

THE AVERAGE MAN.

The average man is the man of the mill,
The man of the valley, or man of the hill,
The man at the thrackle, the man at the plow—
The man with the sweat of his toil on his brow,
Who brings into being the dreams of the few,
Who works for himself, and for me, and for you,
There is not a purpose, a project or plan,
But rests on the strength of the average man.

The growth of a city, the might of a land,
Depend on the fruit of the toil of his hand;
The road, or the wall, or the mill, or the mart,
Call daily to him that he furnish his part;
The pride of the great and the hope of the low,
The toll of the tide as it ebbs and it flows,
The reach of the rails and the countries they span
Tell what is the trust in the average man.

The man who, perchance, thinks he labors alone,
The man who stands out between hovel and throne,
The man who gives freely his brain and his brawn,
Is the man that the world has been builded upon.
The clang of the hammer, the sweep of the saw,
The flash of the forge—they have strengthened the law,
They have rebuilt the realms that the wars overran,
They have shown us the worth of the average man.

So here's to the average man—to the one
Who has labored unknown on the tasks he has done,
Who has met as they came all the problems of life,
Who has helped us to win in the stress and the strife,
He has bent to his toil thinking neither of fame
Nor of tribute, nor honor, nor prize, nor acclaim—
In the forefront of progress, since progress began—
Here's a health and a hail to the average man!

—Chicago Tribune.

A NARROW SQUEAK.

Fighting a Black Leopard Without Weapons.

ONCE I was a member of a wild animal hunting expedition that worked through the southeastern foothills of the Himalaya Mountains in the endeavor to collect fine and rare specimens for a great zoological park in the United States. We were not after tigers or elephants or other well known game of that kind, but were looking particularly for such specimens as snow leopards, black leopards, wild dogs and the queer raccoon-bear and other similar beasts, of which there are very few specimens in captivity.

Owing to the fact that we were trying to take animals alive there was a general order against carrying firearms, and only we leaders of the expedition were allowed to go into the jungle with weapons. The result was that even the white men soon got into the habit of entering the thickets without arms—not a wise thing to do, as it turned out.

One hot afternoon while Jim Charters and I were sitting in front of the tent we both saw the gaudy body of a fine boa constrictor gliding away into the jungle, and we both jumped up and followed at once, Jim Charters stopping only to snatch a lasso, which was just the thing for him, as he had been a cowboy in the West for many years.

We had taken several fine snakes with the lasso, and did not expect any trouble with this one, so we pressed into the jungle without a second thought.

We were doomed to disappointment, however, for the snake had disappeared entirely, and all our search proved unavailing. The pursuit led us pretty deeply into the jungle, and at last when we gave up the chase we found ourselves in a little amphitheatre of rock and bamboo. We sat down on a fallen tree to admire the beautiful spot, when suddenly Jim Charters laid his hand gently on my arm and said in a whisper:

"Don't move, Captain, but just squint toward your left; we're in a box."

I did as he directed and saw something that gave me a start, crouching closely to the ground and snarling silently and swiftly as a serpent, was a huge black leopard. Each eye was like a flat green disk, and his tail was quivering and writhing in that wicked, snakey way that a big cat has when it is mad. The brute was thin, and a mere glance was enough to show that he was desperately hungry. No doubt our hunting had spoiled the hunting for him, and now he was starved into perfect fearlessness.

"This is nice, this is," whispered Jim, without moving head or eyelash. "He's coming on steadily. Now he's stopped. Now he's coming on again. Now he's stopped. At this rate he'll be within springing distance inside of ten minutes."

"Haven't you any weapon at all about you?" muttered I, trying to speak without even moving my mouth.

"Oh, yes I have," said Jim. "I've got a beauty of a weapon to fight a black leopard with. It's a penknife that my little sister gave me when I visited the folks in New York. I guess that it will hurt that leopard a lot, captain, won't it?" And I heard Jim chuckle even in the face of the imminent danger.

"Here he comes crawling again," whispered Jim after a moment or two. "There's only one thing to do. Be ready when I give the word. We've got to be quick and not miss a single trick."

"What are you going to do?" asked I.

"Just this," said Jim. "It's a wild experiment and may only hurry things up for us, but if it works we may win out and get the leopard too, and he's

worth having, not to mention the joke on him. I'm going to jump up in about another minute when the beast makes another crawl, and I'm going to chuck the noose around his neck. The minute I do we must both fall on and pull like mad, running as fast as the beast'll let us."

"I'm afraid that the beast won't let us run more than about an inch, Jim," said I. "before he'll be on us and get one of us sure. I don't think that you can noose leopards the way you can coyotes."

"What I'm figuring on," said Jim, "is that the brute will do what would seem to be a natural thing. When we start to pull him toward us, he'll pull back instead of leaping at us. Now he's coming on. In a moment I'll—

Who-o-o-o."

Jim jumped up and cast his noose with a fierce whoop and I scrambled to my feet instantly and caught hold of the line with him. The leopard was holding back with his huge claws spread to their full dimensions and every one of the talons digging deep into the soft earth while he tried to draw his evil head back and free himself from the noose that was strangling him.

"Off we go and yell like sin for help," panted Jim, as we started to drag the snarling brute from his foothold. Once we had succeeded in doing this, we scrambled along, floundering and stumbling but never relieving the steady strain on the line.

I don't suppose that we were hauling more than a quarter of an hour before our shouts brought our men to help. But it seemed to me to be a month. All the time I expected to feel the impact of the great furry body, because I felt almost certain that the leopard would get sense enough, sooner or later, to stop pulling back on the lasso and to leap on us. Jim afterward told me that he could feel his shoulder being laid open by the terrible claws and the warm blood running down his back during all that wild scramble through the jungle.

But luck was with us. The black leopard never once ceased to pull backward against us, and when the men arrived he was so wild with rage and so nearly worn out from the choking strain that he could not put up any sort of an effective fight, but merely hit out blindly and snapped his jaws without any result.

Two of the men had brought a great net of grass rope along. In a jiffy it was thrown over our enemy and he was rolled up in it before he knew what had happened.

Then a dozen natives danced around here and there, passing ropes all over the net and cleverly avoiding the claws that were stuck through the meshes, until they had the beast absolutely woven in a great mass of twine. A huge, long bamboo was passed through the meshes, and the leopard was carried into camp, where he was soon safely encased in a strong bamboo cage.

He turned out to be a beast of quite exceptional size and in magnificent coat. We got him to the coast safely, and landed him all right in the end of the Zoo that wanted him.

I have always thought it a pity that the thousands who admire him now cannot know the strange way he was caught. But though our way of hunting big cats had turned out to be such a success, neither Jim Charters nor I have ever cared to try it again. We shall never forget that quarter of an hour in the jungle with the brute in tow.—New York News.

Condemned by a Pronoun.

There is now being recited in France, after nearly forty years, a miscarriage of justice which in its origin is probably the strangest in the criminal annals of the whole world. It may be said to have been caused by a pronoun. A young fellow named Gauthier and his mother were in 1867 condemned to penal servitude for life for the murder of the woman's second husband, a worthless drunkard, who was drowned one dark night by falling into some deep water as he made his way home late, badly intoxicated. The evidence which mainly convicted the two accused was that of a witness who swore to have heard the dead man shout: "A moi; on me noie." The convict's mother is long since dead, and the convict son, now an old man, has managed to interest men willing to assist in his rehabilitation. In the presence of a past and of the present Minister of Justice and of criminal experts the whole scene of the tragedy has been reconstructed after thirty-nine years. Strange fact of all, a villager has been found, a woman, who though not called at the trial, declared "that she heard the cry of the drowning man, and that his words really and clearly were: 'A moi; je me noie'—a pronoun that made the difference of almost life and death.—London Globe.

Australia's New Jerusalem.

"New Jerusalem," in its celestial sense, is a phrase familiar to the singers of hymns and the hearers of sermons; but it may not be generally known that there is a terrestrial "New Jerusalem" within the bounds of our own empire. It is a settlement in western Australia, and has just been officially inspected by the local minister of lands, the Hon. N. J. Moore. It was founded three years ago by a converted Jew named Solomon Fisher. He established the "Church of the First-Born," which is apparently a combination of Christianity and Judaism. He obtained a grant of 10,000 acres of land from the western Australian government, and there he located his settlement, which has now a population of sixty-one, who all profess the peculiar faith of the founder.—London Chronicle.

There are nearly 23,000,000 horses in European Russia. No other country in the world has so many horses as Russia.

The Farm

Hauling Manure to Field.

While it is admittedly the better plan to get the manure to the fields as soon after it is made as possible, the plan has its greatest value when the manure is spread as soon as it is placed on the soil—that is, do not put it in heaps to spread at some later period, but, if possible, load it from the stable directly into a spreader, so that as soon as it reaches the field it can be put on the soil, where it will leach in during the winter. The idea of carting the manure direct to the field is to have it improving the soil instead of letting a portion of its virtue go into the air, as is the case when it lays in the barnyard all winter.

Poultry Yards and Shrubbery.

The best poultry yard for fowls that have not free range is the one with plenty of shrubbery in it and one in which grass may be sown to allow the birds plenty of green stuff to eat. It is advisable to have two yards, and while the birds are living in one sow some seed in the other. It is also a good plan to turn the soil in the yards and the birds will get many worms and insects. If there are no trees or shrubs in the yards it is very little trouble to plant a few there. The hens, and little chicks, especially, will appreciate them on hot days. It is not a pleasant thing for a hen to be compelled to remain out in the brooding sun, with a flock of little ones, trying to keep cool. And then so many persons forget to give plenty of fresh water to their fowls in hot weather. There is nothing that is more of a drawback to the health and comfort of the birds than to be forgotten when the days are so warm. They get run down and their systems are in a condition to get all the diseases that are going around.—Mirror and Farmer.

An Early Start.

Whether for hay or pasture, the land should be deeply plowed and well harrowed, so as to have the soil in the finest possible condition. This is essential, for the reason that the young plants will have better facilities for feeding and will rapidly increase in root growth before the warm days of July and August. The more early the growth the grass can make the better it will be able to endure a dry spell.

If manure is used it should be thoroughly decomposed in order that all seeds or weeds may be destroyed, as it is difficult to get at weeds growing on a grass plot. The safer method is to apply fertilizers. Wood ashes are excellent, but a mixture of 100 pounds of acidulated ground bone (or phosphate rock), 125 pounds of sulphate of potash and fifty pounds nitrate of soda per acre, if the land is in moderate condition, will give the grass an early start and enable it to become well established before meeting with lack of moisture. The main point in the growing of a grass crop is to get an even and uniform stand at the beginning, for any gain at the start will be of advantage at later periods of growth. While mixed grasses should be preferred on a pasture field, it is better to grow hay crops singly—unmixed—the mixing of the foods to be done at the barn when feeding the animals after harvesting the grass crops. It is better for the farmer not to depend upon a single kind of hay crop, as a prolonged drought may destroy it. Instead of growing clover and timothy only, there should be fields of cowpeas, Hungarian grass and fodder corn, which can if necessary be seeded late and mowed at any stage of growth, according to circumstances.—Philadelphia Record.

The Mating of Fowls.

Few things are more worthy of careful attention than the proper mating of poultry. If one, for instance, has a flock of common hens, it is possible, by placing them with a thoroughbred male and securing a new cockerel of the same breed each year, to change in three years' time all the common blood to that which is pure and thus have a flock of pure bred of the male variety. The way to bring it about is to select, according to the egg-record, the best two-year-old hens one has and then purchase a thoroughbred rooster, nine or ten months old, of such breed as he desires. The chief point in doing this is to keep in mind that the weak characteristics in the females should be the strongest in the males. The next year the most promising pullets from this mating in shape, color and other points, should be selected and placed with another cockerel as before. The pullets then obtained will be likely to grow fast, feather rapidly and mature early. Accordingly, they should be mated, not to a young rooster but to a thoroughbred cock two years old of the same breed, though not from the same breeder as the others were purchased. Any reliable breeder who understands his business can furnish the right kind of a bird if the would-be buyer will only write him, designating the shape, color and general characteristics of his pullets. The results of this mating should be a lot of very fine poultry, including valuable cockerels, all of which will find a ready market anywhere at good prices. Thus, by selecting the nearest standard pullets in color, shape and characteristics, one may carry the grading up still further year by year and ultimately have the finest birds that it is possible to breed.—The Epitomist.

Live in the Dairy.

There is no better purifier, disinfectant and germicide for use in the dairy than ordinary lime. It is so cheap as to be within the means of every dairyman. Unlike so many disinfectants,

it is non-poisonous, while at the same time it is thoroughly efficient and easy of application, whether as a wash for the walls or as an addition to water used for cleansing vessels which contain milk or cream. There is no remedy which will sweeten a badly contaminated churn. Before it gets to that stage it should be destroyed, but to prevent a churn "going off" or rather to always maintain it in a sweet and wholesome condition, it should be filled once or twice a week up to the top with lime water and allowed to stand overnight. The water may be used again to wash the walls, floors, etc. The following is an excellent method of making lime water: Put a quantity of unslacked lime into a tank or barrel, fill up with water and stir well. After settling, the water will be clear and a scum (carbonate of lime) on the surface. Use clear water without disturbing the lime at the bottom. When emptied fill up again with water and stir; then leave to settle and so on. The quantity of lime first used will serve for many fillings of the vessel with water. As long as the carbonate of lime appears on the surface after settling, it may be considered of sufficient strength. Every dairy or factory should have a tank placed in a high position, with taps laid on to required places. Lime water should be used by all milk suppliers to rinse buckets and milk cans after they have been cleaned. The cause of milk turning sour so quickly in cans, is often on account of the bacterial starter left in the vessels previously used. A simple experiment will demonstrate this to be true. Rinse one can after cleansing with lime and after leaving the cover on for some time, compare with another can that has not been rinsed with lime water and has also had the cover left on. There will be a noticeable difference in their appearance and in the aroma arising from them. Again, if two cans are taken, one treated in the former way and the other in the latter, it will be found that the milk will keep much better in the one that was rinsed in lime water. There is very little extra trouble involved in observing this simple precaution to secure cleanliness and the expense is not worth mentioning.—W. R. Gilbert.

Poultry Notes.

The best breeds will not be profitable if they are mismanaged. The smaller the poultry quarters the cleaner they must be kept. Provide nests where they are handy for hens and handy to gather eggs from. Poultry is the cheapest and most economical and best meat raised on the farm.

Are you giving your poultry the attention you give the other stock or just allowing it to shift for itself?

Coarse food promotes digestion and helps to keep the fowls in a healthy condition. Feed as much of it as possible.

Do not simply throw the water out of the drinking vessels and put in fresh water, but wash the vessel thoroughly every time you change the water. We suspect that in a good many cases where the egg yield fails to come, though all due attention is said to be given the poultry, the fault is due to irregular care.

If market poultry is chiefly desired, begin by killing off all the two-year-old birds. Discard, also, all the late hatched stock, as breeding from these tends to decrease the size of your stock.

An experienced farmer poultryman says that the best way to keep poultry droppings is to put them in a barrel and keep them slightly moist, using dishwater or soap suds where available.

When fenced away from gardens and flower beds fowls cause but little annoyance on a farm. They do an immense amount of good in the protection of crops by the destruction of injurious insects, larvae and worms.

Poultry may be raised with the greatest economy on large farms, where there is unlimited range, and exhaustive supply of insects and worms and abundance of seeds and grains going to waste which poultry alone can utilize.

Where one habitually allows other things to interfere with his work with his poultry, irregularities become so numerous that his poultry keeping is likely to be remarkable chiefly by long periods of unproductiveness, and almost constant losses.

Too often the only thing a farmer does toward selecting breeders is to obtain two or three big roosters, size being their only merit. But it is more important that they have vigorous constitutions, symmetrical forms, right color of skin and plumage.

If the fowls the farmer has on hand are of large size, and it is desired to improve their laying qualities, purchase pure bred Leghorns, white or brown as fancy dictates—cock to mate with pullets and cockerels to mate with yearling females. Or, if the size is to be increased, Brahma blood will do the work effectually.

Feminine Terrors.

The middle-aged spread is one of the troubles which stares us in the face when youth is cruelly deserting us. It comes slowly; one is hardly conscious of it as first. Maybe some morning in the glass you think your face is fatter; in a month or so you know it is, and that the hips at the back have taken a fresh development.—The Queen.

LIVE WITHOUT STOMACHS.

Important Organ is Not Absolutely Necessary to Existence.

Although the stomach is a valuable organ, it is perfectly possible to get on along without it, as was set forth recently by Professor H. J. Paterson, F. R. C. S., in a lecture delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons, of England, at London. During the course of his remarks the lecturer discussed the removal of the whole stomach as a radical cure for malignant disease. The lecturer, observed, says The London Standard, that while the value of a good stomach is undoubted, fortunately Nature is able to dispense with this organ, as most of its functions can be performed vicariously by other portions of the alimentary canal.

Nature has duplicated three of the four functions performed by the stomach, although the loss of the gastric secretion cannot altogether be compensated. "Those who have lost it," says one authority, "have one weapon the less in the struggle for existence." It has been shown that dogs may gain in weight and remain in perfect health after removal of the entire stomach, while the elaborate observations made on a patient prove that the same holds good of human beings. These observations record that the absorption of albumen was unaffected, and no putrefactive changes occurred in the intestines, which shows that the absence of the gastric juice does not lead to decomposition in the intestines.

Until some other cure for cancer is discovered, wide removal is the ideal operation.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Inspiration is mightier than exhortation.

Faith in God makes some hope for man.

Flashy people give the world little light.

The strong man never crushes the weak.

Big conceits often go with small receipts.

The best offering is that of our obedience.

Hatred breaks the heart in which it is born.

Religion is more than a get-rich-quick system.

Death breaks the shell to set the kernel free.

A man is not called pig-headed because he is greedy of intellect.

You do not win a front seat in Heaven by taking a back seat in church.

The great objection some men have to the sun is that it shines on others.

It takes more than a motherly manner to make up for a lack of business method in a religious work.

Many men think they would obey the Ten Commandments if they could just clip off one or two.

If life is a voyage, the cargo and the port are of much more importance than the ship that may be caught on the way.

When the cracked choir sings, "O, for the wings of a dove," they can be sure of the congregation being with them on that.—Ram's Horn.

Not a Foolish Struggle.

An Indiana girl of seventeen recently took her own life, leaving a note in which she described life as "a foolish struggle" adding "the sooner we get out of it the better." How can any one so regard life? Ask the patriarch who sits amid the falling shadows and recounts the achievements of the well-spent years; ask the matron whose declining days are made glad by the companionship of virtuous children and grandchildren; ask those who, strong in faith, are devoting themselves to the world's work or ministering to the needs of those who require assistance—ask any of these and being "a foolish struggle" is a glorious drama in which pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow are so mixed that the love of a Heavenly Father shows forth with increasing clearness as the facts and scenes succeed each other.

Only those can look upon life as a "foolish struggle" who view it from a selfish standpoint and, pursuing false ideals, are blind to its splendid possibilities and its great rewards. Because so much depends upon one's conception of life—upon one's ideals—it is the duty of the parents, the school-teacher and the religious instructor to set before the people—and especially the young—ideals that will inspire to noble endeavor.—The Commoner.

A Large Family.

McDonald Hall and his wife, of Champaign County, claim the honor of being the most notable supporters of President Roosevelt's anti-race suicide doctrine. Mrs. Hall has just presented her proud husband with their thirteenth child. The latest was a girl, and was named Margaret.

The parents honored many great characters in the selection of names for some of the thirty. Among them are George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Victoria Regina, Abraham Lincoln, Lucretia Borgia, Victor Emanuel, Susan B. Anthony, Ulysses Grant, William T. Sherman, Phillip Sheridan, Cassie Chadwick, Gover Cleveland (the latter subsequently changed to Benjamin Harrison for political reasons), William McKinley, Henry Ward Beecher and Shields Blaine.

The others are only able to boast of commonplace cognomens. Mr. Hall is a laboring man of Champaign County, and but for the assistance of his older children might have some difficulty in feeding the hungry mouths of this remarkable family.

What's in a name? A croquette, after all, is only hash.

CAN'T STRAIGHTEN UP.

Kidney Trouble Causes Weak Backs and Multitude of Pains and Aches.

Col. R. S. Harrison, Deputy Marshal, 716 Common St., Lake Charles, La., says: "A kick from a horse first

weakened my back and affected my kidneys. I became very bad and had to go about on crutches.

The doctors told me I had a case of chronic rheumatism, but I could not believe them, and finally began using

Doan's Kidney Pills for my kidneys. First the kidney secretions came more freely, then the pain left my back. I went and got another box, and that completed a cure. I have been well for two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

According to the latest Indian census, that of 1901, the population of India was 294,361,056, and the total number of people employed in various capacities by the Government was 1,490,276. Of these, 245,803 were partially agriculturists, and about as many more were employed in occupations not strictly official, thus leaving about a million who could be called Government officials.

Census of India.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DOWIE'S DOWNFALL

He is the Only Modern Prophet Discarded by His Followers.

Among modern prophets John Alexander Dowie has the distinction of being the only one who has been discarded by the sect which he founded. After building his Zion up to astonishing proportions, he finds himself denounced as a hypocrite and charged with many serious offenses, and, worst of all, his wife and son are against him. The accusations are damaging enough to an ordinary man, and so much the worse for one claiming to be a reincarnated prophet, but they come from his followers who ought to know what they are talking about.

The infidels as touching Dowieism have not said anything worse, if quite so bad, about him. The wonder is that his own flock has been so slow to find him out or to frankly say what they must have known for sometime.

While traveling in a Pullman car not long ago Congressman Hardwick, of Georgia, the smallest man in the House, found himself fellow passenger with a well-dressed, quiet-looking negro. His was not agreeable to the Georgian, who was further riled on seeing the colored man in the dining car. He and the darky returned to the Pullman about the same time, and then Mr. Hardwick went to the conductor and asked that the negro be put out of the car. "We can't do that, sir," the conductor answered. "Well, if that fresh nigger gets near me I'm going to wipe up the car with him," declared the Georgian. "I won't have him around me. Who is the black rascal?" "That's 'Joe' Gans, champion lightweight pugilist," answered the conductor, and Mr. Hardwick concluded not to "wipe up the car" with his quiet-looking fellow passenger.—Cleveland Leader.

A BUSY WOMAN. Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed.

An energetic young woman living just outside of N. Y. writes: "I am at present doing all the household work of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and deranged my stomach and nerves so that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was even in worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would be so."

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began the use of Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals."

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason. Read the little book 'The Road to Wellville,' in pkgs.

Even a woman not need in the forded sufferer sixteen manage the Ch is pres tates a word, which bettes for. At Ch given society and member heads Merrie York I

Man any d slightly dress l This the res notion decided two ty and ch the hi stoppin pire fa loose come origin harmo waiste only, amount facon. A of the ivory turquo Venise an ap entered each turquo gradu The t applic