

Current Literature,

THE OLD FARM.

Out in the meadows the farm house lies, Old and gray and fronting the west; Many a swallow thither flies, Twittering under the evening skies; In the old chimney builds her nest. Ah! how the sounds make our hearts swell! Scud them again on an eager quest; Bid the sweet winds of heaven tell Those we have loved so long and well To come again to the dear old nest. When the gray evening, cool and still, Hashes the brain and heart to rest, Memory comes with a joyous thrill, Brings the young children back to will, Calls them all home to the gray old nest. Patient we wait till the golden morn Rise on our weariness half confessed; Till, with the chill and darkness gone, Hope shall arise with another dawn, And a new day to the sad old nest. Soon shall we see all the eager east Bright with the Day Star, at heaven's behoof; Soon from the bondage of age released, Rise to the Palace, of the King's own feast, Birds of flight from the last year's nest.

A Western Boy's Adventure.

"Now Jack, don't forget the meat or the meal or the liniment," said Grandma Spencer, "and try and get some newspapers from the officers at the fort; and the old lady glanced gloomily over the flat prairie land, now covered with an unbroken crust of snow. She had come from New England two years before, to the cattle ranch, to keep house for her son and grandson, and scarcely saw a face, outside her own family, once a month. "All right! Granny! I will try and remember everything," replied Jack—a bright, cheery lad of fourteen, as straight and supple as a young Indian.

"Won't you take your gun?"—"No, it would be in the way, with this great basket. I shall be home long before dark, and there's no danger in the woods by daylight." "Then hurry, for the days are short, and when the sun sets the wolves and jackals and screech owls make noise enough to scare the hair off your head," and grandma shook her gray locks dolefully. "They are too great towards to appear in the day time," called back Jack, "and I shall fairly spin across the lake on my new skates." Then with a cheerful nod and wave of his hand, the boy bounded forward over the icy crust. It was seven miles from the Spencer ranch to Waltham, the nearest trading or military post, three miles of which lay through a dense forest, and two across Moose Lake, now frozen, where Jack anticipated a fine glide on his new skates—a New Year's gift from his father. He was accustomed to make this trip once a fortnight, and now trudged briskly through the snow, swinging his basket, and awakening the echoes with his merry whistle, when a rough voice hailed him with "hallo Jack, you are just in time to lend a hand," and he looked up to see old Ben the "trapper," struggling with some large contrivance.

"Why! Ben, is that you! what are you doing?" "Setting a bar-trap, but the pesky thing is mighty contrary."—"I'll help you, and gladly," said Jack, "but I didn't know there were any bears around here."

"I've seen the tracks of a big one, and if I kin I want to take him alive." It took them half an hour to set the immense trap, which was a rude contrivance like a large box, with thick iron wire sides, balanced on a pole that would drop at a gentle touch, and baited with a huge lump of deer meat. The sun was high up before Jack started on. "Hurry up, my lad," was the old man's parting injunction, "for we'll have more snow than many a morn."

Moose Lake shone like a burnished mirror in the sunlight, and Jack buckled on his skates and glided gaily over the polished surface. On reaching and entering the one stone the little place afforded, he found it filled with a motley crowd of ranchmen from the prairie, Indians from the reservation, soldiers from the fort, women, children and dogs, jostling each other in mad confusion, for a wagon train had just arrived and all were eager to watch the unpacking, and get a first choice from the new supplies. It was very interesting to Jack, and he lingered longer than he should before making his purchases; storm clouds were drifting across the sky before his basket was packed, the liniment for grandma's rheumatism tucked away in his pocket, and a new muffer for himself selected and tied around his neck.

"I've no time to call at the fort," thought Jack, "but I must leave father's message for Captain Carlton, and grandma will be so disappointed if I don't bring the newspapers." So he set off on a sharp run for the fortification. He was a great favorite with the captain and his wife, and Mrs. Carlton welcomed him warmly, but seeing his anxiety to start homeward, did not press him to stay; she promised to deliver the message to the captain, who was absent, and quickly tied up some newspapers, and added some oranges and white grapes, part of a Christmas box from home. "I wish you could stay all night, Jack," she said, "but I know your father

would be worried. Remember me to Mrs. Spencer, and if you see Ogle and Daisy on the road, please send them home. Ogle took Daisy up to the lake to slide on the ice, and neither have any idea of time."

"I will, if I meet them; and thank you very much Mrs. Carlton," said Jack. Having executed all his commissions, Jack turned his face fairly toward home. The basket heavier than in the morning, hindered his progress, while the wind began to wail, and the gray clouds to bend across the sky with fearful rapidity. The lake now looked dark and sullen, and as the boy paused in the middle to rest on a sunken stump that protruded through the ice, it seemed very solitary, not a moving thing visible except a small object which appeared to be coming toward him from the shore. "I wonder if it is a bird," he thought; "if I had brought my gun, I would try my luck at it." But a few minutes later he was glad it was safe at home, as the mysterious figure gradually resolved into a scarlet dress, and mass of golden curls. He started to his feet, exclaiming "Why! Daisy Carlton, how came you way out here?"

"Ogle brought me," sobbed the little six-year old; "but he went off with some of his Indian friends, telling me to wait until he came back. He has been gone a long while, and oh! Jack, I am so glad you have come." It was too evident that the "half breed" who had the care of the captain's daughter, had become absorbed with his old cronies, returning to the reservation, forgetting all about his young charge. "Well, don't cry," said Jack, "come with me, and we may meet Ogle on the other side of the lake." But the shore reached, nobody was to be seen, and now, too, the twilight deepened, and large feathery flakes began to fall. "There is nothing to do but take you home with me," said Jack, "and send word to the fort as soon as possible, for they will be alarmed about you." Daisy assented, and trotted contentedly along by his side.

As they entered the woods the gloom increased, and before long, Daisy said she could not walk any further, "her feet were so heavy." So Jack took her on his back, and with this added burden, trudged bravely forward, though his anxiety increased with the darkness, and he kept his eyes right and left, for he knew only too well that it was very late to be alone and unarm'd in the lonely forest. "Sing, Jack!" said the child, who was now quite happy, riding "pick-a-back," as she called it. He tried to comply, and started a lively second song, but stopped suddenly in the second verse, as his quick eyesight caught glimpses of two shadowy forms moving through the underbrush, and four tails of fire seemed peering out of the depths of the wood. "Wolves!" he almost gasped. "Go on!" said the little lady, "why do you stop Jack?" "Hush, Daisy, I can't sing, for I must run," and throwing away his skates to lighten his burden a trifle, he started at a quicker pace. But he could not keep it up, and as the shadows deepened, the wolves appeared bolder, their sharp bark resounding through the forest, and Daisy, cried, "O! Jack, two great ugly dogs are following us." "What shall I do," thought poor Jack, "I could easily climb a tree, but I can't leave little Daisy. Why! she is the very apple of the captain's eye. No, I'll fight the wolves as long as I can." Drawing from his basket the beef-steak got for breakfast, Jack threw it far behind, which satisfied the wolves temporarily, and sped on with his burden. But the pat, pat, of the horrible footsteps soon sounded behind them again, as the animals, with their appetites only whetted by the morsel, came on all the more furious. The Sunday dinner followed the breakfast, but the basket with all its contents proved only a "sop to Cerberus," while Daisy, now too frightened to speak or cry, clasped the boy tighter and tighter around the neck.

"I can't hold out much longer," thought Jack, and he was just seizing a large branch, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, when right before him appeared a huge black object, Ben's bear trap, and just as one wolf made a spring at wee Daisy, he turned suddenly, bent the animal back with the branch, and with a rush darted right into the dark box. It fell with a crash, and the infuriated wolves snarled and snarled with rage and disappointment outside. Panting, and almost fainting, Jack sank on the cold ground, while Daisy, still shuddering at the ugly, hungry faces pressed against the wire sides of their cage, asked piteously, "oh! Jack, can't they reach us?" "No Daisy, we are safe from the wolves," said Jack, though he added under his breath, "but unless help comes we shall freeze to death" for it had turned bitter cold. If Jack lives to be an old man, he will never forget that night. How the wind whistled through the trees, and the snow fell banking up the trap. He wrapped Daisy in his jacket, sang her to sleep, and trying to keep himself warm with a blanket of newspapers, he moved about in the narrow space, until the drowsy numbness that precedes freezing forced him to lie down, half conscious he might never awake again.

It was nearly midnight, and Ben the trapper sat by his cabin fire, enjoying a pipe before retiring, and his old yellow dog "Rags," curled up in a fox skin by his side. "Well! Rags, old boy, I think it is time were turnin' in for the night," he had just remarked, when a low tap made the dog prick up his ears. "Who can that be?" cried the trapper, crossing to open the door, and starting back as he confronted a dark Indian face, that looked ashly in the fire light. "Ogle!" he exclaimed, "what is it, anything wrong at the fort?" "Miss Daisy! the captain's little pale face Daisy! I can't find her!" gasped the man. "What! Daisy Carlton lost, this winter night?" asked Ben. "Yes, I tell her wait by lake. I go

smoke, drink with reservation Indians, I come back, no Miss Daisy! Oh! Ogle! Ogle! go home and meet captain's eye. "No wonder," growled Ben, "and there's no time to be lost! These Injuns are never to be trusted!" Hastily drawing on a great coat, taking his rifle, and lighting a lantern, he was ready to set forth, accompanied by Rags, who ran ahead, leaping gaily through the drifts. Almost in silence the two men waded through the deep snow towards Moose Lake, occasionally shouting, in hopes of a response. "I fear she is buried under a drift," said Ben at last; but just then a loud, joyful barking from Rags attracted their attention. "I declare, if that 'ere dog ain't a diggin' at the bar-trap, and I believe there's a bar in it," and he hurried in that direction. Sure enough the box had fallen, and Rags was scratching round it with might and main. "I must have a peep, if I'm shot for it," said the old man in great excitement, lifting his lantern and peering through the wires; but at the first look he almost fell back in the snow, as he cried, "If there ain't them blessed babes in the woods, safe and sound in old Ben's bar-trap!" A loud whoop of joy from Ogle rent the air, and then both lifted the heavy box, and gently raised the two children from their cold resting place. Daisy awoke bright and well, and so surprised to find herself out in the woods in Ogle's arms; but old Ben shook his head sorrowfully, as he laid the still unconscious Jack by his cabin fire, and tried to rub a little warmth into his stiffened limbs but it was long before the boy opened his eyes, and came slowly back to life. "Another half hour and he would a bin froze deader than a door-nail," said Ben.

Meanwhile Waltham was in a high state of excitement. The news that the captain's daughter was lost soon spread, and soldiers were sent scouring the country for miles around. Toward morning they were met by Mr. Spencer and his men, who informed them that Jack was also missing. The wolf tracks and the torn basket made them fear the worst, as they returned finally to the fort, and it was a sad company that the sun rose upon after the storm. The joy, then, can be better imagined than described when Ogle came straggling into camp, bearing his little golden-haired mistress in his arms, and it was a triumphant procession that marched out to Ben's log cabin, and held a perfect ovation over the young hero who received them in state, reclining on the great bear skin, the trapper's greatest pride and delight, with grandma by his side, sobbing and laughing over her precious boy, and who would hardly resign her place for a moment to Captain Carlton and his wife when they came with overflowing gratitude to express in broken words their thanks to the noble lad, whom they felt they could never repay. The big bear still wanders at large, but Ben seems quite satisfied, and is never weary of telling of Jack's thrilling adventure with the wolves, and how "two pretty cubs were caught in a bar trap."—Agness Carr, in American Agriculturist.

Care of Canaries.

If you have a large cage you will have less music, for the canary will be taken up with the amusement of hopping about and forget his song. Supply plenty of water for a good, clean splash fresh every morning. A breakfast saucer makes a good bath tub. Painted or brass wire cages are bad for canaries, as the verdegis from the latter and paint from the former are sure to be picked off and slowly poison the bird. Let the food be as true to nature as possible, ripe seed for the staple, and now and then a bit of apple, hard boiled eggs, or a lump alternately of sugar and rock salt. Let the seed be put in fresh, for the bird is like any other egg creature (or unegged, for that matter, and does not like its food after it has been picked over. When moulting keep a rusty nail in the water he drinks. If he becomes dull and the feathers hang loosely from the body, be sure the little creature has either been frightened or hanging in a draught and caught cold, or been over feeding. A little magnesia in his drinking water will probably remedy the evil. If he has worse symptoms give two drops of castor oil. In pairing time is necessary to watch closely if the mate agrees with your bird, as canaries have been known to kill an intruder, and really have preferences. If happily mated, there is much more likelihood of rearing their young, and they must have separate baths and feeding cups in case of a quarrel, or the weaker birds may be starved, for it is an exploded idea that "birds in their nests agree."

If the canary takes a fit, the best cure is to plunge him in cold water. Sweets are not natural food for birds and must be given sparingly, in fact adhere as close as possible to the natural food, and keep the cage clean washing occasionally with carbolic soap to keep clear of vermin.

Smut in Corn

Large numbers of cattle die annually in the West from the lack of water when feeding in the corn fields. Dry cornstalks, as compared with grass, are constipating food; but smutty cornstalks are especially liable to cause impaction of food in the stomachs, and disease of the brain. The risk is largely, or entirely, obviated if there is a sufficient supply of water; but when the water supply is frozen up, the animal can no longer chew the cud for lack of water in the paunch to separate and float its contents, and impaction and a whole train of evil consequences follow. If water can be supplied so that the cattle can drink at will, it is better; but if not, it should be allowed abundantly at any cost, twice a day.—Live-Stock Journal.

A New Requirement in Modern Farming

A good farmer always needed skill, but in the changed conditions of modern farming a different kind of skill is needed from that required by our fathers and grandfathers. This is more largely the case West than East, but true in both. Formerly it was mostly manual skill in the use of simple implements, such as the sickle, the scythe, and the common walking plow. Now the farmer needs to know how to adjust, run, and care for machinery. Machines properly handled call for little manual expertness to run them. But to manage the present implements requires a degree of mechanical skill that a large proportion of our farmers do not possess. To comprehend the full extent of this change, compare the modern threshing-machine with the old-fashioned flail, or the self-binding harvester with the old sickle, or its successor the grain cradle. Every careful observer must recognize the fact that the lack of skill in using and caring for his machinery, is one of the most potent sources of loss to the farmer.

We have known one man to use a mower for ten years, without expending over thirty dollars in repairs—over three dollars annually—while his neighbor, in cutting a smaller quantity of grass used up three equally good machines in the same time. Compare the expenses of this one item: First farmer expended one hundred and thirty dollars, plus say seventy dollars for interest—or two hundred dollars in all—for ten years. This is just twenty dollars per annum; quite an item, you will say for mowing-tools alone, but still much cheaper than mowing with the scythe. The other wore out three machines, three hundred dollars, to which add repairs, say same as the other, thirty dollars, and interest on one hundred dollars for ten years, seventy dollars; on one hundred dollars (the second machine, for six years), forty-two dollars; and on another one hundred dollars (the third machine, for three years), twenty-one dollars, and you have a grand total of four hundred and sixty-three dollars—or forty-six dollars and thirty cents per annum—an annual expense of more than twice as much as the other. The same calculations concerning the harvester, the sulky plow, the hay rake, and other farm implements, make an enormous difference in the cost to the man who is unskillful in using and caring for them. An important inquiry is, how the present difficulty can be remedied.

The difficulty with many farmers is not want of general intelligence, but total ignorance of the simplest mechanical principles. A neighbor once asked the writer to examine a mower which acted strangely. It would go well enough for a while, and suddenly refuse to cut at all. He was on the point of throwing the machine away and getting a new one. Examination showed the simple difficulty that the frame was loose, so that when any unusual strain came upon the cutting apparatus, it spread and allowed the cog to slip past. Ten minutes' time remedied it, and the machine ran for some years afterward. The owner was an intelligent, well-informed man, but had no knowledge of machinery. Our Public Schools may do something in teaching the elements of mechanics to the older boys. It would not be difficult to prepare a little manual which would enable a teacher who himself comprehended the subject, to teach much that would be of the greatest use to these young men. Something may be done also by intelligent farmers in furnishing these boys with a small shop and a few good tools, and on many days encourage them to learn their use by making small articles, either for play or profit. Anything which will cultivate the mechanical eye of the young, teach the use of tools, or develop a taste for mechanical employments, is in the right direction. But something must be done. The West cannot afford to stand the enormous drain on its profits in farming, caused by this needless destruction of farm tools.—American Agriculturist.

Extent of the Match Trade

"That match you are fighting your cigar with is a very small thing, isn't it?" said a passenger who had shared my seat for a few miles. "A small thing; but you wouldn't believe that the American people paid out \$27,000,000 for matches last year, would you? It looks big but is a fact. Now take a pencil and figure it out. Fifty millions of people in this country; they use on an average five matches each per day; that is 2,500,000 boxes of 100 matches in a box, every day. Last year these boxes retailed at an average of 3 cents each, making \$75,000 a day for matches, or \$27,000,000 a year. And then to think that three-fourths of all these matches were supplied by one company! If they didn't make \$80,000,000 clear profit out it they didn't make a cent."

The harvest day of the monopoly is now at end, as they no longer have a government revenue tax levied for their benefit. But they still control the trade on account of their superior manufacturing facilities, large capital, etc. They own thousands of acres of timber land in Michigan, and their lumber is cut by their own men and shipped on their own boats. And then they have contracted for nearly all the world's supply of phosphorus, years ahead, and the new manufacturers starting into the business find themselves overmatched in many ways by the old monopoly, which can control the trade and make a fair profit on its investments. They control twenty-two factories, and one of them has a capacity of 72,000,000 of matches daily. "Mentor" in Chicago Herald.

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Mammoth Surprise Wheat.

THE LARGEST AND MOST PRODUCTIVE Spring wheat known. I have known it to grow over six feet high, and yield seventy nine bushels per acre. Of this wonderful wheat I have a small quantity to sell at 1 pound, fifty cents; 3 pounds \$1; by mail, 40¢. M. HEVLYS, New Bridge, Union Co., Or.

45 BINE BLEND CHERRY CANS, made on all styles, 1000, 500, 250, 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, 2, 1, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64, 1/128, 1/256, 1/512, 1/1024, 1/2048, 1/4096, 1/8192, 1/16384, 1/32768, 1/65536, 1/131072, 1/262144, 1/524288, 1/1048576, 1/2097152, 1/4194304, 1/8388608, 1/16777216, 1/33554432, 1/67108864, 1/134217728, 1/268435456, 1/536870912, 1/1073741824, 1/2147483648, 1/4294967296, 1/8589934592, 1/17179869184, 1/34359738368, 1/68719476736, 1/137438953472, 1/274877906944, 1/549755813888, 1/1099511627776, 1/2199023255552, 1/4398046511104, 1/8796093022208, 1/17592186044416, 1/35184372088832, 1/70368744177664, 1/140737488355328, 1/281474976710656, 1/562949953421312, 1/1125899906842624, 1/2251799813685248, 1/4503599627370496, 1/9007199254740992, 1/18014398509481984, 1/36028797018963968, 1/72057594037927936, 1/144115188075855872, 1/288230376151711744, 1/576460752303423488, 1/1152921504606846976, 1/2305843009213693952, 1/4611686018427387904, 1/9223372036854775808, 1/18446744073709551616, 1/36893488147419103232, 1/73786976294838206464, 1/147573952589676412928, 1/295147905179352825856, 1/590295810358705651712, 1/1180591620717411303424, 1/2361183241434822606848, 1/4722366482869645213696, 1/9444732965739290427392, 1/18889465931478580854784, 1/37778931862957161709568, 1/75557863725914323419136, 1/151115727451828646838272, 1/302231454903657293676544, 1/604462909807314587353088, 1/1208925819614629174706176, 1/2417851639229258349412352, 1/4835703278458516698824704, 1/9671406556917033397649408, 1/19342813113834066795298816, 1/38685626227668133590597632, 1/77371252455336267181195264, 1/154742504910672534362390528, 1/309485009821345068724781056, 1/618970019642690137449562112, 1/1237940039285380274899244224, 1/2475880078570760549798488448, 1/4951760157141521099596976896, 1/9903520314283042199193953792, 1/19807040628566084398387907584, 1/39614081257132168796775815168, 1/79228162514264337593551630336, 1/158456325028528675187103260672, 1/316912650057057350374206521344, 1/633825300114114700748413042688, 1/1267650600228229401496826085376, 1/2535301200456458802993652170752, 1/5070602400912917605987304341504, 1/10141204801825835211974608683008, 1/20282409603651670423949217366016, 1/40564819207303340847898434732032, 1/81129638414606681695796869464064, 1/162259276832213363915597389320128, 1/324518553664426727831194778640256, 1/649037107328853455662389557280512, 1/1298074214657106911324779114561024, 1/2596148429314213822649558229122048, 1/5192296858628427645299116458244096, 1/1038459371725685529059823317648192, 1/2076918743451371058119646635296384, 1/4153837486902742116239293270592768, 1/8307674973805484232478586541185536, 1/1661534994761096846495717288231072, 1/3323069989522193692991434576462144, 1/6646139979044387385982869152924288, 1/1329227995808877477196573830548576, 1/2658455991617754954393147661097152, 1/5316911983235509908786295322194304, 1/10633823966471019817572590644387008, 1/21267647932942039635145181288774112, 1/42535295865884079270290362577542224, 1/85070591731768158540580725155084448, 1/170141183463536317081161450310168896, 1/340282366927072634162322900620337792, 1/680564733854145268324645801240675584, 1/1361129467708290536649291602481351168, 1/2722258935416581073298583204962702336, 1/5444517870833162146597166409925404672, 1/10889035741666324293194332198510809344, 1/21778071483332648586388664397021618688, 1/43556142966665297172777328794043237376, 1/87112285933330594345554657588086474752, 1/174224571866661188791109315176173509504, 1/3484491437333223775822186303523470100096, 1/6968982874666447551644372607046940200192, 1/13937965749332895103288744114138884000384, 1/27875931498665790206577488228277768000768, 1/55751862997331580413154976456555536001536, 1/111503725994663160826309952913111104003072, 1/223007451989326321652619905818222208006144, 1/446014903978652643305239811634444416012288, 1/892029807957305286610478223268888832024576, 1/178405961591461057322095644653777764915136, 1/356811923182922114644191289307555528302272, 1/7136238463658442292883825786151111056044544, 1/14272476927316884585767651572302222112088896, 1/28544953854633769171535303144604444224177792, 1/57089907709267538343070606289208888448355584, 1/1141798154185350766861412125784177768871116672, 1/2283596308370701533722824251568355537542223344, 1/45671926167414030674456485031367111107084446688, 1/91343852334828061348912970062734222214168889377, 1/18268770466965612269785940012546844442833755475, 1/3653754093393122453957188002509368888566751151, 1/730750818678624490791437600501873777713322523, 1/1461501637357248981582875201003747554426644646, 1/29230032747144979631657504020074951088533291292, 1/58460065494289959263315008040149902177066582584, 1/116920130988579918526630016080299804354131655168, 1/2