the small end of the cone and saturated it with chloroform.

"How long did you leave the cone on the face of Mr. Rice?" asked the recorder.

"I don't know. It was a little more than half an hour. Patrick told me to leave it there 20 minutes."

"Did Mr. Rice know what you were doing?"

"I don't know. I believe I heard something as if he had laughed. I was prepared for that, because Patrick had told me he would probably laugh when he first inhaled the chloroform."

An incident happened to me during the civil war which for nearly forty years I have kept to myself. Perhaps it will do no harm to me or mine to make it known now.

It was the eve of Gettysburg, and we were skurrying from Maryland into Pennsylvania. Our general threw out a thick picket line, and I had charge of a corporal and eight men stationed on the turnpike leading eastward. We had been marching all day, were ravenously hungry and would not get anything to eat until after being relieved. One of the men lighted a fire and with a tomato can that he had picked up for frying was endeavoring to cook some bacon that he had taken from his haversack. I noticed that if the meat were divided among the picket post there would be a thin slice for each man. If he ate it all, it would be merely enough to stay his stomach.

"May I go home?" asked a soft voice behind me. I turned, and there stood a little country girl of fifteen, looking up at me from under her sunbonnet with the timid pair of eyes, fringed with dark lashes and soft as a fawn's.

"Go home?" I said, thinking more of the girl than her question. "Certainly. Where do you live?"

"Down the road there," pointing. I looked mechanically where she pointed, then at the girl. Then my eyes dropped to a basket she carried on her arm, full of eggs. I forgot her and her gentle face, in omelet, poached—every variety of egg that the most skillful cook could devise.

"Will you sell your eggs?" I asked.

"No, sir, but I will give you some of them. I'm taking these home for the children."

"Oh, well, if you are taking them to the children," I said regretfully, "you may keep them. I wouldn't rob the cradle."

"You may have a dozen," she said in her soft voice. "That will leave me seven to take home."

Just think of those eggs broken over that bacon sizzling in the tomato can and emitting its delicious odor! I fingered the beautiful white ovals, holding one after another in the hollow of my hands, growing hungrier every moment.

"Take a dozen off the top," said the girl.

"Why off the top?" I wondered.

I looked into her face. Her eyes were cast down upon the basket, and if ever there was innocence depicted in the human countenance it was in hers. A few years older she would be a perfect model for a Madonna.

Taking a fifty cent postal currency, the only change we had in those days, from my pocket, I dropped it into the basket and picked out twelve eggs. Something, I know not what, perhaps a greed for more, induced me to take up one of the eggs remaining and handle it.

Happening to glance at the girl, I saw that she had her eye intently on those I had not yet touched, and she was holding her heart. I took up each remaining egg till I came to one which as soon as I held it I knew to be much lighter than the rest. That there was something wrong with that egg was evident. I have always had the faculty of keeping equal matters to myself till it is time to make them known, and I did so in this case.

"Here, corporal," I said, "are some eggs. Try what you can do to cook them." Then I spoke to the girl. "Now show me where you live."

I walked with her down the road till I came to a turn where we would be concealed from the men. Then taking up the light egg, I broke the shell. Instead of the contents of an egg, I took out a roll of paper and enough sand to make the whole weight about that of an egg. Had not my sense of touch been very delicate I would not have discovered the difference. Unrolling the paper, I was astonished to read that different parts of the Union army were concentrating at Gettysburg.

The several corps were given under the name of their commanders, and I have since learned that the information was tolerably correct, though at the time, being a mere lieutenant in one of these corps, I knew nothing except what I read.

It had evidently been compiled by some person or persons well fitted for the work, possibly secret service scouts in the employ of General Lee, and they had endeavored to get it through the lines by using this girl. I glanced from the message to its bearer. Instead of being crushed at the discovery of her ruse, she was pointing with angry disappointment at the girl.

"Do you know the penalty attached to this sort of business?" I asked.

She made no reply, only flashing a defiant look at me.

"If I were to report you and you were to be treated as other people who do these things, you would be hanged."

The information did not seem to strike her with the terror one would have supposed. She turned away from me and, seeing a wild flower in a nook near by, plucked it covetously, the pleasure she derived from it taking the place of her discomfort.

The most sensible thing I ever did—so it strikes me now—was to put the message in my pocket and take the girl to her home, which was a short distance down the road, as she had said. I doubtless saved our general serious embarrassment by keeping the matter secret, for what could be done with a little mild-eyed vixen of fifteen?

Several years later, while visiting the

battlefield, I hunted her up. She was just a fawnlike and waspish as ever. She stung me in the heart, and I made her my wife. EVERARD MARSH.

He Was Satisfied. Robbie—Ain't yer vaccination healed up yet? Jamesy—Naw. Robbie—Gee! Don't it make yer feel bad? Jamesy—Naw. The doctor told mom I mustn't take a bath till it was all healed up.

LOCKJAW FROM CORWETS.—Cobwebs put on a cut lately gave a woman lockjaw. Millions know that the best thing to put on a cut is Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the infallible healer of Wounds, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Burns, Scalds and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at Green's Pharmacy.

California-Oregon Excursions. Every day in the year. The Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line runs through first-class Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars to California and Oregon daily. Personally conducted excursions from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, leaving Chicago on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Lowest rates. Shortest time on the road. Finest scenery. Inquire of your nearest ticket agent, or write A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Very Low Rates to the Northwest. March 1st to April 30th, 1902, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell tickets to Montana, Idaho and North Pacific coast points at the following greatly reduced rates: From Chicago to Butte, Helena and Anaconda, \$30.00; Spokane, \$30.00; Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, \$33.00. Choice of routes via Omaha or St. Paul to points in Montana, Oregon and Washington.

For further information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, or address John R. Pott, district passenger agent, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Indian and the Northwest. A handsomely illustrated book just issued, and containing 115 pages of interesting historical data relating to the settlement of the great Northwest, with fine half-tone engravings of Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and other noted chiefs; Custer's battleground and ten colored map plates dating back to 1800. A careful review of the book impresses one that it is a valuable contribution to the history of these early pioneers, and a copy should be in every library. Price, 25 cents per copy. Mailed postage prepaid upon receipt of this amount by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill. 8-61

Very Low Rates to the Northwest. March 1st to April 30th, 1902, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell tickets to Montana, Idaho and North Pacific coast points at the following greatly reduced rates: From Chicago to Butte, Helena and Anaconda, \$30.00; Spokane, \$30.00; Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, \$33.00. Choice of routes via Omaha or St. Paul.

For further information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, or address John R. Pott, district passenger agent, 810 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

California Illustrated. Copy of the illustrated monthly. The Chicago 400, a journey of travel and topic, reaches us by the courtesy of the Chicago and North-Western R'y. It is one of the finest illustrated publications that we have ever seen. The tinted halftones rival those of the finest magazines, and the letter-press of the whole edition is as perfect as that of any publication ever issued, pictorially and descriptively mirroring California's wonderful scenery. Copy delivered free on application, or mailed to any address upon receipt of two cents postage, by A. Q. Tallant, 507 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Business Notice. Castoria. FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER. In Use For Over 30 Years. Medical. BEYOND DOUBT. THESE FACTS MUST CONVINC E VERY BELLEFONTE READER.

That which follows is the experience of a resident of Bellefonte. Incredibly not only by the statement because it can easily be investigated.

Mr. Geo. Cox residing on what is known as Hart Moon Hill, says: "I can conscientiously recommend Doan's Kidney Pills judging from what they did for me. I suffered intensely from pains in my back and lameness across my kidneys. Statements in this paper about Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention and I called on F. Potts Green, the druggist, and got a box. They did me a great deal of good although I did not take them as regularly as I should, for the moment the pain ceased and I felt better, I stopped taking them. They gave me the greatest relief and I can give them the credit of saving me much suffering."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co. Remember the name Doan's—and take no substitute.

Young Tillman by McLaurin's Side. Ben R. Tillman Jr., a soft-voiced, clean-limbed athletic young man, stood at McLaurin's side while he was calling Senator Tillman a liar, and was within arm's reach of the junior Senator when his father jumped impetuously over Senator Teller's legs and landed his fist on McLaurin's eye.

The young man, whose title to the privilege of the floor is drawn from the fact that he is his father's secretary, kept his eye on McLaurin's hands. If the junior Senator from South Carolina had drawn a weapon he probably would have become a participant in the fight. As it was, he merely looked on, thus establishing his right to be considered a young man who knows his place. It was a most remarkable exhibition of self-restraint.—Washington Telegram to Chicago Chronicle.

New Advertisements. NOW LOOK OUT! "Take care of yourself," say our friends. "I'll try to," we answer. We do take a little care, yet in spite of warm clothes, rubbers and mackintoshes, an army of people were bowled out by pneumonia and other lung and chest diseases last winter. They caught cold, neglected it, let it fix upon them, were torn by coughs, choked by inflammations and congestions, wasted by fever, tired out by pain and then gave up the fight. The hour you realize that you have a cold on the chest, place a Benson's Porous Plaster where the pain or oppression is felt. If you think two are needed make it two. No harm if you were covered with them. They act quickly and prevent the engorgement of blood in the organs. In this way—with ordinary caution as to exposure—you will break up the cold and avoid a serious sickness. No other applications, or any other form of treatment, will accomplish this as certainly and speedily. Benson's Plasters have a distinct and positive action and are curative to the highest degree. Use them with the same confidence for coughs, muscular rheumatism, the grip (cold and chest) and all similar ailments. Women, who are chief sufferers from cold weather complaints, should keep these plasters always within reach. Get the genuine. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each.

Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

Harness Oil. SOFT HARNESS. You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA HARNESS OIL. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

46-37 STANDAR OIL CO. Money to Loan. MONEY TO LOAN on good security and houses for rent. J. M. KEICHLINE, 45-14-lyr. Att'y at Law.

Silverware. "Silver Plate that Wears." The trade mark "1847" ROGERS BROS. on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 465.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.

Prospectus. NEWS AND OPINIONS. NATIONAL IMPORTANCE. THE SUN. ALONE CONTAINS BOTH. Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

THE SUNDAY SUN. Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the World. Price 5c, a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. 47-3. Address, THE SUN, New York

Fine Groceries. SECHLER & CO. FINE GROCERIES. BUSH HOUSE BLOCK.

If you are looking for Seasonable Goods—We have them. Not sometime—but all the time—Every day in the year. Don't spend your strength during this extreme weather in a fruitless search for what you need, but come straight to us and get the goods promptly.

FINEST CALIFORNIA and Imported ORANGES.....30, 40, 50, 60 per doz. LEMONS, finest Mediterranean juicy fruit.....30 and 40cts. per doz. BANANAS, the finest fruit we can buy. FRESH BISCUITS, Cakes and Crackers. Sweet, Mild Cured Hams, Breakfast Bacon and Dried Beef. CANNED MEATS, Salmon and Sardines. OLIVES, an excellent bargain at.....25cts. TABLE OILS, home made and imported. PICKLES, sweet and sour, in bulk and various sizes and styles of packages. PURE EXTRACTS, Ginger Ale and Root Beer. NEW CHEESE now coming to us in elegant shape. CEREAL PREPARATIONS. We carry a fine line of the most popular ones. PURE CIDER VINEGAR, the kind you can depend on.

Our store is always open until 8 o'clock p. m., and on Saturday until 10 o'clock p. m.

SECHLER & CO. GROCERS. BELLEFONTE, PA.

Travelers Guide. THE STANDARD OF THE SOUTHWEST. VIA TWO GATEWAYS. Either ST. LOUIS or KANSAS CITY, the Frisco System affords excellent Pullman and Free Reclining Chair Car service to MEXICO, TEXAS, and all destinations in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. OAKLAHOMA AND INDIAN TERRITORY. Can be reached by way of MEMPHIS and the Frisco System, without change by those who prefer that gateway. Harvey Cafe Cars and Dining Halls along the line add materially to the comfort of your journey. For Rates of Fare, Map Folders and Free Descriptive Literature, Address G. M. CONLEY, or SIDNEY VAN DUSEN, General Agent, Traveling Pass. Agt. 47-6 706 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Condensed Time Table. READ DOWN June 17th, 1901. READ UP. No 1 No 3 No 5 No 7 No 9 No 11 No 13 No 15 No 17 No 19 No 21 No 23 No 25 No 27 No 29 No 31 No 33 No 35 No 37 No 39 No 41 No 43 No 45 No 47 No 49 No 51 No 53 No 55 No 57 No 59 No 61 No 63 No 65 No 67 No 69 No 71 No 73 No 75 No 77 No 79 No 81 No 83 No 85 No 87 No 89 No 91 No 93 No 95 No 97 No 99 No 101 No 103 No 105 No 107 No 109 No 111 No 113 No 115 No 117 No 119 No 121 No 123 No 125 No 127 No 129 No 131 No 133 No 135 No 137 No 139 No 141 No 143 No 145 No 147 No 149 No 151 No 153 No 155 No 157 No 159 No 161 No 163 No 165 No 167 No 169 No 171 No 173 No 175 No 177 No 179 No 181 No 183 No 185 No 187 No 189 No 191 No 193 No 195 No 197 No 199 No 201 No 203 No 205 No 207 No 209 No 211 No 213 No 215 No 217 No 219 No 221 No 223 No 225 No 227 No 229 No 231 No 233 No 235 No 237 No 239 No 241 No 243 No 245 No 247 No 249 No 251 No 253 No 255 No 257 No 259 No 261 No 263 No 265 No 267 No 269 No 271 No 273 No 275 No 277 No 279 No 281 No 283 No 285 No 287 No 289 No 291 No 293 No 295 No 297 No 299 No 301 No 303 No 305 No 307 No 309 No 311 No 313 No 315 No 317 No 319 No 321 No 323 No 325 No 327 No 329 No 331 No 333 No 335 No 337 No 339 No 341 No 343 No 345 No 347 No 349 No 351 No 353 No 355 No 357 No 359 No 361 No 363 No 365 No 367 No 369 No 371 No 373 No 375 No 377 No 379 No 381 No 383 No 385 No 387 No 389 No 391 No 393 No 395 No 397 No 399 No 401 No 403 No 405 No 407 No 409 No 411 No 413 No 415 No 417 No 419 No 421 No 423 No 425 No 427 No 429 No 431 No 433 No 435 No 437 No 439 No 441 No 443 No 445 No 447 No 449 No 451 No 453 No 455 No 457 No 459 No 461 No 463 No 465 No 467 No 469 No 471 No 473 No 475 No 477 No 479 No 481 No 483 No 485 No 487 No 489 No 491 No 493 No 495 No 497 No 499 No 501 No 503 No 505 No 507 No 509 No 511 No 513 No 515 No 517 No 519 No 521 No 523 No 525 No 527 No 529 No 531 No 533 No 535 No 537 No 539 No 541 No 543 No 545 No 547 No 549 No 551 No 553 No 555 No 557 No 559 No 561 No 563 No 565 No 567 No 569 No 571 No 573 No 575 No 577 No 579 No 581 No 583 No 585 No 587 No 589 No 591 No 593 No 595 No 597 No 599 No 601 No 603 No 605 No 607 No 609 No 611 No 613 No 615 No 617 No 619 No 621 No 623 No 625 No 627 No 629 No 631 No 633 No 635 No 637 No 639 No 641 No 643 No 645 No 647 No 649 No 651 No 653 No 655 No 657 No 659 No 661 No 663 No 665 No 667 No 669 No 671 No 673 No 675 No 677 No 679 No 681 No 683 No 685 No 687 No 689 No 691 No 693 No 695 No 697 No 699 No 701 No 703 No 705 No 707 No 709 No 711 No 713 No 715 No 717 No 719 No 721 No 723 No 725 No 727 No 729 No 731 No 733 No 735 No 737 No 739 No 741 No 743 No 745 No 747 No 749 No 751 No 753 No 755 No 757 No 759 No 761 No 763 No 765 No 767 No 769 No 771 No 773 No 775 No 777 No 779 No 781 No 783 No 785 No 787 No 789 No 791 No 793 No 795 No 797 No 799 No 801 No 803 No 805 No 807 No 809 No 811 No 813 No 815 No 817 No 819 No 821 No 823 No 825 No 827 No 829 No 831 No 833 No 835 No 837 No 839 No 841 No 843 No 845 No 847 No 849 No 851 No 853 No 855 No 857 No 859 No 861 No 863 No 865 No 867 No 869 No 871 No 873 No 875 No 877 No 879 No 881 No 883 No 885 No 887 No 889 No 891 No 893 No 895 No 897 No 899 No 901 No 903 No 905 No 907 No 909 No 911 No 913 No 915 No 917 No 919 No 921 No 923 No 925 No 927 No 929 No 931 No 933 No 935 No 937 No 939 No 941 No 943 No 945 No 947 No 949 No 951 No 953 No 955 No 957 No 959 No 961 No 963 No 965 No 967 No 969 No 971 No 973 No 975 No 977 No 979 No 981 No 983 No 985 No 987 No 989 No 991 No 993 No 995 No 997 No 999 No 1001 No 1003 No 1005 No 1007 No 1009 No 1011 No 1013 No 1015 No 1017 No 1019 No 1021 No 1023 No 1025 No 1027 No 1029 No 1031 No 1033 No 1035 No 1037 No 1039 No 1041 No 1043 No 1045 No 1047 No 1049 No 1051 No 1053 No 1055 No 1057 No 1059 No 1061 No 1063 No 1065 No 1067 No 1069 No 1071 No 1073 No 1075 No 1077 No 1079 No 1081 No 1083 No 1085 No 1087 No 1089 No 1091 No 1093 No 1095 No 1097 No 1099 No 1101 No 1103 No 1105 No 1107 No 1109 No 1111 No 1113 No 1115 No 1117 No 1119 No 1121 No 1123 No 1125 No 1127 No 1129 No 1131 No 1133 No 1135 No 1137 No 1139 No 1141 No 1143 No 1145 No 1147 No 1149 No 1151 No 1153 No 1155 No 1157 No 1159 No 1161 No 1163 No 1165 No 1167 No 1169 No 1171 No 1173 No 1175 No 1177 No 1179 No 1181 No 1183 No 1185 No 1187 No 1189 No 1191 No 1193 No 1195 No 1197 No 1199 No 1201 No 1203 No 1205 No 1207 No 1209 No 1211 No 1213 No 1215 No 1217 No 1219 No 1221 No 1223 No 1225 No 1227 No 1229 No 1231 No 1233 No 1235 No 1237 No 1239 No 1241 No 1243 No 1245 No 1247 No 1249 No 1251 No 1253 No 1255 No 1257 No 1259 No 1261 No 1263 No 1265 No 1267 No 1269 No 1271 No 1273 No 1275 No 1277 No 1279 No 1281 No 1283 No 1285 No 1287 No 1289 No 1291 No 1293 No 1295 No 1297 No 1299 No 1301 No 1303 No 1305 No 1307 No 1309 No 1311 No 1313 No 1315 No 1317 No 1319 No 1321 No 1323 No 1325 No 1327 No 1329 No 1331 No 1333 No 1335 No 1337 No 1339 No 1341 No 1343 No 1345 No 1347 No 1349 No 1351 No 1353 No 1355 No 1357 No 1359 No 1361 No 1363 No 1365 No 1367 No 1369 No 1371 No 1373 No 1375 No 1377 No 1379 No 1381 No 1383 No 1385 No 1387 No 1389 No 1391 No 1393 No 1395 No 1397 No 1399 No 1401 No 1403 No 1405 No 1407 No 1409 No 1411 No 1413 No 1415 No 1417 No 1419 No 1421 No 1423 No 1425 No 1427 No 1429 No 1431 No 1433 No 1435 No 1437 No 1439 No 1441 No 1443 No 1445 No 1447 No 1449 No 1451 No 1453 No 1455 No 1457 No 1459 No 1461 No 1463 No 1465 No 1467 No 1469 No 1471 No 1473 No 1475 No 1477 No 1479 No 1481 No 1483 No 1485 No 1487 No 1489 No 1491 No 1493 No 1495 No 1497 No 1499 No 1501 No 1503 No 1505 No 1507 No 1509 No 1511 No 1513 No 1515 No 1517 No 1519 No 1521 No 1