

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSES ON THE REDEMPTION OF THE RACE.

A Topic Suggested by the Famous Paintings of Munich—Types of Humanity Represented by the Two Malefactors—A Plunge into Darkness.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Kloppsch.) The famous paintings in the picture galleries of Munich seem to have suggested the topic of this discourse, which Dr. Talmage sends from the quaint Bavarian town, but the theme which inspired the painters awakens in the great preacher thoughts of the redemption of the human race, which was the supreme design of that scene of suffering and death. The text is Luke xliii, 33, "There they crucified him and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending, for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with reverence, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers, with drawn swords, drive back the mob which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback dash along the line and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you!" is the cry. "Have you never before seen a man die?"

Three crosses in a row—an upright piece and two transverse pieces, one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison and the one at the left bitter aloes, the one in the middle apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand and give a look at the three crosses.

Just look at the cross on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More awful than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of him on the middle cross. This wretched man turns half around on the spikes to him at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose and he were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground that he might spear him. He envies the mechanics who with their nails have nailed him fast. Amid the settling darkness and louder than the crash of the rocks hear him leer out these words: "Ah, you poor wretch! I knew you were an impostor! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these legions master you!" It was in some such hate that Voltaire in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow and cried out, "Crush that wretch!" What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins—away with him! On his right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say, "Back with him from the heart! I will not let him take my sins. If he will die, let him die for himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malefactor perished the faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world!

A Plunge into Darkness.

Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblest death hour, the stings of the sinner's departure. What a plunge into darkness! Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says, "Here I go out of a miserable life into a wretched eternity." One! Two! Three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had 70 years in that to prepare for eternity, said, "Were I master of all the world, I would give it all to live it one day longer." Sir Frances Newport, hovering over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years to purchase the favor of God, and to be reconciled to him again! Oh, eternity! Oh, eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase these words, 'Forever and forever?'"

That right hand cross—thousands have perished on it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse at the last that life has been wasted and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God, let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right hand cross! Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Read not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that

day had that man heard of Christ. But after Christ has stood almost 19 centuries, working the wonders of his grace, you reject him.

That right hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the spirit of God shall, with its ax, hew down that right hand cross until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross, and unbelief, the rattling malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through. Down to hell; down, most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to those thou hast already damned! Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of heaven.

"If thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out his birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when he had thee still. Tell me, ye dead who got up to see him die. Tell me, thou sun in midheaven, who for him didst pull down over thy face thy veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is he the Son of God? Aye, aye, responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for this right hand cross, except it is used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

The Penitent Malefactor.

Here from the right hand cross I go to the left hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. The victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross, yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose, not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! Between us is innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather round this left hand cross, O ye people! Be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left hand cross is a repenting cross. As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under the water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life—of that night when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred he put a knife through his heart; of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer, and, regardless of the cries and prayers and tears and struggles of his victim, he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones.

He says, "I am a guilty wretch. I deserve this. There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for he has done me no wrong. And yet I cannot die. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing, the present a crucifixion, the future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that he knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that he can cure the wounded, I have heard that he can pardon the sinner. Surely in all his wanderings up and down the earth he never saw one more in need of his forgiveness. Blessed One, I turn to thee. Will thou turn for the moment away from thy own pangs to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture—I can stand all this—but, oh, my sins, my sins, my sins! They pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' I ask no great things. I seek no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies, but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at thy side, when the shout of heavenly welcome takes thee back into thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt thou? 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' Only just remember me."

Likewise must we repent. You say, "I have stolen nothing." I reply, "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed him of our time, robbed him of our talent, robbed him of our services." Suppose you send a man out as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary, would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve him. He has given us wages all the time. Yet how many of us have been serving another master! When a man

is convicted of treason, he is brought out; a regiment surrounds him, and the command is given: "Attention, company! Take aim! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There comes a time in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troop of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture.

True Condition of the Unpardoned. You say, "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs, and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the cave, but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far you see the flashing eye of a wild beast or hear the hiss of a serpent. So the heart seems in the sunlight of worldliness. But as I wave the torch of God's truth and go down into the deep cavern of the heart, alas, for the distressing horrors and the rattling fangs! Have you ever noticed the climax of this passage of Scripture: "The heart is deceitful." That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things." Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked!" If we could see the true condition of the unpardoned before God, what wringing of hands there would be! What a thousand voiced shriek of supplication and despair! But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next you, but to you. You are a sinner. All the transgressions of a life time have been gathered up into an avalanche. At any moment it may slip from the cliffs and crush you forever. May the Lord Almighty, by his grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

This left hand cross was a believing cross. There was no guesswork in that prayer, no "if" in that supplication. The left hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done; the bridge is built strong enough for us all to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers, but as a warrior with gauntleted fists beats at the castle gate. So with all the aroused energies of our souls let us pound at the gate of heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with a bunch of keys. You try philosophy. That will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the cross and place the foot of it in the lock, and by the two arms of the cross I turn the lock, and the door opens.

Forthwith the left hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholster of a king's couch. When the body became still and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another, "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead. Peace closed his eyes. Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought unrighteousness, ye who have companioned with the unclean, ye who have scaled every height of transgression and fathomed every depth and passed every extreme of iniquity—mercy, mercy!

"The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away."

New Postal Law in Hawaii. Word was received at the postoffice yesterday says the Chicago Inter-Ocean that Hawaii, as a territory of the United States, has become subject to the postal laws and regulations of this country. The same postal conditions governing domestic mails now prevail in Hawaii, and between the territory of Hawaii and the United States. This includes the use of United States stamps for the payment of postage. Hereafter there will be no parcels post with Hawaii, the limit of weight in packages of merchandise to be sent through the mails now being reduced from twelve to four pounds. The international domestic order system is superseded by the domestic.

"Majestatsbeldigung." What the old Grand Duke of Oldenburg, whose death was reported lately, thought of the crime of "majestatsbeldigung" may be inferred from an anecdote of his in the Kleine Zeitung. A few years ago a Social-Democratic workman was arrested on a charge of "insulting the grand duke," and was condemned to six months' imprisonment. No sooner had the prince heard of it than he issued the categorical order, "Let the fellow loose at once! Nobody can insult me. If a donkey does not approve of Oldenburg, he can go and bray in some other land."

Precious Stones That Grow. This is not a little fairy tale although at first sight it may appear to be. There are at least two kinds of precious stones that grow on trees! For instance, it is by no means rare to find beautiful pearls in the coconut palm of the Philippine islands, while yet another precious stone is to be found in the joints of the bamboo cane, the natives wearing it as an ornament.

The tip of the tongue is chiefly sensible to pungent and acid states, the middle portion to sweets or bitters, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of faint meals and fatty substances.

ACCEPTS RENOMINATION.

McKinley's Letter a Long Document.

DISCUSSES ALL THE ISSUES.

But Imperialism in Particular—Indorses Philadelphia Platform—Silver Still an Issue—Mentions Tariff and Currency—Volume of Money.

President McKinley's formal acceptance of his renomination by the Republican national convention is now in the hands of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the notification committee.

The letter is nine newspaper columns in length, and was finished, dated, and forwarded to Senator Lodge Saturday. The president's letter is a careful analysis of all the issues of the day.

The money question, the trust problem, the tariff, the gold reserves, the Isthmian canal, and the merit system are discussed in turn. The question of imperialism is the last issue discussed by the president. Although placed as last in importance among the issues now before the people, President McKinley devotes more space to the subject than for all the others combined.

The policy of the administration in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines is defended at great length.

Imperialism Charges Unfounded. On the charge of "imperialism" the president declares that the opponents of the administration have failed to bring evidence to support their allegation. In other words, he asserts that the anti-expansionists have "failed to make a case."

The president begins his letter by a hearty endorsement of the Philadelphia platform. He charges the Democratic party with forcing upon the people a second battle upon the same lines that resulted four years ago in a triumphant victory for the gold standard and sound currency. In alluding to the issue which is declared to be res adjudicata, the president makes use of the title of Mr. Bryan's book, and terms the last presidential campaign as "the first battle."

Silver Still an Issue.

On this question he says: "While regretting the reopening of this question, which can only disturb the present satisfactory financial condition of the government, and visit uncertainty upon our great business enterprises, we accept the issue and again invite the sound money forces to join in winning another and, we hope, a permanent triumph for an honest financial system which will continue inviolable the public faith."

"As in 1896, the three silver parties are united under the same leader, who immediately after the election of that year, in an address to the bimetallicists, said: 'The friends of bimetallicism have not been vanquished; they have simply been overcome. They believe that the gold standard is a conspiracy of the money-changers against the welfare of the human race—and they will continue the warfare against it.'"

President McKinley declares that the re-affirmation of the silver plank in the Chicago platform by the Kansas City convention makes the silver question the dominant issue in the campaign. He says:

"Nothing has been omitted or recalled; so that all the perils then threatened are presented anew, with the added force of a deliberate reaffirmation. Four years ago the people refused to place the seal of their approval upon these dangerous and revolutionary policies, and this year they will not fail to record again their earnest dissent."

Relief on Tariff Question.

One short paragraph is devoted to the tariff question, in which the president declares that the Republican party "remains faithful to its principles of a tariff which supplies sufficient revenues for the government and adequate protection to our enterprises and producers. The time-honored princi-

ples of protection and reciprocity were the first pledges of Republican victory to be written into public law."

In taking up the currency question the president intimates that Mr. Bryan is a false prophet in the following quotation: "Instead of diminishing, as was predicted four years ago, the volume of our currency is greater per capita than it has ever been. It was \$21.10 in 1896. It had increased to \$28.50 on July 1, 1900, and was \$28.85 on Sept. 1, 1900. Our total money on July 1, 1896, was \$1,506,434,968; on July 1, 1900, it was \$2,062,425,490, and \$2,096,683,042 on Sept. 1, 1900."

LATEST MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Winter wheat—No. 1 red, 75¢; No. 2 red, 74¢; No. 3 red, 73¢; No. 4 red, 72¢; No. 5 red, 71¢; No. 6 red, 70¢; No. 7 red, 69¢; No. 8 red, 68¢; No. 9 red, 67¢; No. 10 red, 66¢; No. 11 red, 65¢; No. 12 red, 64¢; No. 13 red, 63¢; No. 14 red, 62¢; No. 15 red, 61¢; No. 16 red, 60¢; No. 17 red, 59¢; No. 18 red, 58¢; No. 19 red, 57¢; No. 20 red, 56¢; No. 21 red, 55¢; No. 22 red, 54¢; No. 23 red, 53¢; No. 24 red, 52¢; No. 25 red, 51¢; No. 26 red, 50¢; No. 27 red, 49¢; No. 28 red, 48¢; No. 29 red, 47¢; No. 30 red, 46¢; No. 31 red, 45¢; No. 32 red, 44¢; No. 33 red, 43¢; No. 34 red, 42¢; No. 35 red, 41¢; No. 36 red, 40¢; No. 37 red, 39¢; No. 38 red, 38¢; No. 39 red, 37¢; No. 40 red, 36¢; No. 41 red, 35¢; No. 42 red, 34¢; No. 43 red, 33¢; No. 44 red, 32¢; No. 45 red, 31¢; No. 46 red, 30¢; No. 47 red, 29¢; No. 48 red, 28¢; No. 49 red, 27¢; No. 50 red, 26¢; No. 51 red, 25¢; No. 52 red, 24¢; No. 53 red, 23¢; No. 54 red, 22¢; No. 55 red, 21¢; No. 56 red, 20¢; No. 57 red, 19¢; No. 58 red, 18¢; No. 59 red, 17¢; No. 60 red, 16¢; No. 61 red, 15¢; No. 62 red, 14¢; No. 63 red, 13¢; No. 64 red, 12¢; No. 65 red, 11¢; No. 66 red, 10¢; No. 67 red, 9¢; No. 68 red, 8¢; No. 69 red, 7¢; No. 70 red, 6¢; No. 71 red, 5¢; No. 72 red, 4¢; No. 73 red, 3¢; No. 74 red, 2¢; No. 75 red, 1¢; No. 76 red, 0¢; No. 77 red, -1¢; No. 78 red, -2¢; No. 79 red, -3¢; No. 80 red, -4¢; No. 81 red, -5¢; No. 82 red, -6¢; No. 83 red, -7¢; No. 84 red, -8¢; No. 85 red, -9¢; No. 86 red, -10¢; No. 87 red, -11¢; No. 88 red, -12¢; No. 89 red, -13¢; No. 90 red, -14¢; No. 91 red, -15¢; No. 92 red, -16¢; No. 93 red, -17¢; No. 94 red, -18¢; No. 95 red, -19¢; No. 96 red, -20¢; No. 97 red, -21¢; No. 98 red, -22¢; No. 99 red, -23¢; No. 100 red, -24¢; No. 101 red, -25¢; No. 102 red, -26¢; No. 103 red, -27¢; No. 104 red, -28¢; No. 105 red, -29¢; No. 106 red, -30¢; No. 107 red, -31¢; No. 108 red, -32¢; No. 109 red, -33¢; No. 110 red, -34¢; No. 111 red, -35¢; No. 112 red, -36¢; No. 113 red, -37¢; No. 114 red, -38¢; No. 115 red, -39¢; No. 116 red, -40¢; 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No. 371 red, -295¢; No. 372 red, -296¢; No. 373 red, -297¢; No. 374 red, -298¢; No. 375 red, -299¢; No. 376 red, -300¢; No. 377 red, -301¢; No. 378 red, -302¢; No. 379 red, -303¢; No. 380 red, -304¢; No. 381 red, -305¢; No. 382 red, -306¢; No. 383 red, -307¢; No. 384 red, -308¢; No. 385 red, -309¢; No. 386 red, -310¢; No. 387 red, -311¢; No. 388 red, -312¢; No. 389 red, -313¢; No. 390 red, -314¢; No. 391 red, -315¢; No. 392 red, -316¢; No. 393 red, -317¢; No. 394 red, -318¢; No. 395 red, -319¢; No. 396 red, -320¢; No. 397 red, -321¢; No. 398 red, -322¢; No. 399 red, -323¢; No. 400 red, -324¢; No. 401 red, -325¢; No. 402 red, -326¢; No. 403 red, -327¢; No. 404 red, -328¢; No. 405 red, -329¢; No. 406 red, -330¢; No. 407 red, -331¢; No. 408 red, -332¢; No. 409 red, -333¢; No. 410 red, -334¢; No. 411 red, -335¢; No. 412 red, -336¢; No. 413 red, -337¢; No. 414 red, -338¢; No. 415 red, -339¢; No. 416 red, -340¢; No. 417 red, -341¢; No. 418 red, -342¢; No. 419 red, -343¢; No. 420 red, -344¢; 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