

## THE RIVER'S BOTTOM.

### WHAT A DIVER SAW UNDER THE WAVES OF THE HUDSON.

The Floor of the River a Great Mass of Slime—Some of the Sights—Broken Wires, Pipes, Sewage, Etc.—A Dead Man.

In New York city, near the Brooklyn bridge, and visible from the promenade of that great viaduct, is a lot which has long been a favorite headquarters of the professional divers who do business along this part of the Atlantic coast. The place is well furnished, cozy and supplied with all the latest ideas in submarine work. Every day it is visited by the divers, who come for new orders for work, to obtain assistance upon some hard task, or to procure supplies for their peculiar calling. One afternoon while a party of friends, chiefly newspaper men and divers, were chatting over the news of the day, one of the more popular subaqueous toilers entered who had been absent some time from the city. He joined in the conversation, and after nearly every member of the party had related some experience, said: "I do not recall any exciting episode in my career at the present moment, but only the humdrum of my daily career. I suppose, however, that it may interest outsiders and so I give the story of a day's work. Last fall one of the ocean steamers, in approaching her pier, lost a valuable anchor and chain cable through the carelessness or drunkenness of some seamen on board. The captain of the boat was an old friend and he sent for me to recover the property. It was not much of a job, but business was slack and I was glad to get it. We got everything ready and went to work a day or two afterward, about 11 o'clock in the morning. We anchored our boat, got the pump ready, adjusted my armor and down I went. You have an idea that the water is clear like the air, but you are away off. It is dirty, very dirty. Ordinarily you can see about ten feet from you in any direction sideways. Over your head it is a glare. Underneath it is as dark as a cave. With an electrical lamp, the best invention yet made as far as our trade is concerned, you can see twice as far, but it is just like standing by a camp fire in the woods at night. It makes the surrounding darkness all the darker. I reached the bottom of the Hudson and began walking around. The floor of a great river is not like Broadway, nor even the beach at Coney Island. It is a great mass of ooze or slime, into which you sink sometimes to your knees, sometimes to your waist and sometimes over your head. You do as much work by feeling as by seeing. This day I struck a lot of commonplace things, but under water they interested even me. One was a mass of telegraph and telephone wires from New York to Jersey City. Some were whole and some were broken, probably by the anchors of small vessels that have to over night just above. A few of the broken wires still stuck out just as if they had been pulled so by main force. All of the wires showed the effect of their submergence. Some were half rotten, others were beginning to decay or rust. Every one had something attached to it. Little snails, oyster shells, seaweed, eel grass, rags and other waterlogged matter from the land were a few of the things attached to the wires. Further on I came across the oil pipe through which the Standard Oil company pumps petroleum direct from the oil wells of Pennsylvania to the great refineries in Brooklyn and Williamsburg. The pipe was stronger and more accurately made than the ordinary gas and water pipes we see in the city. Yet I thought that if some craft got the huke of its anchor under it and pulled quite hard, it would break short and cover the harbor with crude petroleum. There is a great deal of wood lying around the bed of the river. Contrary to public opinion, wood is not lighter than water. Full of air it is, of course, but when waterlogged or logged it nearly always sinks. Its weight is so close to water, though, that it doesn't work its way down into the fine dirt and mud of the bottom. For this reason it is very apt to deceive amateurs and novices. "There is another thing that divers see under the Hudson, and that is that the river is being filled up through the folly or ignorance of human beings. The great sewers never stop throwing their vile contents into the slips. Every steamer, from tug to ocean greyhound, drops its ashes overboard. Every vessel does the same with its sweepings and refuse. Then the scows, which ought to carry the ashes and garbage of this city far away, save time and trouble by dumping them in dark nights into the Hudson. "There are not very many fishes in the North river. There may be, but we divers don't see much of them. Probably they see us first and give us a wide berth. Those I meet most are eels and little shiners, or minnows. If, however, we carry one of those new fashioned incandescent lamps it acts like a jack lantern in eel spearing, and brings shoals of fish around. They are horribly unintelligent, and after studying a fellow five minutes and swimming off they will immediately return and begin eyeing him again, as if they had never seen him before. We never mind them, as they are harmless, and couldn't be caught by us even if we desired to get a good mess of them when at work. "The most unpleasant thing a diver can meet is the dead body of a human being. It is a popular delusion that all drowned men come to the surface after several days. Probably they would if they were left alone and were not attacked by wharf rats, eels and fishes. But in the Hudson they are always attacked in this way within an hour or two after they are submerged. Once attacked that ends it. The breaking of the skin diffuses something, it may be a scent around, and then everything travels for that body to get a square meal. Long before decomposition it is so cut and riddled that what gases are formed have no chance to accumulate and inflate the walls of the abdomen. We divers never touch bodies in this state, because it brings the worst luck possible. "There is very little romance or beauty about a diver's life. The white sand beaches and coral floors, the brilliant colored fishes and the exquisite forests of the sea that the reading public never weary of in Jules Verne and other lying writers do not exist. It is cold, dark, filthy and dead. The first time you go down there is a novelty and excitement about it which are very pleasant. When these wear off you feel like the grave diggers who every morning go to work in the great cemeteries. You must be quick, alert and sober. You must keep your eyes and ears open and be ready for anything. If you don't you'll probably feed the fishes.—New York Globe-Democrat.

Labouchere is a victim of rheumatic gout.

## THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

### Coal Ground in a Cyclone Pulverizer—Big Furnace Men Pronounce It a Success.

The steel and iron men of the country, and all the rolling mill and furnace men also, are interested in the newest rival to natural gas as a saver of fuel. It was a modest little exhibition that was given in Chester, Pa., the other day, but it proved pretty conclusively that where natural gas is not, pulverized coal is sure to be ere long. J. G. McCauley, of California, for that is the discoverer's name, claims to have found a process by which 50 per cent. of the coal now used in furnaces and rolling mills will be saved, and steel and iron greatly improved in the puddling process.

McCauley is one of the latest additions to the array of genius collected by Erastus Wiman, the Staten Island millionaire. The Californian hunted around a good while in search of a man of means who would appreciate his invention. He could have had all the capital he wanted several years ago, but he wasn't able to get coal pulverized fine enough to spray into the furnace. McCauley's process consists in spraying coal that is pulverized into an amorphous powder into a combustion chamber attached to the furnace. The combustion that takes place is perfect, and it is instantaneous, and all the gases are absorbed, so that none of the sulphur gets into the iron and lessens its value, as is now the case. That's all there is to the new process, but it does the work, provided the coal is powdered so fine that you can blow it around as you can the smallest particles of dust.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that McCauley met Wiman. The man from the Pacific coast explained his process to the Staten Islander. The latter said he would test it, because he had a machine he got from two Wisconsin farmers that would grind the coal out of sight if necessary. Two young Wisconsin farmers were plowing when they saw a cyclone come along safely out of their way, and tear a town up. They noticed how the two currents of air, moving in opposite directions, knocked houses, barns and paving stones into smithereens. The thought struck one of them that if that principle could be applied in machinery, it would make the biggest grind in the world. So the young men, whose name was Raymond, and who were brothers, went to Chicago and invented a machine that they called the cyclone pulverizer. Wiman met the Raymonds and they were his, and so was their machine. The Staten Islander has a fortune in the pulverizer, which has yet to meet a material it cannot reduce to powder, I am told, and the Raymonds were paid a fortune by Wiman for the discovery.

So McCauley and Wiman formed a combination. Wiman's machine pulverized the coal and McCauley tested his process at the big Chester works. It was a success beyond doubt, and had it been put into operation before natural gas was discovered, it would have had a clear monopoly of the field. It isn't a free puff to say that pulverized coal sprayed into a furnace unquestionably saves the manufacturer hundreds of dollars a day. The big furnace men at Chester and out in Ohio say so, and so do all the big grinds in the manufacturing realm who were present at the Chester exhibition. Outside of the natural gas localities pulverized coal is going to be the fuel of the future. McCauley and Wiman are even bold enough to say that they will confront natural gas right in Pittsburgh with sprayed coal. The conflict ought to be an interesting one. Certain it is that to the industrial world the new process of McCauley is the biggest item of news it has received for years.—Cor. Boston Globe.

### Kate Field's "Co-operative" Plan.

Kate Field is known to be a woman of versatile talent, but is hardly suspected, by those not intimately acquainted with her, of having the qualities that go to make a good housekeeper. She showed great tact for that feminine branch of art when she had a house of her own in Devonshire street, London, a few years ago. She had been living for some time in hotels, boarding houses and lodgings, was tired of all and determined to set up for herself. Having no desire to live alone, she made a plan by which she would have company and all the comforts of a home, and still have the bills shared by others. She called the plan "co-operation," the same name she gave to another and more extensive undertaking on this side of the water.

It worked well as far as the co-operatives were concerned—they were all perfectly satisfied. She furnished rooms at low prices and the kind of food that is longed for if you live at a restaurant and dreamed about if you have to live at home. After dinner every one found the drawing room pleasanter than any other room in that or any other house, and there the friends congregated, for, of course, they were all friends of the hostess. They chatted and played cards until the "music" came. The hour came round, and after a mild libation retired to bed. "K. F.," as she was familiarly called, made a success of what she undertook except as far as she was concerned. "Co-operation" turned out to be only a name, for it was she who did all the work, battled with drunken cooks, fought the troublesome trades people, and received only in return unshared if welcome praise. It is not to be wondered at if at the end of three months the project was given up.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

### A Fire Worshiper's Child.

On the birth of a Parsee child, a magian and a fire priest, who is always an astrologer, are called in to predict the future life of the babe. The magian, dressed in a strange robe of many colors, a pointed cap with jingling bells, and armed with a long broom made of besoma twigs (which is thought to have the power of putting evil spirits to flight), enters the chamber of the Parsee mother and babe, and, setting the end of his broom on fire, dances around, exorcising the evil spirits; finally he flourishes his firebrand over the mother and child and in all the corners of the room. This done, the fire priest draws a number of squares on a blackboard. In one corner of each square he draws a curious figure of bird, beast, fish or insect, each of which stands for some mental, physical or spiritual characteristic, together with its appropriate star or planet. The magian then proceeds by means of spells and incantations to exorcise any evil spirit that may be lurking unseen in the blackboard. Next the fire priest begins to count and recount the stars under whose influence the child is supposed to be born, and then with closed eyes and solemn voice he predicts the future life of the babe. Next he prepares a horoscope or birth chart and hands it to the father. Then, placing the babe on his knees, he waves over it the sacred flame, sprinkles it with holy water, fills its ears and nostrils with sea salt to keep out the evil spirits, and finally returns the screaming infant to its mother's arms.—Mrs. Leonowens in Wide Awake.

## Working at the Rapid Transit Problem.

Among the prominent systems which involve the perfecting of modes of traveling by electricity is the portelectric. The exploiters of this system have been steadily carrying on operations for some time at their experimental station in Dorchester. Professor Dolbear, the electrician of the Portelectric company, says that, although theoretically the car can travel on the track at the rate of two miles a minute, the difficulties of the existing conditions prevent the achievement of such a speed. At a recent test to which members of the electrical press were invited the force of these difficulties was made manifest.

A serious hindrance has been the adapting of the car to the compound curve, made of a grade and a curve of short radius, and on the day of the test, besides the unfavorable conditions of track and bearings, defective insulation, coils of too low a resistance and excessive humidity had to be contended with. In spite of these, however, a speed of sixty miles an hour was obtained, and in all probability these drawbacks will all disappear in actual work. The portelectric gives excellent promise of displacing the pneumatic system, especially for long distance work, and when the technical difficulties referred to have been overcome there can be little doubt of the commercial success of the system.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## How to Preserve the Voice.

How to preserve the voice and keep it presumably fresh is almost like asking how to keep from growing old. Some people grow old faster than others because they are imprudent and do not take care of themselves. The voice should not be imposed upon, and instead of growing husky in a decade it should remain comparatively fresh for two and even four decades. Patti's voice is a fine example of one that has never been imposed upon, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinee.

A grand opera singer should sing only twice a week, perhaps three times if his or her physical condition warrants it. Singers should have plenty of sleep, good appetites, nothing to make them nervous, and, if possible, a more or less phlegmatic disposition. The latter they rarely possess to any great degree. Overwork is death to a voice. A singer will not notice at first the inroads that gradually undermine a voice and leave it an echo of its former sweetness.—Campanini in Ladies' Home Journal.

## Having His Own Way.

"Why did you run away from home?" asks Joshua Whitcomb of the ragged young tramp. "Because I wanted to have my own way."

"Well, you look as though you'd had it," is Whitcomb's sententious reply. The boy who is eager to have his own way is continually met with, and many times it is an extremely hard way. The tyranny of home is of the mildest sort, he finds, compared with what he has to undergo in endeavoring to have his own way. Many times he falls into evil company, and in imitating their way and making it his own he discovers himself on the way to a reformatory or prison.

Ask the wretched old tramp whom you find sitting on the park bench how he began his downward career, and if he be candid he will tell you it was by trying to have his own way.—Texas Siftings.

## Sponge Sculpture.

Sponge would seem to be an unpropitious material for a sculptor to work upon, but that a work of art may be chiseled, or rather scissored, from it is proved by a life size statue in sponge now in the sponge department of McKesson & Robbins, wholesale druggists, of New York city. The statue represents a Greek sponge gatherer standing in the bow of a boat, pole in hand, gazing intently through a water telescope at a piece of sponge which he is supposed to be endeavoring to secure. The figure is composed of numerous pieces of what is known as leathery potter's sponge, carefully matched as to color, texture and shape, so that the statue appears to be cut from one large piece of sponge. The artist has done his work well, the face especially being an excellent piece of carving.—Science.

## Bones of Chinamen Going Home.

Deep in the hold below sixty square boxes are—much resembling tea chests—covered with Chinese lettering. Each contains the bones of a dead man—bones being sent back to melt into that Chinese soil from whence, by nature's vital chemistry, they were shaped. And those whose labeled bones are rolling to and fro in the dark below, as the plunging steamer rocks and shudders, once also passed this ocean on just such a ship—and smoked or dreamed their time away in just such berths—and played the same strange play by such a yellow light in even just such an atmosphere, heavy with vaporized opium.—Lafcadio Hearn in Harper's.

## Knew What He Wanted.

Philadelphian (in New York restaurant)—I want a piece of round steak. Waiter—Don't know as I know wot round steak is, sah. Philadelphian—Why, it's what you New Yorkers call sirloin.—Good News.

## Of More Consequence.

Visitor—Excuse me, sir, but are you the president of the college? Important Person—Well, I guess not. I'm the janitor.—Puck.

## AFFLICTED FIFTY YEARS.

And the Method Mr. Chamberlain Adopted to Get Relief—Mr. W. S. Cone's Experience With Dr. Darrin.

For the Oregonian: We often fail to secure to ourselves the results of the operations of a system by requiring too much of it, listening to others or allowing ourselves to run fault with those who operate or represent the same. I had consulted for many years physicians successful in treating "acute diseases," but found no relief for kidney and liver trouble and neuralgia of the stomach of over fifty years standing until I came under Dr. Darrin's "electric treatment." But, thanks to Divine Grace, by its use these troubles are a thing of the past. If others care for particulars affecting my illness, I will answer their questions in behalf of the afflicted. E. B. CHAMBERLAIN, Woods, Tillamook county, Or.

## Another Wonderful Cure.

Editor Oregonian: For nine months prior to calling on Dr. Darrin I had been afflicted with a burning pain back of my neck and spine, which finally settled in my kidneys. My liver and stomach became deranged, and rheumatism commenced to develop. In that deplorable condition I came to Dr. Darrin. With two months' home treatment, I rejoice to say, I am cured of my stomach, liver and kidney troubles. W. S. CONE.

## Dr. Darrin's Place of Business.

Dr. Darrin makes a specialty of diseases of the Eye, Ear, Catarrh, Asthma and Consumption, and all nervous, chronic and private diseases, such as Loss of Manhood, Blood Taints, Syphilis, Gleet, Gonorrhea, Stricture, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Loss of Desire for Sexual Union in man or woman. All peculiar Female Troubles, Irregular Menstruation, Displacements, etc., are confidentially and successfully treated, and will not, under any circumstances, take a case they cannot cure or benefit. Consultations free. Private diseases guaranteed, and never published in the papers. Circulars and question blanks sent free. Offices—707 Washington street, Portland, Or.

There are people who would a great deal rather be the while of the bell on a steam engine than to be one of the driving wheels.

## A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment, they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business, you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

The truth should not be spoken at all times, and even a lie should be given a little rest between campaigns.

Throat diseases commence with a cough, cold, or sore throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

Passenger—Is this ticket good to stop off? Conductor—Yes'm. But it won't be good to get on again.

There is nothing (unless it be the sewing machine) that has lightened woman's labor as much as Dobbin's Electric Soap, constantly sold since 1864. All grocers have it. Have you made its acquaintance? Try it.

## CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

"So you imagine the next world will be much like this one?" "Why, yes. There will lots of red-hot politicians there, I imagine."

With "No Trade Secrets to Keep" came "Fruits and Fruit Trees," chock full of just the information one wants. The title does not give a notion of its real value—send to S. R. R. Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo., for the book.—Farmers' Call.

Beware of imitations of the celebrated Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

## We'll write it down till everybody sees it.

Till everybody is sick of seeing it.

Till everybody knows it without seeing it—that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headache, and "cold in the head."

In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay \$500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay \$500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—"We can cure you because we've cured thousands like you—if we can't we'll pay you \$500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

N. P. N. U. No. 374—S. F. N. U. No. 463

## THINK FOR YOURSELF.

Do Not Ask Your Neighbor to Think for You—He Usually Knows Less Than You Do.

PORTLAND, OR., January 28, 1891. My wife was a great sufferer for over ten years with a complication of disorders, from which it seemed she was doomed, as try what we might in the line of doctors appeared a failure. They were good doctors, too. Dr. Agnew of New York, who is world-famed, told her that without an operation that would cost her \$1,000 the case was incurable, and that even with an operation the chances were even only. This was practically the statement of all prominent physicians of the continent.

The principal trouble was an abscess of the bladder, and distress in the region of the kidneys. There was a constant hemorrhage; we thought she would bleed to death; her chest was as sore as a boil, and she was partially paralyzed, best test having catarrh of the bladder. We prepared for the inevitable, when Dr. Price of Seattle told us that he knew of some remarkable cures by Dr. J. Eugene Jordan with his new system of medicine. We, therefore, gave him a trial, and the result is that my wife has completely recovered. It is evident that Dr. Jordan's system surpasses in theory and practice the past and the future. PHIL C. WADSWORTH, 202 Twelfth St., Portland, Or.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yeater, Third and James. Consultation and prescriptions absolutely free.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

TRY GERMER for breakfast.

## WHY!

### WHEREFORE.

The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catch-line that strikes the eye thus:

## ST. JACOBS OIL.

### THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

## THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers, Mayors and Officials, testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED, and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

## THE POOR MAN

finds what he needs and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.

## SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA PLUG CUT



BROOKLYN HOTEL, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 13