



ONE MORE CHANCE.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

Author of "How Roy Went West."

CHAPTER XXXI.

For the first time in his life, that evening Hollis Ellinwood found himself shut in by the atmosphere of a thoroughly Christian home. The tea-table talk between the three elder people concerning the work in which they were interested so absorbed his attention that he was hardly conscious of the process of eating, although he made a good supper from the substantial viands before him, filling his glass again and again from the pitcher of milk or from the special use. The faces about the table seemed like songs with words, touching all the finer cords of his soul and awakening in him answering melodies.

"We always have our evening worship about our supper-table," said Uncle Benjamin as the meal was finished. "We each of us bring a crumb from the table of the Lord with which to finish out the meal, or in other words, repeat some verse of Scripture, and shall be glad to have you take part with us, Hollis. I have a wonderfully broad promise to-night. It means almost more than I can grasp at once: 'The Lord God is a sun and shield. He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.' I am going to walk as uprightly as I can, so I may some time know all its means."

"I think I can match time to-night, Benjamin," said Aunt Grace. "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." There may all have a share with me in this. That is the beauty of it—every one of us can say, "This is mine, and yet no one can deprive another of his portion."

"I never can ask very well for what I want," said Veritable, "and that makes me appreciate a verse in Ephesians about 'Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.' If I had to ask for all I got I should go very needy. But I think that it's a prayer that can't be uttered that is answered generally."

Annie waited a moment, and then, with a significant look at the family group of three, she repeated: "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whoe'er thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself."

"I haven't many to choose from," said Hollis. "I don't know the Bible very well. But I remember one you gave me that night, I shall never forget it: 'I know the thoughts I think toward you, saith the Lord—thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. It seemed so wonderful that God had been thinking about me when I had forgotten him. I shall never forget it.'"

"I hope thee never will," said Aunt Grace. "He will never forget thee, or the promise He has made to thee, or the promise thou has made to Him. It will be well for thee to cultivate thoughts about Him."

They sang a hymn, and Uncle Benjamin led in prayer, in which every member of the circle was mentioned, as well as the little girl who had been with them for a day, and the sick man at the Hall, and the one dearer than all because their own—that God, upon whose hand his name had been written, would follow him every step of the way, and bring him back to Himself and his home. The prayer closed with a concert repetition of the Lord's Prayer.

To Hollis the whole service was so sweetly, so solemn, so touching, so inspiring, he had ever witnessed. He learned more of what prayer is, and of what is implied in the domestic relation. He received his first true idea of the home, as God designed it, about that family altar. He thought that if he had been born into such an atmosphere of prayer and faith, and love toward God, his whole life might have been different. And yet John Mark, as everybody knew had a father and mother, and a home, and a way to run from which he was trying to find the way back to virtue.

"Do you remember where I saw you first?" asked Uncle Benjamin of Hollis, as he went out to the porch after prayer, and began looking about.

"I do, well. And have often thought of what you said to me about the chance you were going to give that field."

"Would you like to walk out over the farm and take a look at it?"

"I would; I'm not much of a farmer, although I did work out one summer when I was a boy."

"You did not get very deep into the mysteries of nature in that time, I presume," said Uncle Benjamin, bringing Hollis his hat and leading the way through the garden.

"Not very. There was not much about it to make me think of nature. It was all work and hurry, and scold, and drive. It was there I used my first oath."

"Here is the field," said Uncle Benjamin. "This is the place I started the furrow from that led me to you, and that looks kind of barren in the midst of all the green, but it's good for it."

"Remember," said Hollis, "how I awoke by the side of the fence. I had been on a terrible spree, and I knew I must get sober or lose my town. I couldn't stop drinking, so I went to town, so I started off with a bottle full. I drank it up, and then I lay down under the fence and slept it off. When I awoke your team was coming toward me. I think this field represents me pretty well. Do you know, Uncle Benjamin, here I am almost twenty-five years old, and all my life is a waste. It has been worse than waste. No money laid up, no thought about a home of my own, no character to recommend me. You advised me that day to let the Lord plough me up and harrow me all over. I need to be reconstructed, that is sure; but I think I have been feeling the plough, if not the harrow. You have no idea what I have suffered since that day. I have certainly been through a process which brought things to the surface. I don't know, though, how I came to be so full of weeds, so to speak, any more than this field knows. I used to blame God, but I have been led to see that He didn't do it. When I came to myself it was all there, however, the hardest kind of a crop. You said something that day about sowing the word and Spirit; it has rung in my ears. What did you mean?"

"Well, first, I meant that you'd better be pretty careful what you sow. The seed that makes a choice of the right kind of seed. There is a great truth written in nature, and the Bible too: 'God is not mocked,' says the Book; 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. If you sow to the flesh you shall of the flesh reap corruption; if you sow to the Spirit you shall of the Spirit reap everlasting life.' And in another place the word of God is: 'I will sow the seed, and you don't need a sower to make clear to you that if you sow to the flesh—that is, cultivate fleshy appetites and passions—you get corruption in return.'"

"No, I have harvested a crop. I know what that means."

"Yes, and you say that now you are like this field, ploughed, harrowed by the harrow of repentance, and I suppose you mean waiting. The next thing is the sowing. What are you going to sow in your field? There is no sign yet anywhere of what the next crop will be in this field. I have my choice of seed, all the way from thistles again

fishers.' Ah! my pretty Annie, you don't know anything about it—that you'll wake up to as my wife, if I make up my mind it'll pay to marry. 'Pon my word, I believe it will be better for you if you'd take 'em. I'll have it in me to make you need large supplies of grace to get along, all because of the way you'll be sure to look at things. We'd get along splendid if you'd just drop your scruples and things, and take hold and work the yoke with me, like a true helpmeet; but you won't do that, so I don't see anything but trouble ahead for you. Sorry, but can't help it. I'm a true Dwight, my dear, if my name is Hollister—a great grandson of the old deacon who could run a church or a distillery with equal facility. They say blood will tell. I haven't heard the good question of heredity discussed so much for nothing. I know what ailments—I am just working out what was born in me. If you didn't want to get hurt you should have kept your eyes closed, and then enclosed it in another envelope addressed to Moses Reinhart, No. — Street, New York."

"I've a good mind to write to Hollis," he thought, and took up his pen; then, shaking his head, he said: "No, that will not do; he knows me too well. He might stop it; he might finish it, but he'd just like to know that he'd better keep off my ground. What does the scoundrel mean, any how? I'm bothered if I can see through it. But never mind; I can checkmate him, beat him in any game. Now I must give my attention to business."

He determined as he saw Hollis from day to day going steadily past the old haunts, burning unwaveringly into every door that opened to the better way, that he would set in motion influences which would bring him back from the high place to which he was pressing forward. Hollis Ellinwood should not be a clean man, because he would not. Hollis should not keep his money and spend it for legitimate purposes—perhaps for a home of his own; he should not be a sober man because he believed that he should not be a man whom Annie might admire and regard as a friend, if nothing more. He should not be such a man as Will Dayton would approve. He would leave nothing undone to bring him down.

To this end he paid a visit to Belle Dwight. He wondered how she would receive him in his new guise. He had kept away from her place from prudential motives, unless some special business made a visit necessary; hence she had not seen him as "Clayton." She met him at the door on the upper hall where her rooms were located over the saloon known as "Lena's," and after a moment spent in scrutiny, laughed and called him "Clarence."

"Oh, yes, she then, with a sarcastic flavor to her tone: 'I have known you a long time.' 'Indeed! Time must hang heavily on your hands, if you call two years a long time.' 'Yes,' with a rising inflection. 'Well, you think I know no difference now.' 'What do you mean, Belle?' 'Never mind what I mean, but don't you suppose I know all the people whom I admit here? If I did not look out for that, how could I ever protect my interests? I know you thoroughly—so well that I could give you away in first-class style, if I saw it; but I shall not do that, unless, indeed, some time you should choose to anger me, then I might."

"What do you know about me?" persisted Clarence, with a nettled manner. "Oh! nothing much—nothing worth our time now to talk over; but disguises and aliases never cover you from me—never have yet, at least. But what brings you here to-day, that you should make so much loss?" "What do you mean, Belle?" "Never mind what I mean, but don't you suppose I know all the people whom I admit here? If I did not look out for that, how could I ever protect my interests? I know you thoroughly—so well that I could give you away in first-class style, if I saw it; but I shall not do that, unless, indeed, some time you should choose to anger me, then I might."

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for the last week. I can't depend on her for anything." The door opened and Maggie entered the room. Clarence was shocked at the change manifest in her. Her cheeks and eyes were pale, her hair was a strange grey. There was a startled, apprehensive look in her face which made Belle shrink, and caused Clarence to look again and conclude that he would get out of the way. He arose accordingly and with a careless "good-by" took his leave.

CHAPTER XXXIV. That week had been one of strange and uneasy experience to Belle Dwight. Everything had gone wrong seemingly, since she brought Maggie home. She had not been successful in any of her various lines of business. She was afraid that she had been detected in a shoplifting venture; at least, that suspicion began to fasten upon her. She could hardly tell how she felt, but she felt it. And although she had a rare opportunity one day to take a quantity of valuable lace from the counter at Waltham's, from whom she had carried away much costly stuff in the last few months with confident boldness, yet that day she dare not touch it. She felt herself tremble and pale under a sense of unseen scrutiny as she had never done before in her life. She thought she must be nervous, and laid it to Maggie. She was enough to make anybody nervous. She thought she had her hands full with her; she could not understand her. She was surely, and seemed resisting the drink all the time, even while she craved it. She would cry for hours, and bemoan herself, and cling to the little Testament which Aunt Gracia had given her, reading it over and over, and sometimes allow herself to pray.

On this evening, after Clarence had gone, she grew more and more restless and excited. She had eaten nothing of any account for days, and Belle prepared a tempting supper and urged her to take something, setting a glass of hot spiced liquor at her place. Maggie drew up and sipped the liquor for a few moments, but at length pushed her chair back impulsively and said: "I can't eat."

"But you must," said Belle. "You haven't eaten anything for an awful while. You must eat or you'll be sick." "I am sick, Belle," she said, with a sob; "this liquor is burning me up."

"Yes, if I can get it; and for some reason you keep it before me when I would let it alone; you know I can't resist it. And, Belle, I believe you are trying to kill me." "You don't believe any such thing, Maggie Dwight; besides, it won't kill you." "It does kill folks; I heard them say so."

"Who?" "A man at Union Hall; he had pictures to show." "Maggie!" and Belle looked with a darkly lowering brow at her. "Well, I've warned you, she continued. 'If you will go there you must take the consequences. What took you there?'"

"Fannie Meade said that Hollis had been converted and always spoke in the meeting. I did go, really, but I stood with you, and could see and hear. And the man talked about it; and—and then, after a while, some others got up and said something, and by-and-by Hollis stood up so straight, and—and he said how God had saved him; and he looked saved. But oh! I ain't saved. Oh! I can't be. Oh! I am a poor lost girl."

"Maggie!"—and for some reason there was a sob in Belle's voice; "don't take on so; if you're sick I'll get you some medicine. Here, take this glass of milk." And she attempted to take the liquor from her hand.

"Belle!" she cried, holding on to it, "see, I can't drink it; it's full of spiders." "Full of spiders! What do you mean?" "A whole lot of 'em, too."

"Maggie!" she said, "it's just as fresh and sweet as can be."

"I tell you it's all crawling!"—and her voice arose to a high key—"crawling all over the cloth." And she sprang from the table, still holding the glass. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "they're on my hand and your face. Belle! Belle! I'm so afraid of an attitude of awe, her eyes dropped to a whisper. "Belle! they're not spiders; oh! they are!" She stood a moment, with terror and despair in every feature and expressed in her attitude, her right hand holding the glass, her left clenched and thrust out before her, her eyes wide and dilating, her lips parted and drawn over her teeth; and then, with a piercing shriek, she threw the glass with a crash against the wall, and fled toward the door. She paused irresolute, however, on the threshold, peering into the dark hallway. Belle stood transfixed, with the broken glass beyond her. She had never seen anything quite so horrible and weird as this. It laid hold upon the latest superstition in her nature and she trembled with actual fear as well as nervous excitement.

"Belle!" cried Maggie, looking over her shoulder at her, "it's full of 'em." "Full of what, Maggie?" And Belle came to her side and took hold of her. "Spiders! devils! And again her voice sank to a low whisper of fear. "Don't you see them, Belle?"

"No, there is nothing in there. And now you just stop this, Maggie, and go to bed; there's no more in your acting so."

"I can't; the room is full of 'em. O Belle! send for Aunt Grace to pray."

"Hush, Maggie!"

"Belle, somebody must pray, to make them go off. Send for her—the good, sweet Aunt Grace; that's a good Belle. Oh! oh! take them away, please do! O Aunt Gracia! come, quick, O Hollis! God! help! And she threw herself forward, screaming at the top of her voice: "Pray! Pray! Pray!"

"Maggie, hush! They'll hear down-stairs. I'll send for her, if you stop."

"Quick, then, to the street."

"Yes," and she seized her hat and started for the doorway.

"Belle, don't leave me alone," cried the girl.

"I must, Maggie, if I send for her. I'll be back in a minute." And she ran down into the street.

Once in the open air, Belle's alarm cooled and she felt ashamed of the weakness she had manifested. She knew well enough what was the trouble with Maggie, but the suddenness of it, and the peculiar manifestation of it had completely surprised her.

She had no intention of sending for Aunt Grace; she would not have her come even if Maggie were dying. Instead she ran around the corner to a physician whom she knew, and stated the case. He gave her a prescription which she assured her would put Maggie to sleep. She got it filled and hastened back, but Maggie was gone.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN MR. STANLEY WENT TO LIVINGSTONE IN 1871, he says he was "with judgment against missionaries as the biggest atheist in London." But in the forests and by the rivers of Africa, in companionship with this Christian hero, he found a long time for reflection and observation. He was away from a selfish, grasping, civilized world. He saw this solitary missionary and explorer, and was converted by his example to desire and labor to open the Dark Continent to civilization and Christ. Many a Christian now indifferent to missions would be awakened by the perusal of some good missionary biography, or sketch of service.—Rev. Richard Montague.

A LETTER FROM CHINA TO INTER-ENDING MISSIONARIES.

The following from Messrs. Stanley P. Smith and C. T. Studd, two of the seven University men who went out to China recently, under the China Inland Mission, to a friend at Cambridge, appears in the Church Missionary Gleaner for March:—

PING-YANG-FU, SHANSI, NOV. 8, 1885. We thought we (for Charles Studd is now at Ping-yang) would send you some warnings and hints for Cambridge and other men who may be thinking of coming out to the foreign field. The most of our troubles and problems, and are mainly the results of not a little trying experience.

1. Let Christian men wait on the Lord to know His mind and will as to where He would have them go. It is true that the Master says, "Go into all the world," but that is "all the world," and may not mean England or France to some, or Asia or Africa to others. We are not independent officers, but deeply dependent upon the most delicate and precious agency of the Holy Spirit. He will guide those who wait on Him.

2. Let them beware of thinking, "Now I have made up my mind to this 'great sacrifice' in going out to the heathens, and shall give grace very easily, temptations will be almost gone and worldliness will have no power over me." As a matter of fact, temptations are far stronger and far more subtle. This is our united experience.

3. Beware of thinking when they get out that "learning the language," or, later on, even "preaching" is the great thing. The great thing is to maintain a close, personal walk with God.

4. Let them beware of thinking that the body is nothing at all and not to be cared for; while, on the other hand, if a man is very particular about his food, the foreign field is not the place for him.

5. Let them not come out unless they are grounded in the conviction that the whole Bible is the revealed word of God. They will have to face deep mysteries; if the Bible does not explain them, be content to wait for the next time, "when we shall know we are known." At the same time, if they do not believe that men who are not saved are lost, why do they think of becoming missionaries?

6. Unless they are already well prepared to find their joy and satisfaction in the living God, and not in circumstances (neither being discouraged by failure nor puffed up by success), they will not have with them the weapon which will give them strength, namely, "the joy of the Lord."

7. Let them beware of riding one side of the truth to death: take the whole Word. Beware of the devil, who is strong here, and beware of fanaticism—"fanaticism" we mean "unbalanced truths."

8. Beware of being carried away by the distractions of everything new.

9. Lastly, let them seek to be led of God, and not man. And be God, all these dangers are avoided by being in communion with God—abiding in Christ.

And now let us state a few facts as regards possibilities of service here.

1. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jargon.

2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jargon.

3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding on men and women, and to endeavor to use every possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep thyself pure."

4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brethren.

5. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brethren.

6. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brethren.

7. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brethren.

8. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brethren.

9. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brethren.





THE ANNIVERSARY PICTURES.

store the Agnostic Affirmation Bill to the order paper, but Mr. Pelletier moved the three months' adjournment, which was carried—yeas, 24; nays, 18.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

Mr. McCarthy, by a peculiar coincidence, was almost immediately called upon to move the House into Committee on the bill to amend the charter of the Northern Pacific Junction Railway, which runs from a junction with the Hamilton & North-West Railway to Caldera on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE QUEEN AT THE EXHIBITION.

HER MAJESTY VISITS THE CANADIAN COURT AND IS MUCH PLEASED.

(Special to the Witness.) TORONTO, May 22.—The Globe has the following cable, under date May 21st:—The Queen made a visit to the Colonial and the Indian Exhibition to-day and carefully inspected the Canadian Court.

THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.

A LIVELY WEEK'S WORK—THE SALE INVESTIGATION—A FRESH SCANDAL—MR. MERCIER'S PARTISANISM.

The Quebec Legislature has done more during the week than it has previously accomplished this session. There has been a right royal battle over the finances. On Monday Mr. Desjardins moved for comparative statements of the receipts and expenditures of the Province for the last year and the 12 similar information.

THE IRISH ARMS ACT.

DUBLIN, May 19.—The Freeman's Journal denies the report that a New York regiment and the Clan Na Gael Society of that city have offered to organize a force to fight the Loyalists of Ulster.

A CALL TO ARMS!

PORTLAND, Me., May 22.—At the head of the long wharf has been placed an old cannon that did service in the war of 1812-14. The gun is placarded as follows:—'Fishermen, attention! We are hereby called to arms to defend our rights and protect ourselves. This novel spectacle attracts hundreds of persons to the spot. Governor Robie and some members of his staff were among the visiting crowds yesterday.

COMMERCIAL.

WITNESS OFFICE. Monday, May 26th.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The wholesale trade remains very quiet for this season of the year; a fair amount of business is doing, but there seems to be a want of life in general commerce.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES—May 21.

There was a large attendance of farmers and market gardeners at the markets to-day, and nearly all kinds of produce were abundant and low priced.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Dutcher—Cranberries, Western, 10c to 12c; Northern, 12c to 14c; Eastern, 12c to 14c; Vermont, 17c to 19c; New York, 15c to 17c; Maine, 15c to 17c; Eggs—No. 1, 12c; No. 2, 11c; No. 3, 10c; No. 4, 9c; No. 5, 8c; No. 6, 7c; No. 7, 6c; No. 8, 5c; No. 9, 4c; No. 10, 3c; No. 11, 2c; No. 12, 1c; No. 13, 1c; No. 14, 1c; No. 15, 1c; No. 16, 1c; No. 17, 1c; No. 18, 1c; No. 19, 1c; No. 20, 1c; No. 21, 1c; No. 22, 1c; No. 23, 1c; No. 24, 1c; No. 25, 1c; No. 26, 1c; No. 27, 1c; No. 28, 1c; No. 29, 1c; No. 30, 1c; No. 31, 1c; No. 32, 1c; No. 33, 1c; No. 34, 1c; No. 35, 1c; No. 36, 1c; No. 37, 1c; No. 38, 1c; No. 39, 1c; No. 40, 1c; No. 41, 1c; No. 42, 1c; No. 43, 1c; No. 44, 1c; No. 45, 1c; No. 46, 1c; No. 47, 1c; No. 48, 1c; No. 49, 1c; No. 50, 1c; No. 51, 1c; No. 52, 1c; No. 53, 1c; No. 54, 1c; No. 55, 1c; No. 56, 1c; No. 57, 1c; No. 58, 1c; No. 59, 1c; No. 60, 1c; No. 61, 1c; No. 62, 1c; No. 63, 1c; No. 64, 1c; No. 65, 1c; No. 66, 1c; No. 67, 1c; No. 68, 1c; No. 69, 1c; No. 70, 1c; No. 71, 1c; No. 72, 1c; 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No. 845, 1c; No. 846, 1c; No. 847, 1c; No. 848, 1c; No. 849, 1c; No. 850, 1c; No. 851, 1c; No. 852, 1c; No. 853, 1c; No. 854, 1c; No. 855, 1c; No. 856, 1c; No. 857, 1c; No. 858, 1c; No. 859, 1c; No. 860, 1c; No. 861, 1c; No. 862, 1c; No. 863, 1c; No. 864, 1c; No. 865, 1c; No. 866, 1c; No. 867, 1c; No. 868, 1c; No. 869, 1c; No. 870, 1c; No. 871, 1c; No. 872, 1c; No. 873, 1c; No. 874, 1c; No. 875, 1c; No. 876, 1c; No. 877, 1c; No. 878, 1c; No. 879, 1c; No. 880, 1c; No. 881, 1c; No. 882, 1c; No. 883, 1c; No. 884, 1c; No. 885, 1c; No. 886, 1c; No. 887, 1c; No. 888, 1c; No. 889, 1c; No. 890, 1c; No. 891, 1c; No. 892, 1c; No. 893, 1c; No. 894, 1c; No. 895, 1c; No. 896, 1c; No. 897, 1c; No. 898, 1c; No. 899, 1c; No. 900, 1c; No. 901, 1c; No. 902, 1c; No. 903, 1c; No. 904, 1c; No. 905, 1c; No. 906, 1c; No. 907, 1c; No. 908, 1c; No. 909, 1c; No. 910, 1c; No. 911, 1c; No. 912, 1c; No. 913, 1c; No. 914, 1c; No. 915, 1c; No. 916, 1c; No. 917, 1c; No. 918, 1c; No. 919, 1c; No. 920, 1c; No. 921, 1c; No. 922, 1c; No. 923, 1c; No. 924, 1c; No. 925, 1c; No. 926, 1c; No. 927, 1c; No. 928, 1c; No. 929, 1c; No. 930, 1c; No. 931, 1c; No. 932, 1c; No. 933, 1c; No. 934, 1c; No. 935, 1c; No. 936, 1c; No. 937, 1c; No. 938, 1c; No. 939, 1c; No. 940, 1c; No. 941, 1c; No. 942, 1c; No. 943, 1c; No. 944, 1c; No. 945, 1c; No. 946, 1c; No. 947, 1c; No. 948, 1c; No. 949, 1c; No. 950, 1c; No. 951, 1c; No. 952, 1c; No. 953, 1c; No. 954, 1c; No. 955, 1c; No. 956, 1c; No. 957, 1c; No. 958, 1c; No. 959, 1c; No. 960, 1c; No. 961, 1c; No. 962, 1c; No. 963, 1c; No. 964, 1c; No. 965, 1c; No. 966, 1c; No. 967, 1c; No. 968, 1c; No. 969, 1c; No. 970, 1c; No. 971, 1c; No. 972, 1c; No. 973, 1c; No. 974, 1c; No. 975, 1c; No. 976, 1c; No. 977, 1c; No. 978, 1c; No. 979, 1c; No. 980, 1c; No. 981, 1c; No. 982, 1c; No. 983, 1c; No. 984, 1c; No. 985, 1c; No. 986, 1c; No. 987, 1c; No. 988, 1c; No. 989, 1c; No. 990, 1c; No. 991, 1c; No. 992, 1c; No. 993, 1c; No. 994, 1c; No. 995, 1c; No. 996, 1c; No. 997, 1c; No. 998, 1c; No. 999, 1c; No. 1000, 1c; No. 1001, 1c; No. 1002, 1c; No. 1003, 1c; No. 1004, 1c; No. 1005, 1c; No. 1006, 1c; No. 1007, 1





