



AFTER THE STORM.

66 "We can't agree, ma'am, it's high time we parted company," said Mr. Barnabas Buffington.

"My sentiments exactly," said Miss Patty. "I'll be the sooner the better, according to my way of thinking."

Mr. Buffington was a portly individual with a Roman nose, iron gray hair and a stout, short figure.

Miss Chickson was tall and spare, with little spiral curls and the remains of a complexion, and with blue eyes that had been passing bright twenty years ago.

"There is an end to all human endurance," observed the gentleman sternly.

"Sir," said Miss Chickson, "I have put up with your eccentricities until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue."

"A month's notice," said Mr. Buffington, "savagely flourishing his yellow silk pocket handkerchief."

"You are quite at liberty to go at the end of twenty-four hours, for all I care!" retorted Miss Chickson with dignity.

"Madame, I take you at your word," said the gentleman.

"Sir, I shall congratulate myself if you will," said the lady.

Mr. Barnabas Buffington had lodged with Miss Patty Chickson for ten years. He was rich and eccentric; she was poor and plain. As young people there had been certain love passages between them, or rather the lack of love passages, which had never blossomed into full perfection—and when Mr. Buffington came home from China and found his old pastor's orphan daughter trying to gain a scanty livelihood by letting apartments he engaged her, he returned from at once and paid his way like a rebel.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" said Mr. Barnabas Buffington. "But how thin and old-maidish she has grown! I really can't imagine how I ever could have fancied her a divinity. What fools young men are to be sure!"

"Poor, dear Mr. Buffington! How stout and vulgar he has become!" said Miss Chickson. "And only to think his slender he was once! How the dreams of one's youthful days do alter!"

Mr. Barnabas Buffington was not perfect enough to be canonized and Miss Chickson had her petty peculiarities. The consequence was that little collisions were inevitable.

And one day there came a morning measuring of words words that usual, and Mr. Buffington and Miss Chickson formally parted.

"Ten years is quite long enough to tolerate this state of things," said the old bachelor.

"I'm only surprised that I haven't turned him away long ago," said the old maid.

So when Mr. Buffington had gone away in a cab piled high with baggage, Miss Chickson rang the bell for her maid.

"Barbara," said she.

"Yes, ma'am," said Barbara.

"Mr. Buffington has gone at last."

"So perceive, ma'am," said Barbara.

"And now he'll be back again, ma'am?"

"Never," said Miss Chickson with spirit.

"Oh," said Barbara, rather surprised.

"It will be necessary for us to reduce expenses," remarked the mistress. "Of course I cannot afford any longer to keep so large a house as this. Mr. Buffington, whatever his faults, cannot at least be accused of parsimony."

"Certainly not, ma'am," said Barbara. "Of all liberal, free-handed, kind-spoken gents—"

"Barbara, you will oblige me by holding your tongue," said Miss Chickson. "Certainly, ma'am," said Barbara.

"Get me a cup of tea," said Miss Chickson. "And when I have drunk it I will go out to look for a cheaper house in a less aristocratic neighborhood."

Barbara brought up the cup of tea in a quaint little Wedgewood teapot on a Japanese tray.

Miss Chickson drank it in silence, looking sadly at the fire.

"Tea was so to speak, Miss Chickson's inspiration. When she was disappointed or in doubt or puzzled, or in any way thrown off her mental balance, she drank tea and straightway became herself again.

Meanwhile, Mr. Barnabas Buffington, in the solitary splendors of the West End hotel, was scarcely less ill at ease.

"I don't like this sort of thing at all," said Mr. Buffington, "morning after morning. It isn't home-like. There's no cat here. Patty Chickson always kept a cat. There's something very domestic and cozy-looking about a cat. I'll go out and look down the advertising columns of the daily paper and see what inducements they have to offer in the way of quiet, respectable houses for elderly gentlemen."

So it came to pass that Mr. Barnabas Buffington sallied forth, not hunting, but home-hunting.

It was not so readily disposed of business as he supposed. This house was next to a very stable, that one contained a young lady who was practicing for an opera singer; the third smelled as if the drainage were defective; the fourth was too splendid; the fifth too shabby.

"I don't know but that I shall be compelled to sleep in the station-house," gloomily remarked Mr. Barnabas Buffington. "For, come what may, nothing shall induce me to go back to that noisy hotel, where the waiters don't come until you have rung the bell forty times, and the soup is served half cold."

He was walking pensively along a quiet and shady little street, with both hands thrust down in his pockets and the front of his hat tilted down over his nose, when, chancing to look up, he perceived a gray cat dozing in the bay window of a modest-looking house, and on the doorway thereof was placed an unpretentious notice:

"Board and lodgings at moderate prices."

"I like the look of that place," said Mr. Buffington. "They keep a cat there—a gray cat. It's not splendid, but it looks comfortable. I'll try it."

He rang the bell; a neat little maid servant in a white apron and frilled cap responded to the summons.

"Please, sir, Miss ain't at home, but I know all about the rooms," said the little damsel. "Can show 'em, and I can tell you the terms."

LORD FAIRFAX'S STRONG BOX

The Story of an Interesting Relic of the Early Days of Virginia.

In one of the apartments of the Hotel Raleigh, now occupied by Philip W. Averitt, is a remarkable relic which has a history of great interest. It is nothing more or less than the iron strong box of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, first lord proprietary of Virginia. The box, or chest, is made of heavy wrought iron, into which have been welded iron straps crossing each other at right angles. The slight ornamentation on the front of the box shows it to be of Italian workmanship. The box is in a state of remarkable preservation. The keyhole is in the center of the massive lid, and a large, heavy key, black with age, turns easily in it. A wonderful thing about the lock is that the key in turning sends sliding bolts out from all sides of the box, and the iron plates, extensions of the four sides of the box itself upon precisely the same principle as that upon which the modern bank-vault in universal use to-day is managed.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

When Tom Sheridan was reading Euclid with his tutor, he found it very tedious, and after a time he asked: "Was Euclid a good man?" The tutor did not know. "Was he an honorable, truthful man?" "We know nothing to the contrary." "Then don't you think we might take his word for all this?"

When the Athenian Club was first founded, Croker, one of its founders, was so sure that no man should be admitted who had not in some way distinguished himself in literature. Some after he proposed the Duke of Wellington, when some one said: "The duke has never written a book." "True," replied Croker; "but he is a capital hand at reviews."

A clever remark made at a London dinner not long ago is reported by the *Standard* correspondent. The very talking of George Alexander, the English actor, and some one remarked that his real name was Sanson. "What a pity," said a lady, "that he doesn't keep it! It's such a good name for a player. Sanson was the first actor who brought down the house."

A Scotchman living in London recently ran across two of his countrymen, and took them to a big public dinner. In his hospitality he sent to their table champagne, and yet more champagne, and after a time went to see personally how they were faring. He found them depressed. "How are you getting on?" he asked. The reply was, "Just as well, we're getting on fine, but we're very fatigued with the mineral waters."

A judge of the Bombay high court, who is pompous in manner and never forgets that he is a judge, was walking up and down the platform of a small railway station one day just before taking his seat in the train. At that moment a hot and perspiring Englishman rushed up to the platform and said to the judge: "Is this the Bombay train?" The judge coldly remarked: "I am not the station master." "The other man at once retorted: "Then, confound you, sir, why do you swagger about as if you were?"

The celebrated Massimo family in Rome, who claim descent from Quintus Fabius Maximus, the dictator, have just celebrated as they do annually, the anniversary of the restoration to life of Paolo Massimo, who died in 1583 and was miraculously revived by St. Philip Neri. It was to the grandfather of the present Prince Massimo that Napoleon put the question: "And are you so sure you really are descended from Quintus Fabius Maximus?" "Yes," answered the prince calmly, "they have been saying so here in Rome for the last two thousand years."

A certain novelist, who recently received from a lady an unstamped letter asking the loan of his book, on the plea that she could not obtain it at the bookseller's in her own town, sent her the book by registered mail. "What a madman!" said the novelist. "I have just received from a lady an unstamped letter asking the loan of his book, on the plea that she could not obtain it at the bookseller's in her own town, sent her the book by registered mail. "What a madman!" said the novelist. "I have just received from a lady an unstamped letter asking the loan of his book, on the plea that she could not obtain it at the bookseller's in her own town, sent her the book by registered mail. "What a madman!" said the novelist.

Among the treasures which were contained in the strong box at the time it was buried during the late war was a miniature portrait of the late Philip Williams, painted on ivory by Rembrandt Peale. The miniature is enclosed in a quaint oval silver socket, and is also in the possession of Mr. Averitt. Authorities on such matters have expressed the opinion that the miniature is a fine specimen of Peale's marvelous art in miniature portrait painting as there is extant—Washington Evening Star.

EXPENSE OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Immense Sums of Money Spent in Europe by Tourists.

The amount of money expended by tourists in Europe has, it is officially recorded, increased enormously of late years. There has been recently filed with the Swiss minister of finance and customs at Berne a detailed statement of hotel receipts in that country, from which it appears that the gross receipts of Swiss hotels for the year 1904, from 1880 to 11,233,000, 1884, the entire annual expenditure of the Swiss republic amount in a year to between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000 francs (the budget for this year is given at the latter figure), and it would seem, therefore, much as if the hotels of Switzerland take in more in a year than the government of the United States. Swiss figures are not the only ones furnished in Europe recently on this point. A French record shows that every year there are 270,000 foreigners who pass from a fortnight to a whole winter on the Riviera. Every person is supposed to expend on an average 1,000 francs, or \$200, in the country. In other words, the foreign visitors spend in the country every winter the sum of \$54,000,000. The English are put down as contributing one-third of this amount; the French themselves contribute another third; Germans, Belgians, Dutch, Russians and Americans contribute the remainder. From being a poor country when it was annexed to France, in 1803, Nice has become one of the richest departments of the republic.

Some figures recently compiled of the revenues to hotels from tourists in Paris show the average number of foreign visitors to be 90,000. It is customary to estimate at 10 francs, or \$2 a day, the average daily expenditure of the hotel bills of 90,000 tourists, and at about as much more their other outlays, and it is to be seen that tourists in Paris can be put down for an expenditure of nearly a quarter of a million dollars a day.

The total sum expended by tourists in Europe in a year is probably not very far from \$700,000,000, and a considerable portion of this comes from the pockets, the purses, and the bankers' balances of Americans, who are probably the most liberal among travelers. Russians came second, Brazilians third.—New York Sun.

Woods Killed by Electricity.

Electricity is used to destroy weeds in a new device which can be used on an ordinary mowing machine, one wire of the dynamo being attached to the cutting bar, and the other grounded through one of the wheels on the axle. Unless a man in charge of an engine develops habits of close observation he is likely to be easily beaten when anything unusual takes place.

A Natural "Old Glory."

A novel flower has been found at the Isthmus of Tehuacan, and has a facility of changing its color during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. The red, white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

The Circumstances Warranted It.

She—Mr. Bryce is a most exemplary young man. It is his boast that he never uttered an oath and that he never used the mildest expletive.

He—It is, eh? Well, when somebody told that \$200 a year distinctly heard his say, "Dog gone!"

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

What is going on in the religious world.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

The Dignity of Life.

HOW trivial seem the circumstances that sometimes unexpectedly come to us, and give, under the providence of God, direction and impulse to our lives! We say "We and have our being in God. The slightest change in our human relations, the falling of an autumn leaf, the shadows lengthening around us at eventide, the pale, and face of the sufferer whom we usually meet by the way-side, with ten thousand other incidents in life, are profoundly significant. God watches every one of them, intent upon our highest good. He approaches us and influences us by the smallest events; nothing is overlooked by Him. His ordering of our minutest affairs is always in love. And these slight variations in our human lives, so insignificant—less visible in their effects than the unobscured ripple that breaks upon the shore—are suddenly invested with wondrous meaning when we rightly view them. These variations are made, in the divine thought, the connecting links through which our whole subsequent lives become resplendent.

MODERN NAVAL WARFARE.

Horrible Results of Attacks with the New Rapid-Firing Guns.

The modern naval battle must develop an entirely new type of courage. Nothing better suited to the character of a ship under the fire of batteries of the present type is exposed as ever been known before. In Nelson's time a ship was subjected to a broadside of round shot once in five or ten minutes. Thirty or forty cannon balls would rattle against the side of the vessel, cut through its rigging, blow its decks, or pass harmlessly in the air. Between times the men would have a respite, except for the popping, more annoying than dangerous, of musket balls from the enemy's tops.

But now the decks of a ship in action are swept by a storm of projectiles, ranging from rifle shots to heavy shells, and the men are killed with a vicious energy that expresses a determination to clear everything out of its path. Taking great guns, rapid-fire guns, and machine guns to represent a first-class battleship can fire at least 3,000 shots a minute. That means that every projectile, large and small, which is fired over the enemy's decks every second. Under such torments of steel every work up is searched out. To stand up in such a meteoric shower is like facing a blizzard. Wholesale slaughter is a certainty, and every man can feel a reasonable assurance that he will furnish part of the material for the next incident.

The man who takes part in a modern naval battle must not only hold his own life worthless, but he must be prepared to endure without a tremor the scenes of horror around him, and to do his duty as coolly when his comrades are falling on every side as if he were alone. "The man who takes part in a modern naval battle must not only hold his own life worthless, but he must be prepared to endure without a tremor the scenes of horror around him, and to do his duty as coolly when his comrades are falling on every side as if he were alone. "The man who takes part in a modern naval battle must not only hold his own life worthless, but he must be prepared to endure without a tremor the scenes of horror around him, and to do his duty as coolly when his comrades are falling on every side as if he were alone."

Living at Our Best.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval, and to do good to men. It is to love the love of God even the smallest and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—F. B. Meyer.

A Little Sermon.

To hope, O Heart!
To love, O Heart!
To be true, O Heart!
To be kind, O Heart!
To be patient, O Heart!
To be gentle, O Heart!
To be meek, O Heart!
To be lowly, O Heart!
To be pure, O Heart!
To be holy, O Heart!

The Making of Character.

Do not let us suppose that character requires great circumstances for the making. Character can be made in poor circumstances. There are huge manufacturing plants in this country, with machinery, with chimneys belching forth clouds of black smoke to pollute the air, where they turn out carpets of most wonderful aspects, which would almost make you ill to look at, and which perish quickly in the using. Far away in the East, in some poor little hut, an Eastern workman is working with threads of many colors beside him; he has been toiling for years, and when he has finished he will have turned out a single square of such beautiful coloring and such perfect workmanship that when it comes to this country it will be bought at a great price, and the owner's great grandchild will wear it as a precious relic.

Convert Making Truth.

There can be no effective gospel ministry without the statement of Christ. Millions are being won to the faith by the missionary and evangelist operations without the blood of the Crucified. There can be no soul-saving work in the home, or in the Sabbath school, or in the church or in the community, where the atonement of Christ is ignored or despised. Only he who truly and fully presents and magnifies the sacrifice of Christ has the assurance of a harvest of salvation benefits.—Presbyterian.

Attentive to Duty.

"Are you not afraid to live here?" said a visitor to a lighthouse keeper. "It is a dreadful place to be constantly in the dark."

"No," replied the man, "I am not afraid; we never think of ourselves here."

"Never think of yourselves! How is that?"

"We know that we are perfectly safe."

SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

Pictures Have Been Taken Very Successfully Under Water.

Prof. Louis Boutan, of the Sorbonne, has written an article for the *Century* describing his successful experiments in "Submarine Photography." Prof. Boutan, descending in a diving-suit, took a number of photographs of the bottom of the sea at various depths. Some of these pictures are reproduced in the article, including one taken by magnesium light. Prof. Boutan says: "The extent of the surface of the earth covered by water is vast, since it far surpasses that of the dry land. What do we know of this part of the globe hidden by the seas and oceans? Very little, it must be admitted. Except along the immediate edge of these immense bodies which can be explored in diving-bells, the means which naturalists have at their disposal for examining these depths are most rudimentary. Nobody can go down into them, as the tremendous pressure of the water renders this impossible. For a long time, therefore, it was imagined that the bottom of the sea was one vast expanse of mud, without the presence of living things; but numerous scientific expeditions finally proved that such was not the case, and that a multitude of curious and even fantastic animals were to be found there.

The product of even a single catch, including many shells, as made by us at the Arago laboratory, convinced me that at a depth of eight hundred meters the bottom of the ocean is full of life. All these big sharks (*Centrophorus granulosus*) could be seen in order to live, these animals must eat other animals; so there must be many other animals whose names we do not know, although we know almost nothing about them.

As regards the sea, the naturalist is in much the same situation as would be an inhabitant of the moon who could live in elevated spaces, but could not breathe the air which envelops our earth. Let us suppose that this voyager from the ethereal regions should come in contact with our atmosphere. He would float above the highest strata without being able to penetrate them, separated from the earth by the gases which surround it. We must, therefore, if we wish to know something of what exists below the layers of cloud which hide our globe from his view? He would do as our naturalists have done—construct dredges and nets, and, having weighted them, would let them down like the anchor of a balloon, and try and get them among the surface of the earth. But in doing this, our voyager from the ethereal regions would obtain very precise ideas of the terrestrial globe? Every agile animal would see before the apparatus, which, if it did not get irretrievably caught in some oak, rock, or lofty factory chimney, might break, after having scraped for some time among the clouds, the earth, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

What a change it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing animals and minerals of the sea, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

What a change it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing animals and minerals of the sea, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

What a change it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing animals and minerals of the sea, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

What a change it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing animals and minerals of the sea, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

What a change it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing animals and minerals of the sea, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

What a change it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing animals and minerals of the sea, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

What a change it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing animals and minerals of the sea, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as simple as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at both the preceding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of seas.

THE CRICKET AS A THERMOMETER.

The rate of chirp of the cricket, Prof. A. E. Doherty notes in the *American Naturalist*, seems to be entirely determined by the temperature, and this to such a degree that one may easily compute the temperature from the chirps per minute. Thus, at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, the rate is eighty per minute. At 70 degrees Fahrenheit the rate is 120, and at 80 degrees Fahrenheit it is 160. A change of four chirps a minute for each degree of change. Below a temperature of 50 degrees the cricket has no energy to waste in music, and there would be but forty chirps per minute.

The steel works in course of erection at Saratov, on the Volga, covers ninety-two acres, and are so arranged that the raw material is delivered by rail at the highest part, descending gradually during the process of manufacture until the finished products are deposited in the warehouse on the river bank. A model village is being built for the workmen, each family having a separate dwelling.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.

Cost of Coasting Sovereign.

The cost of the coasting of the English coast is about 1 1/2 cents.

The confidence man is an adept at making a farming profit.