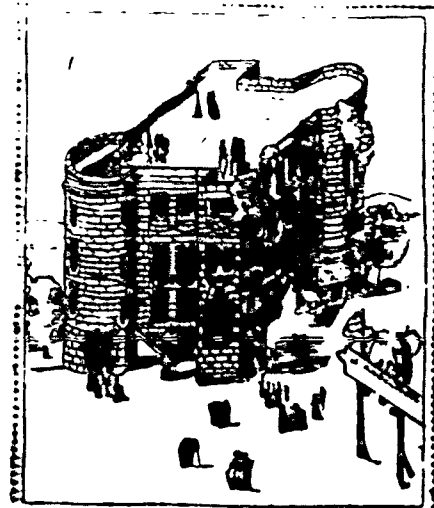


NATIONAL CAPITAL.

PROGRESS OF IMPORTANT LEGISLATION.

The Porto Rican Tariff Debate. Conference on the Financial Bill. The Macrum Charges New Army Bill. The Deadweight Bill.

Visitors to the Paris Exhibition who make their entrance by the Place de la Concorde will probably wonder whether they are the victims of hallucination or the subject of a reasonable practical joke. They will be confronted with a weird-looking structure, which a momentary examination will show them is in reality a house. But it is not an ordinary dwelling place. Architects usually have a weakness for laying their foundations upon a solid substratum of earth. Not so the designer of the "Manoir a l'Envers." He has laid the foundations in the clouds, and the only communication with mother earth is by way of the chimneys and turrets of his feudal mansion. Nevertheless, there is no danger of its falling into space with its occupants, for, be it noted, this topsy-turvy mansion is not uninhabited. The visitor draws closer and glances at the windows, people dressed like himself look out. To his astonishment they are as topsy-turvy as the house, for their feet point skywards and their heads are directed towards the ground.



The Topsy-Turvy Mansion at the Paris Exposition

If anxious to solve the mystery and to learn how it has become possible for mere humanity to emulate the fly and walk upside down, the visitor will only find his bewilderment increased. In fact, the apparent intention of the designer of the "Manoir" is to instill a lasting doubt in the minds of men as to whether they do really stand on their heads or their heels.

Immediately the visitor enters he at once becomes part and parcel of the topsy-turvy scheme. He is ushered into a room, and gradually it dawns upon him that he is really walking up on the ceiling. He looks anxiously round him for something to clutch; there is nothing. He takes one cautious step—another. He has achieved the impossible, he has learned to walk with his head where his heels should be. The lesson thus being learned, he will find it possible to enjoy with equanimity the ordinary doings of humanity from his novel point of view. He may proceed to a bath-room and perceive a steaming jet of hot water spouting upward into the tub. He may proceed to the dining-room, where the laws of gravity being suspended, the table remains unmoved directly over his head, and all the paraphernalia of the table, the plates, the cutlery, the flowers, sustain their positions without any more effort than the guests dining thereat.

Thence he may visit the kitchen, where the chef, in immaculate white apron, is busily engaged in his usual duties. The cook lets fall a saucepan lid, unconsciously the visitor puts up his hand to protect his head, but there is no need for him to do so, since, like everything else in this abode, the saucepan lids obey laws of their own. Then there is the drawing room, where standing alongside the chandelier he may avail himself of the unexampled opportunity afforded him for studying the art of the Parisian coiffeur as displayed upon the head of a lady who at the piano bench is thinking out the tune of the latest popular song. Even Gulliver in all his travels never witnessed anything more singular.

The ingenious production is the idea of a Russian engineer, and a French architect is responsible for the building itself, while British capital has made its erection possible. Needless to say, an ingenious arrangement of mirrors is responsible for an illusion which for elaborate detail easily transcends anything previously attempted in the same line.

The debate on the Porto Rican tariff bill was commenced by Mr. Payne, and it cannot be complained that time enough was not given. The bill necessarily brings up the whole subject of the government of our recently acquired possessions, and it has given rise to many peculiar ideas and opinions. It was supposed that the measure would call forth a united opposition, but at this writing it is evident that while some Republicans may not support the measure, there are Democrats both in the House and the Senate who will. Its passage through both Houses is fully assured, and by those well informed it is regarded as a necessary measure to restore the prosperity of the little island.

The Finance bill is likely to be the subject of long discussion in the conference committee. Some of the earnest supporters of the bill now want amendments inserted which have not been considered in either House. If it is opened up for general amendment it is difficult to say when the conference will get through with their work. However, it is predicted that an agreement is already in sight, and that after a few more sessions important progress can be reported.

The Macrum Resolution. Secretary Hay has replied to the resolution calling for information regarding the Macrum charges. In his reply the Secretary says:

"Answering the first part of the resolution: The Department of State has

been in regular communication by mail and telegraph with Charles R. Macrum, late consul of the United States at Pretoria, South Africa, since his entrance upon the duties of the office. Communications made to him have been answered and the execution of instructions sent has been reported by him. His dispatches to the department forwarded through the consulate at Lourenzo Marques, have during that time been regularly received. The only instance of complaint in respect to transit of the mails for Lourenzo Marques and Pretoria was in November last, when a temporary stoppage of the mails occurred at Cape Town, against which Mr. Macrum and the consuls at Lourenzo Marques protested.

Answering the second part of the aforesaid resolution the undersigned Secretary of State has the honor to say that there is no truth in the charge that a secret alliance exists between the republic of the United States and the empire of Great Britain; that no form of secret alliance is possible under the constitution of the United States inasmuch as treaties require the advice and consent of the Senate; and finally, that no secret alliance, convention, arrangement or understanding exists between the United States and any other nation."

General "Charlie" Chickering. The death of Congressman Charles A. Chickering taken from Washington life a man who for four years was one of the most popular and whole-souled men who ever occupied a position in the House of Representatives. Chickering was full of gaiety, and was greatly liked by every man with whom he ever came in contact. He never let an opportunity pass for making life a bit more worth living for those around him, and at the same time he never lost a chance to play a joke on his friends. Chickering during his Congressional career lived in a hotel in this city. For two or three years he supplied the guests of that hostelry with cigars after dinner. One night, as he told the story, after passing around the words and securing commendation for their merits, he said: "They ought to be good; I raised that tobacco myself upon my farm in Lewis county. My hired man is an ingenious individual, and on rainy days, when he has nothing else to do, he goes out in the barn and rolls up cigars." Mr. Chickering affirms that after he told that yarn one after the other of his colleagues went to the door, surreptitiously threw their cigars into the gutter and then bought fresh ones at the desk. "That mild lie," said he, "saved me at least three boxes a week."

The Clark Contest. The expenses in the Clark election contest will be enormous. It is estimated that the cost to the Government alone will approximate \$50,000, while Mr. Clark and the memorialists, the latter understood to be Marcus Daly, will probably find their bank accounts depleted by ten times that amount. The remarkable thing about the whole contest is the apparent indifference of Senator Clark to the outcome. The senator is a member of the Committee on District of Columbia, Geological Survey, Indian Affairs, Mines and Mining, Pacific Islands and Porto Rico, Railroads and Territories. At least five of these committees have important measures pending, and the senator attends every meeting of every committee to which he is attached with the greatest regularity. He shows a disposition to thoroughly post himself on all matters before those bodies, and is said to be a particularly effective member of Territories and the District of Columbia. He had a reputation as a business man before he came to Washington, and his energetic work shows that this reputation is well founded.

Patriotic Women. The re-election of Mrs. Daniel Manning as regent of the Daughters of the Revolution, continues at the head of this valuable patriotic society one of the distinguished and noble ladies of the Nation. Mrs. Manning has taken a very deep interest in the purposes of



Mrs. Daniel Manning.

the organization and her efforts for the extension of its influence have been effective and untiring. Mrs. Manning has interested in the society many of the noblest women in the country, and its future as a patriotic organization of the first importance is assured.

It Costs Money. It has been very clearly demonstrated through the hearings thus far that no man can run for any sort of an office in the mountain State unless he has a comfortable campaign fund behind him. Former Governor Houser testified, for instance, that after the admission of the State four of the biggest men in the Democratic party, of whom he was one, contributed \$40,000 each to the campaign fund. It is shown that owing to the peculiarity of the population enormous sums are necessary to conduct an ordinary campaign on a winning basis; in fact, two parties in Montana to-day together spend as much money in the State contests as was thought necessary for a presidential campaign twenty years ago. Clark was not elected to the Senate without the expenditure of a very large sum—just how much will never be known—but notwithstanding all the outcry that has been raised against him, the memorialists have thus far failed to produce a single man who they have proved was paid for his vote.

HEART PROMPTINGS.

I wanted to send her some flowers, For 'tis just two years to-day Since the little ones were taken From my neighbor over the way. But John said, "What good would it do her?" And why bring up the past?" He was sure "he" wouldn't want flowers," So I gave it up at last.

Men often think us foolish To do these "useless" things; But if they call us "angels," They should not clip our wings. There is something that tells us to do them— A feeling we can't resist; Perhaps if we gave up doing, There'd be something lost and missed.

And I can't help feeling the Master Still speaks for us now, ah when He defended those simple women Before the wiser men. As when, all worn and weary, With hours in field and street, That woman's tears provided The water for his feet.

All saw that He was sighted, Yet the men who loved Him, too, might have whispered, "Useless, foolish!" Had they known what she would do. One of that woman's sudden impulses, With love's unerring aim, Went straight to the heart of Jesus, And her deed to blessed fame.

And again, when His soul was heavy With the burden of unshared woe, Wounded by those who loved Him, As well as by open foe, "Heart—a woman's—answered With an act that met His need, And Heaven and Earth still witness To the fragrance of her deed.

But by some of His own disciples It was judged in angry haste. The poor might have had the money To what purpose all this waste? "She hath done what she could," He answered, and was wise.

"Hath wrought a good work on Me; And this she hath done, in My Gospel, Her endless memorial shall be."

And then, although sadly "useless," One voice—a woman's—rose For "that just Man"—for aken, Before His bitter foes, And all the Way of Sorrows Love's fearless protest came From that noble band of women To whom He spake by name.

Around the cross of their Master, They stood to the very end, "You can do no good," was whispered, Doubtless, by many a friend. Yet from His cross He saw them, And Mary standing there, Heard His own voice commit her To John's protecting care.

"Nay, do not go to the garden," Their friends, in kindness, said; But the women followed, weeping, And saw where He was laid. "It was useless to gather spices— What good will the ointment be? The tomb is sealed and guarded, There is only the stone to see."

But the women's strong devotion Impelled their eager feet To haste, in the early dawning, With spices and ointment sweet. Had they stayed and checked their feelings, Ah, think of the untold loss! For they were the first to see Him Who died for them on the cross.

Love speaks a simple language, But speak it must and will, And our Lord doth set His sanction On its tender promptings still. He has gone Himself to heaven, But He lives in His own to-day—I think I will send those flowers To my neighbor over the way. —F. in Parish Visitor.

TALE OF TWO LETTETS.

[By Thomas Mackall.] I. At the window of a military club, overlooking the park, stood Charley Halstone, savagely chewing the end of an unlit cigar, his hands rammed deep into his pockets, his whole attitude expressive of an opinion that he was the most ill-used man on earth. Yet his troubles, if such they be called, were of the most airy. Regimental affairs detained him in town for a day or two, that was all; but it was near the end of July, and London was off-season; there was nothing for him to do but kick his heels about the scorching streets and stuffy clubrooms. He turned from the window, stalked across the room, and dropped into a chair; pulled a match viciously across the sole of his boot, and lit his cigar, then picking up the Times began glancing down its columns. His eyes soon caught a paragraph that interested him.

It ran: "Lord Eldersford and his daughter, the Hon. Miss Mary Breyton, have left town for their seat near Southborne." Charley let the paper fall idly, and began to study his smoke clouds. Apparently the news was pleasantly reminiscent, for presently he smiled. Then came an idea—an inspiration. "Southborne is only an hour from town," he thought, "why not run down? A sniff of ozone will do me good, and half an hour with charming Mary Breyton—! In less than ten minutes he was back in his rooms. "Here, Read," said he, to his man, "put some things in my bag at once. I'm going down to Southborne by the two-thirty-five. If anything turns up wire me at the 'Ship'."

He had met Miss Breyton a few weeks previously, and he had struck up a friendship with her which caused his intimate friends to talk, one naturally smiled to hear that an ex-nursery miss should accomplish that which scores of women should fail in—the interesting of a handsome, thirty-year old, blue cavalryman. There was no special beauty about Mary, but she was sweet and fresh; as a matter of fact her charms for him were of one kind, they were in her difference to the other women he knew.

An hour run brought Charley Halstone to Southborne. Securing his rooms, and leaving his bag at the inn, he started for Eldersford. He had walked about a mile along the road when his attention was attracted by a vehicle coming his way. A pair of plebeians driven tandem in a smart daggart, red-wheeled and silver-limbed, came tooling along in splendid style, and the next moment he was bowing to the object of his visit. Mary, as she pulled up the cobs, she certainly did look very charming. The little round hat with the falcon's feather at the side, and the tight dust-coat, were even more suited to her than the frimp-erles of town wear, and she looked particularly dainty perched up in the high cart. He stepped up to the wheel, and was expressing the surprise, the pleasure, of meeting her, when she interrupted:

"Won't you come up, Captain Halstone; the ponies are very fresh, and I'm afraid they won't stand." Charley sprang into the seat beside her, and the next hour passed, it seemed in a few minutes. Mary drove him about the downs, turning the cobs with beautiful ease. As they drove they laughed and chatted, and their glances met, perhaps, more often than was absolutely necessary.

As he dismounted, he said that he would probably call next morning, but in case he should be unable, this, of course, would be good-bye. He found pleasure in saying it; the regret that showed in her eyes—its subtle flattery—was an incense to him. "But I will send you a line to-night in either case," he said. "Good-bye."

"An revolt," cried Mary. The little town of Southborne was bathed in sunshine next morning when Halstone came out of the hotel. He stood for a moment and glanced around. The old-fashioned, straggling street, so marvelously quaint and clean, the clustering red roofs, the glimpse of blue water dancing in the sun. It was like a bit out of a picture. Yesterday he had wondered how Christians could exist in such a deadly hole.

To-day, Southborne seemed an ideal spot. A groom brought round the gig, ordered for eleven o'clock. Halstone drew on his gloves, and smiled as he thought of his mission. Of course, marriage meant ties and sacrifice, but the sacrifice would not hurt him.

Perhaps it was time he settled down. His foot was on the step of the gig when a messenger came up and handed him an envelope—a compressed, envelope addressed in a feminine hand. His pulses quickened as he tore it open and took out the two notes, it contained. The first:

"Dear Captain Halstone—The enclosed was evidently not meant for me, though I must confess to the rudeness of reading it. I trust you will forgive me. Presumably, as you sent Mr. Nuttall's letter to me, you sent mine to him.

"Yours truly, "MARY BREYTON." "P. S.—Are there not one or two mistakes in the letter?" And the other:

"Dear Phil—You will wonder at my presence here. The fact is I saw that Eldersford and Mary had left town. Being stranded for amusement I ran down. It is a dear little thing, she handles herself as well as any man I know. I met her driving out and spent the afternoon behind her cobs. "She looked quite charming. I feel almost tempted to risk the sacrifice of marriage, and may, perhaps, put her out of suspense to-morrow. Fancy the stir it would make should I merge in to the married man. "Yours, C. H." Charley lit up a big cigar. "Take away that gig," he said to the stableman. He would not even allow himself to think until the glowing cigar end was within an inch of his teeth. "Hang it," he muttered, as he threw away the stump. I wonder how often they run trains out of this confounded hole."

A Country Where Every Man is a King. Only one people and one little valley south of the equator whose sovereignty has not been claimed by some European power now remains. It is the valley of Maroto, fifty or sixty miles wide, north of Lake in South Africa, and the only reason why the Marotos, who inhabit it, have preserved their independence is that England and Portugal both claim it, and therefore, the work of "civilization" is at a standstill.

It may not be so easy to conquer the Marotos when the time comes, for they are a tall, well set-up race, very black in skin.

In manners they are very courteous, and in bearing dignified. Every full-blooded Maroto is by birthright a king, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the empire. In fact, as every one is a king there is no head ruler. The bare fact that he is a Maroto insures the respect of the subervient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of superiority usually implants in the native the dignity of self-respect. All the labor is done by slaves, who have been captured from neighboring tribes.—Pearson's Weekly.

Moral Influence Recognized. "I suppose there are several lines to the East?" he queried at a railroad ticket office in Chicago the other day. "Well, yes," reluctantly replied the agent, "but if you want the shortest and quickest line—"

"That makes no difference to me," interrupted the caller. "I want a line controlled by moral influences. Is the president of your road a religious man?" "I can't say as to that, but I know that two of our switchmen and three firemen lately joined the Salvation Army, and that our Board of Directors discourages poker and beer."

"That's moral influence," said the traveler as he brightened up, "and you give me a ticket to New York?" "There is one thing worse than not having anything good to sit, and that is to have it and not be able to sit it."

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE. A. M.—11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 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