

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GIRLS, DO YOUR DUTY

EDUCATION AND HOUSEWORK MUST GO HAND IN HAND.

Nearly All the Cultivated, Keen, Thinking Women of this Country are Housekeepers and Pride Themselves on Their Bread Thus Baked.

A young girl finishes her school life and comes back into the family again. Suppose she has neither the taste nor the ability to take up any work outside her home. Suppose, however, that she is bright, intelligent, fond of books and music and pictures. Suppose, last of all, that the family income is not large, and that there is but one or, at the most, two servants in the house. Now the question naturally arises what shall be the attitude of the young, untrained but intelligent mind toward the homely details of housework? Shall she take them up or let them alone? Is housework worthy of the best effort, worthy of the time and thought of an educated and clever young woman? Let us see. "If only housework were not so distressing in its details," sighs the young woman, "or if I only liked it better. But as it is, it doesn't seem worth my while. I hate brooms and pots and kettles, and my fingers crawl at the thought of a dishcloth, and besides it seems to me that I ought to put my time to better use; that I ought to be improving my mind." So here is her indictment against housework: First, that it is unpleasant. So it is. It is very unpleasant. To do it is to do it with a grudge, to say nothing of its being uninteresting.

But have you never stopped to consider that the details of most work are unpleasant. The details of a physician's work are unpleasant in the extreme. The lawyer's life is a hard grind after petty facts; the teacher gets little fun out of disciplining youngsters and drilling at the third person singular of the German verb until the class nicknames her "The Third Person Singular." Nobody's life is fun, young woman. If you're taking your stand on that foot, just shift over to the other. Living is pretty serious business, and all we've got to do is to make the best of it. And the details of living are sure to be undignified and uninteresting.

The second indictment that this young woman draws up is that she doesn't like it. Of course she doesn't. What woman does like pots and pans; years over brooms and dishcloths; feel that her whole being is fulfilled in sousing and sautéing? What woman will convict herself of such bad taste as that? No woman likes these things; no woman has any business to like them. When she does, then it is from grace and not from nature.

Suppose you don't like them? It isn't likely that your mother likes them. But she has done them for years, and is still doing them, because there's no one else. Do them, and do well and heartily, but don't insist upon liking them. To like the results of them is all that you will find necessary. A happy atmosphere in the home, more comfort for all the family, a new appreciation of your own dignity and worth in the family—these are some of the things that come from a realization of the moral qualities that go into work. There are many wise and helpful people in the world who sincerely believe that we are going to have within the next few generations a new estimate of the worth of work—an estimate based not upon the amount of money the piece of work is worth; not upon the seeming importance it bears to the world, but upon the conscientious spirit which goes into the work. When, for example, we shall honor the man and the service of him who lays a stone wall just as well as a stone wall can be laid, quite as much as we shall honor the man who stands at the head of a nation or leads armies to victory.

If that day ever comes it will be the day in which the housework and the housekeeper will have their linings. Because there is no work in all the world that has such a deep spiritual significance, such a bearing upon the welfare of the world, that it will not help to settle the question of whether or not we expect a man to entertain sane opinions on matters that deal with women's welfare when he puts contempt for her into his mouth with every bit of unwholesome, sordid bread that he eats?

And so, you see, we come to the last indictment which you draw up—that it isn't worth your while; that you ought to be "improving your mind" by reading young woman, don't get any such inflated ideas as these into your head. If you don't find plenty of chances for mind improvement in the exigencies and emergencies of housework, you won't find them in books, or in music, or in painting. You'll get more chemistry in one day's thoughtful prowl about the cooking stove than you are likely to have got out of a school book. You'll find more physics in the plumbing pipe than you did in the big book you carried into class so faithfully every day. You'll find human nature more interesting and more natural in your children than in your novels. Don't worry about your mind. It can take care of itself and will grow without anxious feeding, if it's any kind of mind at all.

And suppose you take into consideration your duty to somebody else besides yourself. That counts, because there really is such an old-fashioned thing in the world, for all this new-fashioned thought of ours, as our duty to others. The family income is small, the service is small, and there is plenty of work for young, strong arms to do. Then shame be unto your young, strong self if you take no share in it; if you keep laying the burden of your living on the shoulders of your tired, willing mother. And if the education which you've been years in getting has had anything for you let it show in ability to make the hard way of your mother and easier in the house. It isn't beneath the dignity of an educated young woman. Do you know that nearly all the cultivated, keen, thinking women of this country are famous housekeepers and pride themselves a deal more on their bread than they do on their brains?—Baltimore Herald.

A Curious Irish Tradition.

Ireland is a country rich in traditions, and in places every inch of the ground has its queer history and some quaint story attached to it. For instance, not far from Belfast there is a romantic old well in a curious hollow of the hills called Barnas bog. The well is known as Barnas bog and is filled at the bottom with white stones, the heather around being covered with pieces of rags. Close to, is a large mound composed of stones, which is said to cover the bones of a holy friar long since dead. Every visitor to the well appears to make it a practice of adding a stone to the heap already there, but for what reason it is impossible to say.—Million.

SOME JOGULAR JINGLES.

When Mollie bathes the baby, I lay my book aside And watch the operation With deep paternal pride, I scan the dimpled body Of the struggling little elf For undeveloped points of Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby She always says to me: "Isn't he just as cunning And sweet as he can be? Just see those pretty dimples! Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?" And then, "You precious darling, I could kiss those arms in two."

When Mollie bathes the baby, I always say to her: "Look out, now, don't you drop him," And she answers back, "No, sir!" Then I talk about his rosy cheeks, The muscles in his arms, His shapely head, his sturdy legs And other fatherly charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby, The household lends its knee And shows him greater deference Than to the baby's mother, I feel no jealous grudge As they lay him to the skies, For every one admires him, And that he has his father's eyes.

—Ladies Home Journal.

Our Hero.

As center rush he on my pride, He killed a man or two; He merely touched them, and they died! He roared upon the crew.

He wore the mask and caught insooths From off the gleaming belt, The umpire trembled in his boots When Slasher said, "How's that?"

He broke the record with the shot, And when we fought the town, It took three proctors and a lot Of cops to hold him down.

But since he's left the college stage And vanished from the scene We hear he writes the woman's page For Duffy's Magazine.

—Harry Romaine in Life.

The Young Woman Who Lived in a Flat.

There was a young woman who lived in a flat, She had seven children, a dog and a cat, A bird and a husband, I know what to do, She didn't like Father who lived in a shoe.

To feed them together she couldn't, for when The table was set in the dining room den, It filled all the space so nobody could squeeze 'Tween table and walls, try as hard as he please.

So three at a time she just managed to feed, And, though they all ate with a cannibal's speed, It gave that poor woman no rest in the day From flogging the table and clearing away.

From feeding the family puzzled her quite, 'Twas nothing to storing 'em off for the night, Fine beds she had plenty, all made to unfold, But never a room open when would she could.

A boy on a mat slumbered out in the hall; Another lay on two chairs in a row; The big boy was studying for the night, On this in the kitchen a little class slept.

The puddle, compelled in a corner to squeeze, Could never untie to get after his fleas, The old man, who doesn't grow fat any more, Was tucked in the bathrobe to blissfully snore.

The mother-in-law, who quite often was there, In nightgown and gown filled the hard rocking chair, And then the poor woman looked round for a moral quality that she could work.

On which she could lay what was left of her self, Although this young woman had there in her flat, A bird, seven children, a dog and a cat, And also a husband, she never at all Could see them together, the rooms were so small.

To make herself certain that none should be lost, Out into the street once a week they were forced, And after their noses were counted all right, She led the procession up stairs with delight.

That poor woman's troubles were thicker than flies, A little, less stranger dropped down from the skies, But couldn't get in till they fired the cat— For never is room for "one more" in a flat. —Detroit Free Press.

A Difficult Scheme.

It was a Cambridge car, and it had stopped Just in front of a block-bait, Mrs. Casey, who sat near the front door, tackled her bundle of washing and started to leave by the front platform. The bundle was rather large and decidedly awkward to handle, and when she reached the street it slipped from her grasp and fell upon one of the tracks.

She started quickly to recover it, but a sudden apprehension seized her, and she stopped. Looking at the motorman, she said doubtfully, "If I put me put on the track, will I hit a shock?"

"No, madam," replied the motorman gravely, "unless you put your foot on the trolley wire."—Boston Budget.

Impertinent.

"Say, you've got your saddle on backward."

"How do you know which way I'm going, mister?"—Truth.

Keep Them Away.

Summer Hotel Proprietor—It's singular there are no more young people here this year.

Clerk—Not at all.

Proprietor—Why isn't it?

Clerk—Didn't you advertise that the back piazzas would be lighted by electricity?

Life.

A Minister and Florist.

A minister not far from London carries on the trade of florist. He grows fine roses and other choice plants, all of which find a ready and remunerative sale at Covent Garden. When he began he traded with borrowed capital; now he is comparatively wealthy.—National Review.

Trained Monkeys.

In the Zoological gardens in London a monkey was taught to eat with knife and fork, and in the Zoological gardens of Paris a monkey arranged his food on the table, using his napkin and knife and fork as well as a child.—Harper's Young People.

FOR THE FARMERS

Select Matter Worthy of Their Careful Perusal.

A BIG LEAK IN THE DAIRY.

What a Young Farmer Who Allows No One to Lead Him Very Long in Anything Pertaining to First-Class Farming Does in Such a Case.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman writes: "A dairyman who is using a separator said one of his neighbors believed he could obtain equally as good results from the old method, providing his milk stood long enough to become sour. He may have had some misgivings, however, for he brought to the first dairyman who owns a Babcock milk-tester a sample of his skim milk. He took a sample of his milk that had been run through the separator, in which his neighbor's tested fully 1 per cent. 'Whew!' he said, 'how much am I losing at that rate?' 'How many pounds of milk do you have daily?' 'About 700 pounds a day.' 'Did you lose seven pounds a day or more?' He did not stand around long to 'talk politics,' but was seen taking rapid strides toward home. The last heard from him he was soiling his pants after this manner: 'Now, young man, I want to know what you are going to do? Here you are losing about seven pounds of butter a day. You know very well you cannot afford such a big leak as that; but then a separator costs money, and times are awfully close this spring and we must curtail expenses wherever we can. Yes, I know; but just look at it: seven pounds a day, 210 pounds a month at 20 cents, \$42. How many months will it take to lose enough to buy a separator? Just then the horn blew for dinner, and the next news we hear from him is that he has sold his separator at \$5 a. m. sharp with a Babcock tester to test his entire herd. Those who know this young farmer best have no fears of his 'going dry' for he has plenty of milk to lead him very long in anything pertaining to first-class farming."

Feather-Eating a Habit.

Experience teaches me that feather-eating is merely a habit into which fowls get when eating soft food. The fowls get the food on their bills, throw their heads to clean their bills, and thus get the food on their feathers. Fowls pick at everything that looks like eatables; so when they have cleaned their platters they clean one another's feathers, and as there is more food on their heads than elsewhere, they pick there for the most part. Thus they pick the feathers, and thus pick the feathers. I bought some eggs of a neighbor whose hens picked feathers so badly that their heads and necks were bare and often bleeding. This neighbor always feeds soft food once a day. I attributed the feather-eating to the soft food clinging to their feathers, and set the eggs regardless of consequences. I had a fine lot of chicks. They grew into hens. We had plenty of food at that time, and I gave the soft food a rest for six months and fed grain. There was no feather-eating going on among those hens. With the first mess of soft food I gave them began the habit of feather-eating, and it was kept up until I left feeding soft food and fed grain. This last winter I fed grain to my hens. There was no feather-eating among them. This spring I fed soft food, and they went to eating feathers. The hens I have now are Brown Leghorns. Those formerly kept were mostly Black Spaniards.

For the hateful cabbage worms, of which there are three kinds, each worse than the other, many methods of treatment have been recommended. One is to dissolve saltpeter in water and sprinkle the solution on the plants. Another is to scatter bran or fine middlings on the leaves. This has the merit of being effective in wet or damp weather, as the worms are covered by the sticky paste and made helpless. Another remedy is to sprinkle insect powder on the leaves, and a different kind of powder is the so-called "slug shot." Dry coal ashes are also recommended, as well as plaster made odorous by carbolic acid. Other victims of its ravages are the caterpillars especially think the most effective treatment is to pick them off by hand. Sometimes the small worms are best, but the list of methods to choose from. I help to catch the butterflies with a small hand net on a handle four feet long, for every mature insect caught makes a hundred worms less to fight. For a small garden for family use only it will pay to cut a web of mosquito net into squares large enough to cover a plant and use these as protection, leaving a few plants unprotected for the butterflies may lay their eggs, and the young worms may be killed wholesale by Paris green.—Colman's Rural World.

Picking Out Layers.

How many poultrymen can pick out a good laying hen from a strange flock? Not many can do it, yet it can easily be done after a short study of make-up and characteristics, says a writer in the Northwest Farmer. There goes a hen with a thick neck, large head, ill-shaped, walks listlessly about, seemingly with no intention or purpose in view. She does not care to scratch, but hangs around the henhouse, evidently waiting for the next feed. She gets up late in the morning and goes to bed early in the evening. That hen may be put down as a very poor layer. The eggs of some of the other hens in the flock pay for her keep. Here comes another. She walks briskly, and there is an elasticity in her movements which shows she has something in view. She is neat and natty in appearance, and she is not fat. Her neck is nicely arched or curved. She forages or scratches all day long and may be too busy to come for her evening meal. She is at the door in the morning waiting to be let out. She snatches a few mouthfuls of feed and is off to the meadow, looking for insects. Before she gets out in the morning she generally deposits her daily egg in the nest, or returns after a short forage. She is neat, clean and tidy, with a brightness and freshness pleasant to the eye. That is the hen that pays for her feed and gives good profit all year round. The writer has noticed these traits since boyhood and knows that they are infallible. By studying these traits any man may, in a few years, have a fine flock of hens.

THE PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat Market.

Export values are given nominally at 77½¢ per bushel for Walla Walla, and 70½¢ per bushel for Walla Walla wheat. Harvesting will begin about the 20th or 25th in the Walla Walla country. The Big Bend and Palouse countries are from four to six weeks later. The prospects are for a large crop.

Produce Market.

Flour—Standard brands are quoted as follows: Portland, Salem, Cascadia and Dayton, \$2.65 per barrel; Walla Walla, \$2.60; Snowflake, \$2.70; Corvallis, \$2.50; Pendleton, \$2.50; Graham, \$2.40; and superfine, \$2.25.

Oats—Steady at 36¢ per bushel for white and 35¢ for gray. Rolled oats are quoted as follows: Bags, \$5.75; 45¢; 40¢; 35¢; 30¢; 25¢; 20¢; 15¢; 10¢; 5¢; 0¢.

Milwaukee—Bran, \$15.17; shorts, \$16.18; ground barley, \$20; chop feed, \$16.16; whole feed barley, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$23.25 per ton; chicken wheat, 65¢ per 100 lb. per ton.

Hay—Good, \$10.12 per ton.

Butter—Quotations are as follows: Oregon fancy creamery, 20¢; 22¢ per pound; factory dairy, 17½¢; 20¢; fair to good, 12½¢; 15¢; common, 9¢; 10¢.

Cheese—Oregon 11½¢; 12¢; 14¢; 15¢; imported, 30¢; 32¢; domestic, 16¢; 18¢.

Eggs—The market is lower, 12½¢; 15¢ being quoted, the latter price for candied stock.

Poultry—All quotations are very weak. Old chickens are worth from \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen. Young are worth from \$2.00 to \$2.50, according to size. There is no demand for old ducks or geese. Young ducks are quoted at \$3.00; 4.50; and young geese, \$6.00; \$8.00. Turkeys are slow at \$10.00.

Onions—New California red, 1¢ per pound; yellow, 1½¢ per pound. The market is very weak.

Potatoes—Firm. Quoted at 85¢; 90¢ per sack. New Oregon set readily at 1½¢; 1¢ per pound.

Vegetables—Tomatoes and cucumbers are scarce. Oregon cabbage, 40¢; 50¢ per dozen; California cabbage, 40¢; 50¢ per dozen; cauliflower, \$2.00 per crate, 10¢; 15¢ per dozen; parsley, 40¢ per dozen; string beans, 40¢ per pound; wax beans, 40¢; 50¢ per pound; asparagus, 60¢; 70¢ per dozen; peas, 30¢; 40¢ per pound; cucumbers, 12¢ per small box, \$2.25; 2.50 per large box; California tomatoes, \$1 per 25-pounds box; corn, 30¢; 35¢ per bushel; plant, 10¢ per pound; green peppers, 12½¢; 15¢ per pound.

Berries—Strawberries, 40¢; 50¢ per pound; raspberries, 50¢; 60¢ per pound; currants, 40¢; 50¢.

Commercial Fruit—Bananas are slow sale. California fancy lemons, \$4.50; common, \$2.00; 3.00; Sicily, \$6.00; 6.25; Mediterranean, \$5.00; 5.25; \$1.00; \$1.25; \$1.50; \$1.75; \$2.00; \$2.25; \$2.50; \$2.75; \$3.00; \$3.25; \$3.50; \$3.75; \$4.00; \$4.25; \$4.50; \$4.75; \$5.00; \$5.25; \$5.50; \$5.75; \$6.00; \$6.25; \$6.50; \$6.75; \$7.00; \$7.25; \$7.50; \$7.75; \$8.00; \$8.25; \$8.50; \$8.75; \$9.00; \$9.25; \$9.50; \$9.75; \$10.00; \$10.25; \$10.50; \$10.75; \$11.00; \$11.25; \$11.50; \$11.75; \$12.00; \$12.25; \$12.50; \$12.75; \$13.00; \$13.25; \$13.50; \$13.75; \$14.00; \$14.25; \$14.50; \$14.75; \$15.00; \$15.25; \$15.50; \$15.75; \$16.00; \$16.25; \$16.50; \$16.75; \$17.00; \$17.25; \$17.50; \$17.75; \$18.00; \$18.25; \$18.50; \$18.75; \$19.00; \$19.25; \$19.50; \$19.75; \$20.00; \$20.25; \$20.50; \$20.75; \$21.00; \$21.25; \$21.50; \$21.75; \$22.00; \$22.25; \$22.50; \$22.75; \$23.00; \$23.25; \$23.50; \$23.75; \$24.00; \$24.25; \$24.50; \$24.75; \$25.00; \$25.25; \$25.50; \$25.75; \$26.00; \$26.25; \$26.50; \$26.75; 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