

Time for Oregon to Advance

(Special Correspondence.)

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Oct. 17.—Does distance lend enchantment to the view, or does Portland assume its proper proportions when viewed from outside of the atmosphere of Portland?

Here in the midst of a community of 40,000 souls, in as clean, well built and handsome a city as the sun ever shone upon, all gathered and built on a barren mountain slope, higher in altitude than the timber line on Mount Hood, within a score of years, I look back at my beloved home city of Portland, Or., and see "millions" in it and of it. Not money alone, but men and women and homes, warehouses, stores and factories. Can I be blamed for a little extravagant language, while I sit in the hall of the National Irrigation Congress and listen to the talk of the town builders, promoters, bankers and business men, politicians, Congressmen, Senators, the Governors, ex-Governors and capitalists whose united endeavors have irrigated and peopled more than two million acres of the desert? They have built great cities and great industries where but 20 years ago the coyote was the principal citizen. They tell of the things they and others like them will do in the future toward the setting sun, with an enthusiasm and assurance that compels belief.

They speak little of the past or their part in it. Their faces are to the West. They glory in its greatness, and are eager to be doing under the new arid land law, for they see only the greatness of its conquest.

I can see beyond them, with faith in their earnestness, a score of cities rising along the shores of the Pacific, greater than those along the Atlantic, and Portland, the gateway to the Orient, the largest and greatest of the score.

There will be no more pioneer waiting for something to "turn up." The march is begun and the man who cannot see it is blind, indeed. I reiterate my declaration, made in a little land pamphlet printed in 1898.

"THE POPULATION OF PORTLAND IN 1908 WILL BE 400,000."

"It is surely coming true, whether"

Portland grows or wiles. I mean that I am free to say whatever my enthusiasm leads to, either of Portland or Oregon, with no fear of a growl from behind, like one I had the very day before taking the train for this place.

I was talking to a crowd of new-comers of our climate and used the language "we know that it is going to rain enough in January and February, and we know equally well that it is not going to rain enough to do any hurt in July and August."

Whereupon the inevitable prompter or kicker from behind my back asked loudly, "How about last Fourth of July?" Of course I reiterated, "Did that do any hurt?" but, I lost my listeners, as the manner of the question cast doubt over all my statements. This was by a Portland and not a known personal enemy. Even the Southern California land exploiter is more considerate in the atmosphere of Colorado Springs. Nobody here "joshes" me about "prunes;" nobody expresses doubt of the fair results of my samples of apples; while both occurred daily in the atmosphere of my own country. But I can only say "with all thy faults, I love thee, Oregon." Thou art a very heaven on earth to the tiller of ten acres (and no more) of thy soil. Open thine eyes to the truth, compare the ease and tranquility of them who cultivate land in Oregon with the anxious strenuousness of those who dwell on the deserts and cease your growls at the "boomer."

The boomer will get the people you want, whether he gets them for Colorado or Oregon. He is called by better names here and needs better usage than you have given in order to do you the most good.

I heard today the owner of countless cattle on the plains say "The days of free range are over." It is better so. We must now regard quality more than quantity. From this point of view the miserable little cattle and sheep war of Eastern Oregon in which murder is none other but a reappearance of the spirit of the mediaeval ages. Destroy it! Grasp

the opportunity of the present in the spirit of the present. Oregon has produced and put into the treasury of the United States one-sixth of all the money (about \$6,000,000) now on hand with which to begin the work of storing the floods for the irrigation of the plains. The law says that the amount so produced by each state shall be expended within that state—unless the officers handling it may temporarily divert the fund to another state.

Will Oregon stand idle while the people of other states importune; and, then, divert this fund of a million of dollars to their own benefit? Oregon can show equal wants for its own with any other which can be filled with half the expense. To secure its expenditure within the state needs no great expense. The persistent asking now, is all that is necessary, and now it must be done before this strong, able army of promoters get it away from you.

True it is, looked at from here, Portland and Willamette Valley men have mainly peopled and made the cities and the farms of the Columbia Valley from The Dalles to Spokane. Don't forget that it was two Portland men who founded and built the latter. But, yet, in the same time, the great army that has attracted the arid regions from the Eastward has developed and built a hundred times as much.

This army is now holding an inspection of its finances, reorganizing its trains, putting its armaments in shape and preparing ammunition for a grand advance, but that advance can only build for you from this day on; but you must not let its advance find you asleep. You have a splendid territory and the means of its settlement at your bankers (the United States Treasury). Let "advance from the West" sound now and meet the advancing Eastern host on the plains of Idaho, and Nevada as far as possible beyond your own borders. Will it pay? Yes, a hundred fold. The very doing of it will put millions of dollars in your pockets. Get hold; take your own, and no longer call me visionary, for now I shall hope to live to laugh at such do.

GIRL TYPEWRITERS.

A merchant from an interior town of Michigan was in Detroit a few days ago looking for a young man to act as his typewriter, and when asked why he did not employ a girl he replied:

"I've had three or four, and they don't turn out well. The first one had been with me about a month when a theatrical company came along and was going to skip its date because Little Eva was sick. My typewriter heard of it and offered her services, and she played the part so well that the company took her along and in four weeks she married the manager and ran the whole show. The second one got a little too fresh after a week or so, and came to me and said:

"Mr. Blank, you haven't put me in a coffee, while you've put me in a sugar and left out an e in sheeting."

"Do you object to my way of spelling?" I asked.

"I do," she says. "I don't want folks to think I'm typewriting for a sawmill."

"As I wouldn't change, she did; and number three was all right till a young farmer walked in and gained her love while she was typewriting an order for six grindstones and a bale of bed blankets."

"Number four was the best looking girl of all, and she hadn't been in the store three days when my wife says to me across the breakfast table:

"Sis, I think I'll go home on a visit."

"Yes," says I.

"And take our seven children."

"Yes?"

"And stay a year or two."

"What's the row?" says I.

"Nothing," says she, "only that when a man of your age has to put on a clean shirt and collar every morning it's time he got a homely typewriter or a new family."

"The girl went," continued the merchant, and I don't think I'll try any more. I'll get some young man who wants a chance to work up, and when he ain't typewriting I'll hold him upstairs to barrel up beans and sack up wool."—Detroit Free Press.

FATHER'S FIRST NAME.

One of the requirements of the public school system of the greater city is that the Christian names of the father (if living) of every pupil shall be entered upon the class roll each term. With the older children it is an easy matter to acquire this information, but it calls for the exercise of some diplomacy to get the little ones to respond readily, and frequently the teacher is called upon to frame some special question when the stereotyped query, "What is your father's name?" fails to bring forth a satisfactory reply. One small girl, whose educational career began this term, in answer to this question replied "Mr. Blank."

"But what is his first name—John, Charles, or what?" persisted the teacher.

"Mr. Blank," was the answer a second time.

"But what does your mamma call him, Mary? What did she say to him this morning?"

"You big fat slob," was the disconcerting reply, and Mary's examination was postponed until the next session.—Washington Times.

THEY SIZED HIM UP.

"I went with my wife to visit her relatives this summer, and it was the first time most of them had ever seen me."

"What was the verdict?"

"They were too polite to tell me. All except Uncle Jethro. Jethro looked me up and down when he heard I was the fellow who had married Lydia Ann. Then he slowly turned away."

"Didn't he say something?"

"Yes. He summed me all up in one word."

"And that was?"

"Shucks!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A SAD STATE.

A new use is now being found for horse skins in the manufacture of coats for automobilists. There will be nothing at all left to eat directly.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

Dr. Sellim, of Vienna, Makes Important Discoveries in Palestine.

WALLS AND GATEWAY FOUND

Famous Structure Built a Thousand Years Before the Christian Era—Prideaux Estimates That Solomon Found More Than Four Billion Dollars in the Treasury. Left by David for This Purpose.

It is reported from Vienna that Dr. Sellim, the distinguished archaeologist who has been for some time conducting explorations in Palestine for the Austrian imperial academy of science, has discovered the walls and gateway of the long lost and much searched for temple of Solomon. The discovery is likely to prove of importance to archaeologists and to students of Bible history. It may prove to be but the prelude to the revealing of the ruins of the whole temple.

The reign of Solomon formed one of the most important and interesting epochs in eastern history. Of that period the erection of the vast citadel in which was enclosed the temple was one of the most conspicuous features.

NEARLY 3000 YEARS AGO. It was about 1000 B. C. in the fourth year of his reign, and the eighth year after the coming out of Egypt of the Israelites that Solomon began to build the temple of Jehovah so long and ardently desired by his warrior father, David. During nearly all of his occupancy of the throne, David had been accumulating funds for the building, and it is estimated by Prideaux and others that on his accession Solomon found treasure amounting to about \$4,125,000,000.

A sacred writer states that the funds for the building amounted to 1,000,000 talents of silver, and that David's personal treasure, set aside for the same purpose, was 2,000 talents of gold and 7,000 talents of silver. In addition to these huge sums, there was the unaccounted but certainly large private treasure of the dead monarch found concealed in his sepulchre.

Solomon had also other resources from which to draw. There were subject princes who rendered tribute, the revenues from trade monopolies at home and abroad, income from the letting of the royal domain lands, and the 10 per cent tax on all the produce of his people. In those days the commerce of the country was largely in the hands of the government, and all the provinces of his own kingdom were under obligation to supply in turn the enormous household of the king with provisions.

BUILDING THE TEMPLE. There was an abundance of funds, but skilled workmen were scarce, and so Solomon entered into a commercial alliance with Hiram, King of Tyre. Under that treaty the Solomon monarch received 20,000 measures of wheat and 20 measures of "pure oil" each year during its continuance, and at a later date Solomon transferred to Hiram fifty-two Galilean cities, a truly imperial gift.

Hiram supplied "great stones, costly stones, hewed stones, cedars and firs from Lebanon, and skilled artificers. In Israel the king made a wholesale levy of 150,000 men, of whom 70,000 were to act as carriers and 80,000 as hewers in the Tyrian mountains. Over that vast industrial army he set Adoniram, with 3300 officers to assist him in directing the prolonged operations. It would appear, however, that the entire force of 150,000 was not called upon to serve, as the scriptural records mention only 30,000 as having been sent to Lebanon.

RAISED IN SILENCE. One of the unique events of the erection of the building, whose raising consumed seven and a half years, was that during the entire operation no noise was made in the course of construction—"no sound of hammer, axe, or tool," says the sacred chronicle, even the stones being carefully prepared before being brought to the site.

Concerning the architecture and appearance of the temple the ancient chronicles leave much to conjecture, but most authorities are agreed that the distinctive features were Phoenician, as were most of the scripture narratives. The extreme height of the building was 300 feet, and the foundations were of enormous depth. The colossal masonry, the noble facade, the mural carving, and the covering of gold must have made up a spectacle of magnificence astonishing even the inhabitants of the gorgeous east. No stone work was anywhere visible all being incased in gold. The stones were so laid by the deft Tyrians that they appeared to have naturally united themselves together. Plates of gold were so fixed to the roof and walls as to make the temple shine brilliantly.

The great cedar supporting beams were not fastened into the walls, but were set in narrow ledges placed around about the walls floor and walls of ceiling were all of cedar. Under the floor were great planks of fir. All the woodwork was carved, the designs consisting chiefly of open flowers. Everything was overlaid with gold, even the floor.—Dayton, O. Press.

ALL SIRLOIN.

Holman F. Day's "Pine Tree Ballad" tells in verse a number of stories that actually happened "down in Maine," and are remembered there today by old narrators. One relates to Barney McGauldrie, a landlord of that state, at whose house famous men liked to stay, that they might enjoy a merry joke. Barney was always loyal to his friends. At one time a new meat dealer came to town and tried to secure the landlord's trade.

"I have always bought meat of Jed Haskell," said Barney, "and I guess I won't change."

"But," said the other, "old Haskell doesn't know his business. He doesn't even know how to cut meat."

"Well," drawled Barney, "I've always found that he knows enough about it to cut sirloin steak clear to the horn, and that's good enough for me."

ALL BEAT DUBLIN.

Ten British towns besides London are larger than Dublin, which now has 245,000 people. Edinburgh beats Dublin by 57,000.

Passing of the Poke

By "The Old Timer," Who Spent Some Twelvemonth in the Klondike Before There Was Anything But Dust.

The editor of the Journal handed me some correspondence from Skagway today, asking me to read it, make some comments on it, and hand in the copy ready for the printer in just thirty minutes. Here it is, the first correspondence:

The Gold Dust Vamouses. SKAGWAY, Alaska, Oct. 11.—The last of gold dust as currency has been seen in the Yukon. The business men have finally agreed that hereafter the prices of all articles shall be based on currency. Gold dust will continue to be taken, but it will not pass current as money. The dealers will only allow its regular cash value for it. What is known as commercial dust will be taken at \$12.50 per ounce. Hereafter it has passed current at the rate of \$12.50 per ounce.

The new rule went into effect September 18. The agreement which brought about the action was signed in the first instance by 35 leading firms, at the head of which was the Northern Commercial Company and the N. A. T. & T. Co. It is believed the new regulation will force the gold dust out of circulation entirely. It will now go to the banks and to other buyers and be transferred into cash before being put in circulation.

Many an old soursdough will probably experience a feeling of sadness at the final passing of the "poke," but custom was fast doing that any how. Had the action taken been postponed another year an agreement such as that just signed would probably be necessary.

Dawson to Klondike by Rail. E. C. Hawkins, the moving spirit of the Klondike Mines Railroad, who has now completed all the preliminary work for the construction of the railroad from Dawson to the Klondike creeks, arrived in the city yesterday from Dawson. While in the interior Mr. Hawkins made arrangements for doing all the work that it will be possible to accomplish during the winter. This will include the grading of the yards and the work of getting out more ties. Most of these, however, have already been completed. Other work will be done, and above all, the supplies that can be gotten in the fall ready for the early spring work will be crowded in. The rails, an engine and other rolling stock are among the shipments that will be made.

Mr. Hawkins will remain in Skagway for two or three days and perhaps longer. Then he will go south and continue the preparations for active work in the spring.

Rampart Shows Good Gravel. The developments of this summer have shown up splendidly in the Rampart district. It has been known for some time that Glen gulch is fabulously rich. Now comes the information that Rhode Island creek contains great quantities of gravel as rich as that of Glen gulch.

Concerning Rhode Island creek, is the following from the Rampart Forum: "Bob Martin sent in a letter and a poke yesterday by Sam Heeter to Billy Porter, in which he states that Rhode Island creek is full of gold and rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Pans taken along the bed-rock drain have washed as high as \$16, and dust running into the hundreds can be panned in a short time."

Word from Valdez. A Valdez correspondent of the Daily Alaskan writes:

"Word was brought out from Atlin last night, that last Saturday a two-days' cleanup on Boulder creek resulted in \$2,000 being netted the owners of this valuable property. This is only one of many such cleanups."

There are lots of streams in the country that have not been prospected, and several years ago the mouth of the White River, profitable beach washing has been in progress. The gold is valued at \$18 to the ounce. It looks like some beach washings, only brighter and more flakey. But one worker has been working in the district and is washing out two ounces a day.

"Landing at the mouth of White River this late in the season is a very dangerous matter. The steamers will not go in the vicinity, as the coast thereabouts is not charted, and the surf, when the least wind is stirring, dashes against the coast with terrific force."

The White River prospectors believe they have struck it very rich, and that by sluicing the diggings will pay from \$25 to \$100 to the man. The ground is shallow and the claims will soon be worked out."

IN A FLORIDA BOG. The hunter's life often means peril not only to the hunted but to the hunter as well. An experience of the Indian River country of Florida is told in the New York Sun by W. B. Ingersoll. He was duck-shooting alone with not even a dog for company. He had been jumping the sloughs, wading brooks and retrieving his own kills.

"I wore a wading suit of mackintosh which came above my waist and was strapped to my shoulders. About noon I came to an open space, green with the freshness of spring. I came to it suddenly, emerging from a tangle of oaks and vines which grew to its edge, and from a puddle near its center a mallard duck flushed. It was a fine shot, and the bird fell, not ten feet beyond the puddle, and I started after it."

"My gun was in my right hand, and over my left shoulder I had a game strap, from which hung a dozen birds, weighing some thirty pounds, as much as I cared to carry. I took two steps forward and sank nearly to my waist in the bog. I tried to go back and made an effort to extricate myself by bearing down with the gun and my left hand on the green surface around me, and both gun and hand went under to my elbows."

"I let go the gun, pulled out my hands with a little effort, and by that time had sunk nearly to the top of my waders. 'I was getting frightened. I made a desperate effort, and threw my body half round toward the firm bank I had quitied. That took me to within an inch of my armpits. I could feel, or thought I felt, a steady suction on my legs. Unquestionably there was quicksand under the bog."

"I knew that in another five minutes that green surface would close over my nostrils. A worse scared man never saw himself being buried alive."

"I had thrown off my game strap before I sank so far. And then in my extremity I glimpsed and saw a length of rattan vine swinging from the limb of an oak which jutted over the bog within reach of my right hand. I grabbed it."

"The rest was comparatively easy. I pulled on the rattan and slowly and steadily drew myself up, but my mackintosh suit was left behind. My gun, also, was lost, but I saved my game bag which had not settled much."

"But for that rattan vine I should today be under that treacherous green bog."—Dayton (Ind.) Dispatch.

RELIC OF CADE. A farm near Heathfield, England, on which stands the remains of an old stone house once tenanted by Jack Cade, was sold recently. Near the house, on the main road, is a monument bearing this inscription: "Near this spot was slain the notorious rebel, Jack Cade, by Alexander, Sheriff of Kent, A. D. 1430. His body was carried to London and his head fixed upon London bridge. This is the success of all rebels, and this for sure caneth ever to traitors."

A HARD TASK. "They're getting rich, ain't they?" "Yes; they're just rich enough now to have trouble with their servants."

"Is that so?" "Yes; they're trying to keep an English butler and an Irish cook lady."—Philadelphia Press.

PLENTY OF SUITORS. An Irish charwoman's sudden and romantic leap into riches has brought suitors to her humble Cork dwelling.

CANADAS WOLF TERROR

Animals Invade Fields and Make Trouble for Farmers.

WEANING DOGS FROM DUTY

Canines Join the Marauding Bands and Excel Their Wild Brethren in Violence Preying and Intelligent Managing of Forays—The Kinds of Dogs That Are Most Valuable in Protecting the Farmers' Bands of Sheep.

All reports agree that game of every kind is more plentiful this year than ever before. It is also fairly evident that Nature's plan of preserving a balance is in full operation, and that thereby is prevented an overwhelming increase of any one game. For instance deer have become plentiful again in this province. As a consequence of Nature's providing, apparently somewhere or another wolves, whose insatiable greed keeps down the number of deer and so hinders them from becoming troublesome.

Several times this summer deer have appeared in the immediate vicinity of, and once or twice in the very streets of, Ottawa. It became a not uncommon thing to hear of their feeding with cattle in pastures. And now in every direction, and especially at Buckingham, a few miles from Ottawa, wolves have appeared in great numbers. Jean Loiselle, a farmer living near the village, heard a pack in full cry this week, and sitting on his veranda saw a fine buck dash from the bush into his fields, followed by half a dozen of these sharks of the woods.

HIS AWFUL FINISH. The noble fellow had evidently been chased a long distance, but he was gallantly spurring to reach the river which skirts Loiselle's land, when he struck an unnoticed barbed-wire fence with terrible force and fell, badly injured.

The howling pack of pursuers was upon the poor creature in another moment, and with great unanimity tore him to pieces. Within 20 minutes by the clock they had devoured all but the antlered head and a few bones, though the farmhouse was not more than 150 yards away. As it happened Loiselle's brother had gone to the back country with the household gun to look for deer that day.

For some weeks the sheep in that locality have been herded together, and guarded night and day against the depredations of the wolves. In the early part of the season, when sheep worried to death were first found, it was thought that some of the huge dogs, half mastiff and half collie, common about there, were to blame, and trouble arose between neighbors because of the mutual recriminations that followed. Then, as the wolves became bolder, their howling was heard and at last they were watched for, detected in the act of sheep killing, and the farmers' cattle dogs were exonerated from blame.

WILD AND WICKED DOGS. It comes out now, however, that part of the blame belongs to the dogs after all. A pack of five ravening brutes have been seen several times. Once they were chasing a heavy calving in an open pasture, and several were only driven off by the noisy discharge of rifles and duck guns. On another occasion they were seen by moonlight trying to jump to the boughs of the trees, where the barnyard fowls were roosting.

Once again they allowed themselves to be closely approached while devouring a sick cow they had pulled down in a well-fenced meadow. On all these occasions those who saw them declared that among the gaunt gray creatures was one big black and tan dog, who appeared to be on terms of equality with the four wolves he accompanied.

Upon comparing notes it appears that a pack of two dogs and three wolves have been worrying the cattle higher up the river, above the High Rock falls, and that those dogs are also very large specimens, of a black and brown color.

BETRAYS THE FLOCK. A farmer on guard over his flock one evening, being greatly disturbed by the howling of wolves, had determined upon driving home his restless sheep and stabling them for the night, when he was surprised to remark, as he thought, his well-trained intelligent dog had apparently divined his intention. He was authoritatively directed the animals together by quietly running around them, and started them quickly, but with no unusual haste, in the direction of the barns.

As the little flock buddled together near a corner of the field, where the log fence cut across a small section of the bush which furnished shade to cattle, there arose a fierce snarling, and a great confusion, and the animals, bleating vigorously, raced away in mortal terror, leaving three of their number behind.

Then the man noticed that his dog was at his heels, trembling and whining with excitement, and realized that the brute whose work he had been admiring was in league with the wolves, and taking advantage of his likeness to an honest sheep dog, had deliberately brought the sheep within reach of their fangs.

NO TRUST IN DOMESTIC BREED. The worst of it is that the house dogs, the farmers' faithful friends, are in communication with their vagabond relatives. So seriously have these evil communications corrupted the good morals of the farm dogs that one or two collies are known to have deserted to the enemy, and every dog which is not shut in every night is suspected of tasting the delights of moonlight hunting with the ravagers. If game protection was rigorously prosecuted, probably every adult dog of a large breed along the Livestock Road would rightfully be doomed to death as an illicit destroyer of livestock.

Attempts have been made to trap the wolves, but with small success, as they are always suspicious and cunning. Once a big dog's paw was found in a carefully placed fox trap. All around were the signs of the banquet, his cannibalistic friends had made upon the body of the captive. But as a rule the most reliable found spring and the bait demanded when visited. Pittsford has been tried also, but no one heretofore has yet learned how to replace the wolf into traps, his weight upon them.

The Evolution of Passenger Traffic

Utoid Story of Railroad Development of the Great Northwest.

By W. C. Seachrest, N. P. C. Art. N. Y. C. Lines.

The North Pacific Coast territory is bounded on the south by an imaginary line between Oregon and California, beginning at the intersection of Oregon and California and the Pacific Ocean and extending east as far as Ogden, Utah, thence north to Canadian Pacific railroad and then west to and including Victoria, B. C., which is an empire within itself, the area of which is over 1,400,000 square miles, and almost as large as the territory bounded by New York and Boston on the east, Buffalo and Pittsburgh on the west, Montreal on the north and south by Philadelphia, Pa.

The bulk of the railway traffic in the North Pacific Coast territory is being handled by three large syndicates, namely: The Harriman lines, including the Southern Pacific north of Ashland, with a mileage of about 758 miles, the O. R. & N. Co. 117 miles, and the Oregon Short Line 1690, making a total of about 3000 miles. Then comes the Great Northern with a mileage in this prescribed territory of 1500 miles in round numbers. The Northern Pacific must have a mileage of about 3000 and the Canadian Pacific with a like number of miles, reaching from Sumas to a point due north of Pocatello and Butte, Mont.

ENORMOUS TRAFFIC. The traffic that is handled in this prescribed territory every day in the year is something enormous. I have simply mentioned the three large combinations, and when it comes to enumerating the smaller railroads and steamship lines my fist or quill will not permit of 30-35-40-50-60-70-80-90-100-110-120-130-140-150-160-170-180-190-200-210-220-230-240-250-260-270-280-290-300-310-320-330-340-350-360-370-380-390-400-410-420-430-440-450-460-470-480-490-500-510-520-530-540-550-560-570-580-590-600-610-620-630-640-650-660-670-680-690-700-710-720-730-740-750-760-770-780-790-800-810-820-830-840-850-860-870-880-890-900-910-920-930-940-950-960-970-980-990-1000-1010-1020-1030-1040-1050-1060-1070-1080-1090-1100-1110-1120-1130-1140-1150-1160-1170-1180-1190-1200-1210-1220-1230-1240-1250-1260-1270-1280-1290-1300-1310-1320-1330-1340-1350-1360-1370-1380-1390-1400-1410-1420-1430-1440-1450-1460-1470-1480-1490-1500-1510-1520-1530-1540-1550-1560-1570-1580-1590-1600-1610-1620-1630-1640-1650-1660-1670-1680-1690-1700-1710-1720-1730-1740-1750-1760-1770-1780-1790-1800-1810-1820-1830-1840-1850-1860-1870-1880-1890-1900-1910-1920-1930-1940-1950-1960-1970-1980-1990-2000-2010-2020-2030-2040-2050-2060-2070-2080-2090-2100-2110-2120-2130-2140-2150-2160-2170-2180-2190-2200-2210-2220-2230-2240-2250-2260-2270-2280-2290-2300-2310-2320-2330-2340-2350-2360-2370-2380-2390-2400-2410-2420-2430-2440-2450-2460-2470-2480-2490-2500-2510-2520-2530-2540-2550-2560-2570-2580-2590-2600-2610-2620-2630-2640-2650-2660-2670-2680-2690-2700-2710-2720-2730-2740-2750-2760-2770-2780-2790-2800-2810-2820-2830-2840-2850-2860-2870-2880-2890-2900-2910-2920-2930-2940-2950-2960-2970-2980-2990-3000-3010-3020-3030-3040-3050-3060-3070-3080-3090-3100-3110-3120-3130-3140-3150-3160-3170-3180-3190-3200-3210-3220-3230-3240-3250-3260-3270-3280-3290-3300-3310-3320-3330-3340-3350-3360-3370-3380-3390-3400-3410-3420-3430-3440-3450-