

# The Cheerful Cherv

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS  
Author of the Tarzan Tales

## SYNOPSIS.

John Clayton, now Lord Graywacke but a few years before, still a young man, is the cruel Russian and friend of the emperor, who is the cause of the massacre of the African jungle into which he is sent by the emperor's order. He is the conclusion of "The Beasts of Tarzan."

He is stopping at an island nearby a huge cave comes to Paulovich, he is into his cave, and he is to be seen by the emperor. He is to be seen by the emperor. He is to be seen by the emperor.

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## CHAPTER VII—Continued

"It is thus," he said. "That jungle folk live. We go cautiously for a lifetime, and then, just for an instant, we forget, and—"

He ground his teeth in misery of the crunching of great jaws in flesh. "It is a lesson," he resumed. "You have learned that you may not for too long keep your eyes and your ears and your nose all bent in the same direction."

That night the son of Tarzan was colder than he ever had been in all his life. The pajama trousers had not been heavy; but they had been much heavier than nothing.

his muscles adapting themselves to the new mode of life that had been thrust upon them. The theta of the air had been transmitted to the son—it needed only the hardening of him to develop them.

The lad found that it came quite naturally to him to swing through the trees. Even at great heights he never felt the slightest dizziness, and when he had caught the knack of the swing and the release he could hurt himself from branch to branch with even greater agility than the heavier Akut.

And with exposure came a toughening and hardening of his smooth, white skin. He had removed his pajama jacket one day to bathe in a little stream that was too small for him to wade in.

For a time Jack was angry; but when he had been without the jacket for a short while he began to realize that being half clothed in infinitely more uncomfortable than being entirely naked. Soon he did not miss his clothing in the least, and from that he came to revel in the freedom of now. They would envy him. Yes, how they would envy him!

Occasionally a smile would cross his face as he tried to imagine the surprise of his schoolmates could they but see him in his unhampered state.

He felt sorry for them at such times; and again, as he thought of them amid the luxuries and comforts of their English homes, happy with their fathers and mothers, a most uncomfortable lump would rise in his throat, and he would see a vision of his mother's face through a blur of mist that came unbidden to his eyes.

Then it was that he urged Akut onward, for now they were headed westward toward the coast. The old ape thought that they were searching for a tribe of his own kind, nor did the boy dispute his mind of this conviction. It would do to tell Akut of his real plans when they had come within sight of civilization.

One day, as they were moving slowly along beside a river they came unexpectedly upon a native village. Some children were playing beside the water.

The boy's heart leaped within his breast at sight of the more than a month he had seen no human being. What if these were naked savages? What if their skins were black? Were they not creatures fashioned in the mold of their Maker as was he? They were his brothers and sisters! He started toward them.

their women and children might have expected a shower of spears. The missiles struck all about the boy, but none touched him.

Again his spine tingled, and the short hairs lifted at the nape of his neck and along the top of his scalp. His eyes narrowed. Sudden hatred flared in them to wither the expression of glad friendliness that came into his face as he looked toward them.

With a low snarl, quite similar to that of a barked beast, he turned and ran into the jungle. There was Akut awaiting him in a tree. The ape urged him to hasten in flight, for the warriors had anticipated that they two, naked and unarmed, were no match for the sinewy black warriors who would doubtless make some sort of search for them through the jungle.

But a new power moved the son of Tarzan. He had come with a boy's glad and open heart to offer his friendship to these people who were human beings like himself. He had been met with suspicion and spears. They had not even listened to him. Rage and hatred consumed him.

When Akut urged speed he held back. He wanted the pursuers to reason made it all too plain that it would be but a foolish sacrifice of his life to meet these armed men with his naked hands and his teeth. Akut needed a reason for his fighting fangs when possibility of combat loomed close.

Moving slowly through the trees, he kept his eyes ever on his shoulder, though he no longer neglected the possibilities of other dangers which might lurk on either hand or ahead—his experience with the honess did not need a repetition of the lesson of his fighting fangs when possibility of combat loomed close.

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whole being quivered and thrilled. Involuntarily he leaped to his feet and placed one foot upon the body of his kill. His chest expanded. He raised his face toward the heavens and opened his mouth to voice a strange, weird cry that seemed screaming within him for outward expression. But no sound passed his lips—he just stood there for a full minute, his face turned toward the sky, his breast heaving to the pent emotion, like an animate statue of vengeance.

The silence which marked the first great kill of the son of Tarzan was to typify all his future kills, just as the hideous victory cry of the boy had marked the kills of his mighty sire.

## CHAPTER VIII

### Beasts and Men

AKUT, discovering that the boy was not close behind him, turned back to search for him. He had gone but a short distance in return when he was brought to a sudden and startled halt by sight of a strange figure moving through the trees toward him.

It was the boy—yet could it be? In his hand was a long spear, down his back hung a trading-pool upon the coast. He was a warrior who had attacked them and won; and upon ankle and arm were bands of iron and brass, while a loincloth was twisted about his waist. A knife was thrust through its folds.

When the boy saw the ape he hastened forward to exhibit his trophies. Proudly he called attention to each of his newly won ornaments. He boasted of his exploits with his spear. He recounted the details of his exploit.

"With my bare hands and my teeth I killed him," he said. "I would have made friends with them, but they chose to be my enemies. And now that I have a spear I shall show Numa, too, what it means to have me for a foe. Only the white man and the great ape, Akut, are our friends. Then shall we seek all others must we avoid or kill. This have I learned of the jungle."

They made a detour about the hostile village, and resumed their journey toward the coast. The boy took much pride in his new weapons and ornaments. He practiced continually with the spear, throwing it at some object ahead hour by hour as they traveled their lording way, until he gained a proficiency such as only youthful muscles may attain to speedily.

All the while his training went on under the guidance of Akut. No longer was there a single jungle spear but was an open book, and he was to be a warrior of the jungle. He had come to love the indefinable sport that elude the senses of civilized man and are only partially appreciable to his savage cousin came to be familiar friends of the eager boy. He could, however, not be a warrior of the jungle. He had come to love the indefinable sport that elude the senses of civilized man and are only partially appreciable to his savage cousin came to be familiar friends of the eager boy. He could, however, not be a warrior of the jungle.

There, he felt sure that he could now persuade his parents to let him spend at least a portion of his time upon those African estates which from little careless remarks dropped at home he knew his father possessed.

That would be something—better, at least, than a lifetime of the cramped and cloying restrictions of civilization.

And so he was rather contented than otherwise as he made his way in the direction of the coast; for while he enjoyed the liberty and the savage pleasures of the wild, his conscience was at the same time clear, for he knew that he was doing all that lay in his power to return to his parents. He rather looked forward, too, to meeting white men again—creatures of his own kind; for there had been many occasions upon which he had longed for their companionship than that of the old ape.

The affair with the blacks still rankled in his heart. He had approached them in such innocent good-fellowship and with such childlike assurance of a hospitable welcome that the reception which had been accorded him had proved a shock to his boyish ideas. He no longer looked upon the black man as his brother, but rather as only another of the innumerable foes of the bloodthirsty jungle—a beast of prey which walked upon two feet instead of four.

But if the blacks were his enemies, there were those in the world who were not. There were those who would always welcome him with open arms; who would accept him as a friend, brother, and with whom he might find sanctuary from every enemy.

Yes, there were always white men, somewhere along the coast, or even in the depths of the jungle itself, there were white men. To them he would be a welcome visitor. They would befriend him.

And there were also the great apes—the friends of his father and of Akut. How glad they would be to receive the son of Tarzan of the Apes! He hoped that he would come upon them before he found a trading-post upon the coast. He wanted to be able to tell his father that he had known his old friends of the jungle; that he had hunted with them; that he had traded with them in their savage life and their fierce, primitive ceremonies—the strange ceremonies of which Akut had tried to tell him.

It cheered him immensely to dwell upon these happy meetings. Often he rehearsed the long speech which he would make to the apes, in which he would tell them of the life of their former king since he had left them.

At other times he would play at meeting with white men. Then he would enjoy their consternation at sight of a naked white boy trilled out in the water-tong of a black warrior, and standing with him only a great ape as his companion.

And so the days passed, and with the traveling and the hunting and the climbing the boy's muscles developed, and his agility increased until even phlegmatic Akut marveled at the prowess of his pupil.

And the boy, realizing his great strength and the power of his muscles, he strode through the jungle, his proud head erect, defying danger. Where Akut took to the trees at the first scent of Numa, the lad laughed in the face of the king of beasts and walked boldly past him.

Good fortune was with him for a long time. The lions he met were well fed, perhaps, or the very boldness of the strange creature which invaded their domain so filled them with surprise that thoughts of attack were banished from their minds as they stood, round-eyed, watching his approach and his departure. Whatever the cause, however, the fact remains that on many occasions the boy passed without any fear of the warty and unwary animals.

But no two lions are necessarily alike in character or temper. They differ as

# FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHAT IS AN EFFORT?

This is war time, my dears, and we hear a lot about trenches, preparedness and forts, but the fort which I wish to talk to you about today is an EFFORT.

Aha! Hadn't thought of it that way, had you?

Well, ever since the 17th of May, 1883, I have had a lot of fun playing with words. There is no use trying to be a writer, especially a writer for children, unless you know how to put words together so that they will make people do things—even if the words only make people smile.

The other day I had a talk with a man in a second-hand book store. I think some of the most intelligent beings in the world are salesmen in second-hand book stores. I hope the man who writes my life will not forget to put in something like this: "Farmer Smith was always haunting the old book stores, looking for things which would interest his 'Little People.'"

Let's see, what was I talking about?

Oh, yes! The friend of mine in the second-hand book store said he thought the most of us in this world tried to do things without EFFORT. In other words, WE DO NOT WANT TO TAKE THE TROUBLE.

Is this true of you, my dears? The reason I am talking this way is, I want you to take more interest in our questions and answers. I take a lot of pains making them up—the questions—and I do it with the thought of training YOUR MIND to think RIGHT. Please! Please!! Please!!! do not think that mind of yours is some far-away thing which you cannot get hold of.

YOUR MIND IS REAL and YOUR THOUGHTS ARE THINGS.

Start today—NOW—and don't be LAZY. Make an EFFORT. Start off with a little tiny EFFORT. READ our questions today. Answer ONE for yourself tomorrow. And then answer two the next day, and so on.

The strongest fort in the world is an EFFORT.

FARMER SMITH,  
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

P. S.—If YOU love to "haunt" second-hand book stores, write me a letter. "I love you because you love the things I love."

Out Postoffice Box  
Herbert Meyer is an out-of-town Rainbow, and a mighty fine one, at that. We may thank him for our present Rainbows in Sellersville, Pa., "his town," and we may count on him for a growing membership that will equal that of Woodbine, N. J. Yes, you will have to admit it, Rainbows, Woodbine is in the lead. But we are going to stand back and let another town outdistance your town?

Well, then—w-o-r-k!

Speaking of Rainbows and towns, we might remark that Yeadon, Pa., has just become a club centre. Margaret Lynch is the latest registered member. Malvern, Pa., is catching up, too. Its newest representatives are Alvin Wesley, Joseph Chicco and Hyman Strake. We hope that these young men will be quite as alive in their interest as are Thomas Smith and Raymond Pierce, two of our other Malvern Rainbows.

Something sad is going to happen, at least it seems sad now. Alice Malack and Elizabeth Hunsweil, of Germantown, are very best little friends in the world, and are going to be separated. At the close of school, Alice is going to Dobb's Ferry to live. Dobb's Ferry is a very pretty place on the Hudson River, and Elizabeth is going to Henryville, Monroe County, to spend the summer. We think that in spite of the separation the little girls will manage to have a lively time. Of course, just at this time they will not agree with our opinion. At any rate, we are expecting two new Rainbow branches, one in Dobb's Ferry and the other in Henryville, Monroe County.

# WILLIE WIDE-AWAKE'S PURPLE DREAM

By Farmer Smith

"What is that noise?" asked Willie Wide-Awake's mother one night when the lights were all lit.

Willie listened for a moment with all his ears and then said, "I don't hear anything, mother dear."

"I thought I heard the LITTLE BED crying," said the sweetest voice in all the world.

"When I must be going, mother, dear, for I do not want the little bed to cry."

When Willie was tucked in bed he began to count sheep and had gotten as far as 2353 when one of the sheep just WOULD'N'T jump over the fence, so Willie had to stop.

He turned over in bed for what seemed to him the millionth time, when who should he see sitting on the bedpost but the Good Dream Fairy. In her right hand was the golden wand and in her left a tiny box.

"Chew—chew—chew!" The Good Dream Fairy sneezed and the lid flew off the box with a bang.

"Put one of these powders on the tip of your tongue and say 'Jack Robinson!'" commanded the Fairy.

Willie did as he was told and soon was floating away in the most beautiful dream he had ever had, and all the while the Good Dream Fairy was by his side.

"You are now in Purple Dream," said the Good Dream Fairy, and, sure enough, he was, as you shall see if you tie a string around your finger to remind you to look right here tomorrow when in keeping with her trade. For instance, the reader would say, "The first meeting of the—" here she stops and looks at the "baker" who answers "rolls." The reader continues "held in the—" Here she stops again and looks at the grocer, who answers "soap-box" or anything connected with a grocery store. The reader continues "The address was given by Mrs. —" She turns to the carpenter, who answers "scrapdriver."

The game can be played for any amount of time, and if the players are quick answers to any amount of fun can be gotten out of it.

Do YOU know what a PURPLE DREAM is?

I do!

The Question Box  
Dear Farmer Smith—We are older girls and boys, but we are very much interested in your club. Will you please tell us some nice games to play? STELLA STRAUSS, South Fairhill street.

SPEAK UP.  
Thanks for your kindly interest. Here are some games suitable for your age:

Each player chooses some trade or profession. Then one player comes to a newspaper from which she reads aloud some article of news. Whenever she pauses and looks at any one of the players that player must at once say something in keeping with her trade. For instance, the reader would say, "The first meeting of the—" here she stops and looks at the "baker" who answers "rolls." The reader continues "held in the—" Here she stops again and looks at the grocer, who answers "soap-box" or anything connected with a grocery store. The reader continues "The address was given by Mrs. —" She turns to the carpenter, who answers "scrapdriver."

The players are provided with long pieces of paper and pencils and are asked to draw a picture representing the title of some book. When they have done this the drawings are passed around, the others writing in turn at the bottom what book they think the picture to represent and signing their names to the guesses. Fold the paper each time so that the guesses may not be seen by the next.

After each player has made a guess at each drawing, the papers are unfolded, the one who has made the largest number of correct guesses may receive a prize.

This game may be varied by using scenes from history in place of the title of books. The game is instructive as well as amusing.

1. Complete this word square so that it reads alike from top to bottom and from left to right:

V I C A R  
I \* \* \* \* -wretched  
C \* \* \* \* -a law  
A \* \* \* \* -to appease  
R \* \* \* \* -to make new

2. How many bright boys and girls can fill in the missing letters?

E S T A T E  
S \* \* \* \* N  
T \* \* \* \* T  
A \* \* \* \* E  
T \* \* \* \* R

3. Keeping these letters in their present order, make a sentence by inserting among them as often as necessary another letter, which in every case is the same:

A D F E N I J C A N D O G K

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greatly as do individuals of the human family. Because ten lions act similarly under similar conditions, one cannot say that the eleventh lion will do likewise—the chances are that he will not.

The lion is a creature of high nervous development. He thinks, therefore he reasons. Having a nervous system and brain, he is affected variously by extraneous causes.

One day the boy met the eleventh lion. Tarzan's son was walking across a small plain upon which grew little clumps of bushes. Akut was a few yards to the left of the lad, who was the first to discover the presence of Numa.

"Run, Akut!" called the boy, laughing. "Numa lies hid in the bushes to my right. Take to the trees, Akut! I, the son of Tarzan, will protect you," and laughing again he kept straight along his way, which led close beside the brush in which Numa lay concealed.

The ape shouted to him to come away, but the lad only flourished his spear and his contempt for the king of beasts. Closer and closer to the dread destroyer he came, until with a sudden angry growl, the lion roared from his bed not ten paces from the youth.

A huge fellow he was, this lord of the jungle and the desert. A shaggy mane clothed his shoulders. Cruel fangs armed his great jaws. His yellow-green eyes blazed with hatred and challenge.

The boy, with his pitifully inadequate spear ready in his hand, realized quickly that this lion was different from the others he had met, but he had gone too far now to retreat. The nearest tree lay several yards to his left—the lion could be upon him before he had covered half the distance, and that the beast intended to charge now could doubt be looked upon him now.

Beyond the lion was a thorn tree—only a few feet beyond him. It was the nearest sanctuary, but Numa stood between it and his prey.

The feel of the long spear-shaft in his hand and the sight of the tree beyond in his hand gave the lad an idea—a preposterous idea, a ridiculous, forlorn hope of an idea; but there was no time now to weigh chances—there was but a single chance, and that was the thorn tree.

If the lion charged it would be too late—

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SWIMMING  
Central Natatorium and Baths  
Unlimited use, 111 years; 15-20 minutes; 10-15-20-30-40-50-60-70-80-90-100-110-120-130-140-150-160-170-180-190-200-210-220-230-240-250-260-270-280-290-300-310-320-330-340-350-360-370-380-390-400-410-420-430-440-450-460-470-480-490-500-510-520-530-540-550-560-570-580-590-600-610-620-630-640-650-660-670-680-690-700-710-720-730-740-750-760-770-780-790-800-810-820-830-840-850-860-870-880-890-900-910-920-930-940-950-960-970-980-990-1000-1010-1020-1030-1040-1050-1060-1070-1080-1090-1100-1110-1120-1130-1140-1150-1160-1170-1180-1190-1200-1210-1220-1230-1240-1250-1260-1270-1280-1290-1300-1310-1320-1330-1340-1350-1360-1370-1380-1390-1400-1410-1420-1430-1440-1450-1460-1470-1480-1490-1500-1510-1520-1530-1540-1550-1560-1570-1580-1590-1600-1610-1620-1630-1640-1650-1660-1670-1680-1690-1700-1710-1720-1730-1740-1750-1760-1770-1780-1790-1800-1810-1820-1830-1840-1850-1860-1870-1880-1890-1900-1910-1920-1930-1940-1950-1960-1970-1980-1990-2000-2010-2020-2030-2040-2050-2060-2070-2080-2090-2100-2110-2120-2130-2140-2150-2160-2170-2180-2190-2200-2210-2220-2230-2240-2250-2260-2270-2280-2290-2300-2310-2320-2330-2340-2350-2360-2370-2380-2390-2400-2410-2420-2430-2440-2450-2460-2470-2480-2490-2500-2510-2520-2530-2540-2550-2560-2570-2580-2590-2600-2610-2620-2630-2640-2650-2660-2670-2680-2690-2700-2710-2720-2730-2740-2750-2760-2770-2780-2790-2800-2810-2820-2830-2840-2850-2860-2870-2880-2890-2900-2910-2920-2930-2940-2950-2960-2970-2980-2990-3000-3010-3020-3030-3040-3050-3060-3070-3080-3090-3100-3110-3120-3130-3140-3150-3160-3170-3180-3190-3200-3210-3220-3230-3240-3250-3260-3270-3280-3290-3300-3310-3320-3330-3340-3350-3360-3370-3380-3390-3400-3410-3420-3430-3440-3450-3460-3470-3480-3490-3500-3510-3520-3530-3540-3550-3560-3570-3580-3590-3600-3610-3620-3630-3640-3650-3660-3670-3680-3690-3700-3710-3720-3730-3740-3750-3760-3770-3780-3790-3800-3810-3820-3830-3840-3850-3860-3870-3880-3890-3900-3910-3920-3930-3940-3950-3960-3970-3980-3990-4000-4010-4020-4030-4040-4050-4060-4070-4080-4090-4100-4110-4120-4130-4140-4150-4160-4170-4180-4190-4200-4210-4220-4230-4240-4250-4260-4270-4280-4290-4300-4310-4320-4330-4340-4350-4360-4370-4380-4390-4400-4410-4420-4430-4440-4450-4460-4470-4480-4490-4500-4510-4520-4530-4540-4550-4560-4570-4580-4590-4600-4610-4620-4630-4640-4650-4660-4670-4680-4690-4700-4710-4720-4730-4740-4750-4760-4770-4780-4790-4800-4810-4820-4830-4840-4850-4860-4870-4880-4890-4900-4910-4920-4930-4940-4950-4960-4970-4980-4990-5000-5010-5020-5030-5040-5050-5060-5070-5080-5090-5100-5110-5120-5130-5140-5150-5160-5170-5180-5190-5200-5210-5220-5230-5240-5250-5260-5270-5280-5290-5300-5310-5320-5330-5340-5350-5360-5370-5380-5390-5400-5410-5420-5430-5440-5450-5460-5470-5480-5490-5500-5510-5520-5530-5540-5550-5560-5570-5580-5590-5600-5610-5620-5630-5640-5650-5660-5670-5680-5690-5700-5710-5720-5730-5740-5750-5760-5770-5780-5790-5800-5810-5820-5830-5840-5850-5860-5870-5880-5890-5900-5910-5920-5930-5940-5950-5960-5970-5980-5990-6000-6010-6020-6030-6040-6050-6060-6070-6080-6090-6100-6110-6120-6130-6140-6150-6160-6170-6180-6190-6200-6210-6220-6230-6240-6250-6260-6270-6280-6290-6300-6310-6320-6330-6340-6350-6360-6370-6380-6390-6400-6410-6420-6430-6440-6450-6460-6470-6480-6490-6500-6510-6520-6530-6540-6550-6560-6570-6580-6590-6600-6610-6620-6630-6640-6650-6660-6670-6680-6690-6700-6710-6720-6730-6740-6750-6760-6770-6780-6790-6800-6810-6820-6830-6840-6850-6860-6870-6880-6890-6900-6910-6920-6930-6940-